The Outlook

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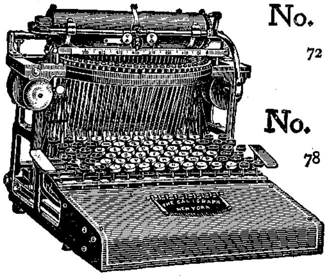

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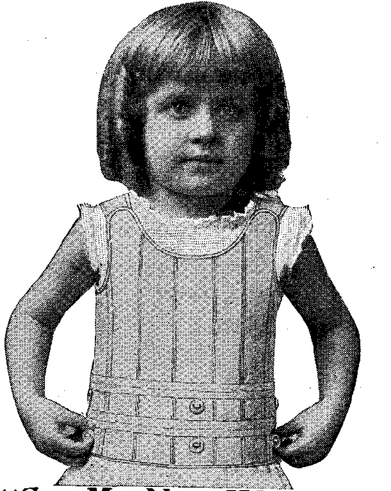

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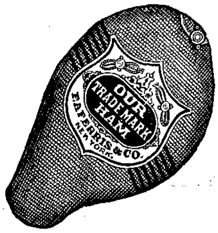

A Little Higher in Price, But—!

The Outlook

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A Vacation Prize Competition

The Outlook offers three prizes—the first of One Hundred Dollars, the second of Fifty Dollars, and the third of Twenty-five Dollars—for the best brief accounts of summer vacation experiences, illustrated with photographs taken by the authors. Competitors must be subscribers to The Outlook, or members of the families of subscribers. The articles which are awarded the prizes will be published, together with the illustrations, in the annual Recreation Number of The Outlook for 1898. The articles should not exceed 2,500 words in length, and should be accompanied by from four to ten photographs. The articles must reach The Outlook on or before December 1, 1897. The announcement of the prizes is made thus early in order that those of our readers who wish to compete may have the subject in mind during the present summer.

The prizes will be awarded upon the combined merits of the articles themselves and of the accompanying illustrations. The Outlook reserves the right to print in its Recreation Number for 1898, in addition to the articles which receive prizes, others of those submitted which appear worthy and attractive. Payment will be made at ordinary rates for any articles thus printed in addition to the prize articles.

In making this offer of prizes The Outlook has a double object: to furnish its readers in its next Recreation Number with attractive illustrated articles which shall be original and out of the usual order; and, secondly, to encourage in its readers the love of outdoor pleasures, and the seeking of nature in its choicest summer aspects. The present issue of The Outlook is its eighth annual Recreation Number; the welcome which has been given yearly to these distinctively summer and out-of-door numbers has convinced us that they have appealed to a large audience of readers and that they have a special mission. In particular, the success which attended the offer by The Outlook two years ago of special prizes for the best specimens of amateur photography makes it certain that the present offer, which combines incentives to both literary and pictorial effort, will arouse wide interest and produce interesting and admirable results.

LAST week a new tariff battle was begun by Mr. Aldrich's speech opening the debate on the Senate Bill. His argument is the most important tariff statement so far made; it records in part the sentiments of moderate as opposed to extreme protectionists. We heartily agree with Senator Aldrich's statement that the trade of the entire country is in a state of suspension awaiting the action of Congress. We trust, therefore, that Senators will co-operate in keeping the bill continuously before them, to the exclusion of all other legislative business. Senator Aldrich said:

> It was, I believe, thoroughly understood throughout the country in the last political campaign that if the Republican party should be again intrusted with power, no extreme tariff legislation should follow. It was believed that in the changed condition of the country a return to the duties imposed by the act of 1890 would not be necessary, even from a protective standpoint. Industrial conditions in this country, with very few exceptions, do not demand a return to the rates imposed by the act of 1890.

The rates suggested by the Senate Committee are generally below those imposed by the Dingley Bill, and in most cases below those of the act of 1890. The following interesting comparative table of customs receipts has been prepared by the New York "Tribune;" the figures are millions and decimals; thus, 6.4 signifies $6,400,000:

	1893.	1896.	House.	Senate.
A—Chemicals	6.4	5.5	8.4	6.7
B—Earthen and Glass Ware	12.1	8.0	12.3	9.7
C—Metals	27.1	13.3	17.2	12.9
D—Wood	1.9	.4	2.2	1.5
E—Sugar	.2	29.9	49.9	28.0
F—Tobacco	14.8	14.9	17.9	13.8
G—Agriculture	12.9	8.0	15.3	7.9
H—Spirits	9.7	6.9	9.2	7.9
I—Cotton	11.3	9.3	11.3	9.3
J—Hemp	19.0	12.0	21.2	15.5
K—Wool and Woolens	44.6	23.0	48.0	23.0
L—Silk	20.3	12.5	14.5	13.6
M—Paper	2.1	1.2	2.1	1.4
N—Sundries	15.0	10.9	17.0	13.5
Total	198.4	156.1	246.5	174.8
Deduct General	....	....	8.5	...
Add Tea	....	....	....	8.0

These figures are those for customs receipts in 1893 (the last fiscal year in which the McKinley tariff was in force), and in 1896 under the present law; they are contrasted with estimates of probable receipts under the Dingley Bill by the House Committee, and of those for the Senate Bill by Mr. Aldrich. According to this table a smaller revenue is anticipated from every schedule of the Senate Bill except chemicals and sugar than was realized in 1893, and from three schedules less than was realized last year.

* * *

For the fiscal year to July 1, 1898, the Secretary of the Treasury estimates total expenditures at nearly $467,000,000. From the Senate measure for the same period the Committee estimates the revenue from customs at nearly $183,000,000. This includes an estimated revenue of $8,000,000 from the temporary duty on tea. The estimate of receipts from internal revenue is placed at over $170,000,000. Adding to these the Treasury estimate for miscellaneous receipts and the receipts on account of the post-office, Mr. Aldrich figures an excess of receipts over expenditures of $2,725,000. It should be noted that in estimating the internal revenue receipts Mr. Aldrich adds nearly $24,000,000, representing increased taxes on fermented liquors, tobacco, cigarettes, and snuff. Replying to criticism on this point, Mr. Aldrich said:

> Nothing in the theory of protection interferes with the imposition of further internal revenue taxes by protectionists whenever such a course is found desirable for revenue purposes. In the future it is almost certain that we shall be obliged to depend more and more upon taxes of this nature for necessary revenue. In the years to come we must expect a decrease rather than an increase in the customs revenue to be derived under the principal schedules of the tariff.
>
> The legitimate result of a protective policy is to give the American market to American producers. When this becomes an accomplished fact, the revenue growing out of protective duties disappears. It must be evident, therefore, that we must look for other sources of revenue. Whether it should be along the line of an increase of internal revenue taxes, such as we have suggested, or whether some other sources of revenue should be sought, it is not necessary now to determine.

Replying to critics who feared for the future of reciprocity, Mr. Aldrich declares that

> In striking out the House provision, the Committee had no purpose of abandoning the Republican reciprocity policy. It hopes to be able to suggest such provisions as will enable our Government greatly to extend that policy and make its adoption permanent.

* * *

We regard the Senate Bill as a better measure than the House Bill because it is juster to all sections and classes. It does not contain some of the worst features of the Dingley Bill, but it does include many absurdities which will, we trust, provoke victorious opposition. The most prominent of these is the extra protection given to the Sugar Trust. Adroit as was Senator Aldrich's explanation, he has not satisfied the country that the benefit secured to refiners under the proposed bill is less than under the House Bill or than under the present law. Interesting discussions are anticipated when the sugar, woolen, tea, beer, and tobacco items of the Senate measure are reached. As a substitute for additional taxes to be stricken out, a stamp tax on bank checks and legal instruments has been suggested. The most redoubtable critic of the new tariffs proposed has arisen in the person of Mr. W. C. Ford, the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, who declares that neither the House nor the Senate Bill would furnish sufficient revenue to meet Government expenses. Yet to provide an adequate revenue is the only justifiable reason for again upsetting the business of the country.

❀

Secretary's Gage's speech last week at Cincinnati was read with great interest by both pessimists and optimists. Mr. Gage evidently belongs to the latter class. Speaking to the Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati Commercial Clubs at their united banquet, he said:

> It is not to be wondered at that you who have so long borne the burden and anxiety and fear, who have so long waited and watched for the restoration of conditions upon which some secure estimate of to-morrow can be made, should grow nervous and impatient over every act or word which seems to suggest doubt or delay in the establishment of such conditions. I have thought that on this occasion I could do no better service than to give you needed reassurance and hope. The revival of industry is near, and with the establishment of a revenue law sufficient to bring into the Treasury an amount adequate to meet the reasonable needs of our Government, and with the establishment of our finances on a sound and enduring basis, nothing now foreseen can delay the recovery of past losses and the inauguration of a new forward movement along the lines of material advancement and social progress, which we may humbly trust is in the benevolent mind of God to bestow upon the American people.

Speaking more particularly of the Tariff Bill, Mr. Gage declared it his duty to bear witness to the honorable and patriotic motives that inspire the minds of the great majority in Congress, whether upon one side or the other. In saying this the orator desired to correct the operation of a sentiment which "is dividing classes, destroying unity, and breeding hatreds. The one word for that sentiment is 'distrust.' Faith and courage lead to conquest and victory. Distrust paralyzes and destroys." As to financial reform, Mr. Gage declares that any one suspecting the Administration of forgetting its duty should put the suspicion aside: "in good time and in proper order the evidences of my declaration will appear." On the strength of this statement stocks and bonds became stronger and competition more active than has been the case for a long time.

❀

Last week the final conference report on the Sundry Civil Bill was agreed to by the Senate. The principal questions involved were the appropriation of $10,000 for improving Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, the making nearly $3,000,000 immediately available for contract work on the Mississippi River, and the suspension until March 1, 1898, of eleven of President Cleveland's orders setting aside large areas as forest reserves. The last-named matter was discussed at length. Rejection of the entire conference report was urged by the Senators from the States affected by the orders; they would be satisfied with nothing less than an unqualified suspension of the Cleveland orders. The regulation adopted, however, is more reasonable than an absolute suspension would have been; we hope that the opening of these new reserves for nine months longer will not induce indiscriminate squatter sovereignty. In this connection it is interesting to read the just-published report on forestry by the National Academy of Sciences. In Europe millions of dollars have been expended in recent years to check the force of floods (due to denuded mountain slopes) by the construction of stone dams and river-beds, and by planting sod and trees. Similar expenditures in this country are predicted if the destruction of mountain forests continues. Regarding our National reserves it is distinctly stated that they cannot be with-drawn from all occupation or use, but should be managed for the benefit of the people as a whole, not for a class or section. Any land which may be more valuable for its minerals or agricultural crops than for its timber should be taken from the reserves and sold to miners and farmers; mature timber should be cut and sold; settlers within or near the boundaries, unable to procure it in other ways, should be authorized to take such material from reserved forests as is necessary for their needs; and prospectors should be allowed to search the forests for minerals.

❀

The Shaw Memorial, unveiled on the Boston Common on Decoration Day, is of exceptional interest both in itself and in that which it will keep fresh in the public remembrance and gratitude. It commemorates not only the hero Robert Gould Shaw, the Colonel of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment who died fighting side by side with his negro soldiers in the terrible carnage at Fort Wagner, but also the valor of those soldiers and the vindication of the courage of their race. Colonel Shaw's was the first negro regiment enrolled from a free State, and at Fort Wagner it proved beyond dispute the error of those who contended that, while the negro might be good for guard duty and at intrenchment work, he would not stand before the enemy in open fight, much less attack him in a fortified position. As the Shaw Memorial records, these men "volunteered when disaster clouded the Union cause, served without pay for eighteen months, till given that of white troops, faced threatened enslavement if captured, were brave in action, patient under heavy and dangerous labors, and cheerful amid hardships and privations." They did indeed prove that "Americans of African descent possess the pride, courage, and devotion of the patriot soldier." Mr. St. Gaudens's artistic conception of the Memorial is strong, far removed from the conventional, and singularly impressive. Our readers will find in "Harper's Weekly" of last week and in the "Century" (June issue) striking renderings of the work. Colonel Shaw, on a spirited horse, moves calmly on at the side of the ranks of his eager, earnest, heavily accoutered troops. Wisely, the sculptor has not chosen to idealize greatly the negro faces; they are of several types, complexions, and ages—heavy in feature, sometimes uncouth, but with strong purpose clearly defined. The realism is true to nature, not in any degree repellent, and emphatically suited to the purpose and meaning of the Memorial. Above the ranks and their leader moves a symbolical figure of Fame. The whole effect is dignified, decorative in a broad sense, and worthy of the subject. Such young men as Colonel Shaw are the finest types of American character, and it is inspiring to recall the group of gallant and distinguished men with whom he was intimately connected; Charles Russell Lowell, General Francis C. Barlow, and George William Curtis were his brothers-in-law. Braver men and finer gentlemen the country has never known.

❀

An interesting historical incident took place in Boston last week when ex-Ambassador Bayard formally delivered to the State of Massachusetts the manuscript diary of Governor Bradford, containing a history of the settlement of Plymouth. This important document is quoted from and alluded to in Cotton Mather's "Magnolia," and in other early annals. It is known to have been in Massachusetts in 1767; thereafter its whereabouts for a long time are a mystery, but probably it was seized and carried to England by some British officer or soldier in our Revolution. In 1844 Bishop Wilberforce (then of Oxford, afterwards of London, facetiously known as "Soapy Sam") quoted from the Bradford Manuscript in a "History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America." It was then in the library of the Bishop of London. In 1855 the attention of Mr. Barry, a Massachusetts historian, was called to Bishop Wilberforce's reference; interest was aroused in this country, and now, after two or three unsuccessful efforts, the return of the precious document has been secured, chiefly through the efforts of Senator Hoar, aided by Mr. John Morley's influence, and with the earnest assistance of Mr. Bayard. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom the final decision lay, had already, when he was still Bishop of London, expressed his belief that the book—which, by the way, has been widely called the "Log of the Mayflower" without any reason whatever—should go back to America. His consent to the formal transfer was not, therefore, hard to obtain. The history of the book, its adventures, mysteries, and recovery, was told by Senator Hoar last week in a highly picturesque and entertaining way. Mr. Bayard made a short but admirable address, one sentence of which we must give in full. He said:

> There has been no one thing that I have sought more earnestly to do than to place the affairs of these two great nations in the atmosphere of mutual confidence and respect and good feeling. If it be a sin to long for the honor of your country, or if it be a sin to long for the strength and safety of your country, then I have been a great sinner. For I have been striving to advance the honor and the safety and the welfare of my country, and believe it was thus accomplished by treating others with justice and courtesy, and doing to them those things which we asked to have done to ourselves.

❀

The State Board of Charities, through its Inspector, has submitted a report for the twenty institutions in the Eastern Inspection District of the State of New York in which children are cared for at public expense. The State Board of Charities, under whose care and inspection the institutions of the State have been placed, began its inquiry almost a year ago. The effort was to secure the removal to the care and custody of parents, relatives, or friends, of all children in these institutions who were not legitimately dependents on public charity. This inspection has resulted in the discharge of 302 children from these institutions, and their return to their natural guardians. This represents a decrease of $600 per week in the expenditures of the municipalities which were supporting these dependents. The second advantage of this inquiry has been to convince the officers, and those in charge of the asylums, of the necessity of a close study of the personal and family history of the inmates consigned to their care, and of the necessity of perfect records of all inmates. The inquiry surprised many of the managers of these institutions, as the fact was discovered that there were a number of children who had been maintained for five years and upwards in these institutions. Another step in advance in the administration of public charities has been inaugurated in New York. It might be called an Organization of Fresh-Air Charities. The object is to use the agencies for the Fresh-Air work systematically, and to prevent, if possible, the overlapping of the work of the several Fresh-Air charities. A Central Bureau of Registration will be established. Lists will be sent to this Bureau, giving the names and addresses of the beneficiaries from each agency. An examination of these lists will enable the agents of the several Fresh-Air organizations to ascertain the number of outings each child has had. Every Fresh-Air charity in New York is entitled to elect one delegate to the Council.

❀

A bill sent to Albany with the approval of the Medical Society of the County of New York was the subject of much discussion by the Academy of Medicine at the last meeting of the Society. This bill provided for the stricter regulation of medical charity; that applicants for treatment at the dispensaries should submit to investigation as to their financial abilities; that the State Board of Charities should have the power to take away the charters of dispensaries which violated the proposed law. The bill was not approved by the Governor. Free dispensaries are maintained in connection with some hospitals, under the auspices of churches, and by voluntary subscriptions. Naturally, abuses must creep in, and this bill was drawn with a view to prevent such abuses. It is claimed, and probably with a degree of truth, that thousands of patients abundantly able to pay for medical attendance are treated in the free dispensaries. Mr. John Harsen Rhoades, who has been a trustee of a free dispensary for a number of years, approved of the bill. He probably expressed the views of a large majority of the medical men, and of the people working among the poor, when he stated that the dispensaries, as they exist to-day, need to be brought under some central body, supervised, and regulated. This attempt to regulate dispensary work is only bringing that part of the philanthropic work of New York into line with other progressive movements in philanthropy. No profession has been more generous to the poor of our great cities than the medical profession. But the administration of the dispensaries has not kept pace either with the development of knowledge in medicine or surgery, or with the development of knowledge of the students of sociology and the philanthropists who have had the abuses of the dispensary system forced upon their attention for years. While this bill is lost, the agitation will doubtless lead to improved methods of dispensary work, and eventually to the bringing of that work under some authorized body. What is needed, as one speaker said, "is a clearing-house to weed out fraud."

◆

On Thursday afternoon of last week New York witnessed a procession that was an evidence of what reform administration under the guidance of a clear-headed business man can do. The Street-Cleaning Department had its second annual parade. Twenty-three hundred men in spotlessly clean uniforms were in the procession, and seven hundred and fifty vehicles as clean as brush, soap, and water and polish could make them. As an adjunct, the boys and girls were organized as Anti-Rubbish Leagues and as Auxiliary Street-Cleaning Leagues. Such a procession as this, which called out crowds of onlookers, is a more convincing political argument for reform administration than scores of political speeches. The enthusiasm which greeted Colonel Waring and his men showed how thoroughly the work of this Department is appreciated by the people of New York City.

◆

The notion that subsidies are necessary to success in shipping received something of a contradiction last week. At the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line, Mr. Boas, the manager in this country, stated that in all the half-century of the Company's existence not one cent of subsidy had ever been received from any State or Government. The Company, Mr. Boas stated, "has made its way unaided, but also unhampered, fostered by nothing but the demands of trade and traffic." It was no small undertaking, fifty years ago, to attempt competition with Great Britain and the United States, which then all but controlled the Atlantic. The Germans had no powerful government behind them to aid them and to protect them; "the power that our Hamburg merchants could rely upon was small indeed; it did not go beyond their own city, which belonged to that agglomeration of States called Germany, then a name only." The Company established itself with a capital of $112,000; it has now about $11,000,000. Its first fleet consisted of three sailing vessels representing about 2,200 tons; it now consists of sixty-nine ocean steamers and fifty-one river steamers, representing over 300,000 tons—a larger tonnage than that controlled by any other line. The total number of the Company's employees exceeds six thousand. In contrast, the New York "Evening Post" pertinently points out that the French Government now pays in bounties about half the cost of steamships, besides contributing heavily to the expense of navigating them; yet French tonnage is steadily decreasing. The Hamburg-American celebrations in New York were marked by banquets on the Fürst Bismarck and on the Pennsylvania, by speeches from distinguished men, and by the Emperor's conferring, through the German Ambassador, the Order of the Red Eagle on Mr. Boas; in Hamburg the celebration was even more remarkable, William II. being represented by his brother, Prince Henry of Germany.

◆

Mr. R. E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, has received five years' leave of absence from the Navy Department, and in July will start on a voyage to Whale Sound on the northwest coast of Greenland, where he will make arrangements with Eskimos whom he knows well for the carrying out the following year of his plans for an attempt to reach the North Pole. These plans we have already outlined. They include as their most important condition the establishing of stations, first at Whale's Sound, then at about latitude 81° (Sherard Osborne Fjord). From this last point the "dash at the Pole" will be made about March, 1899. Mr. Peary will be accompanied only by Eskimos, will lead a quite small party, and will take on sledges supplies and the lowest weight of other necessities. He will for two years live with his Eskimos, hunt with them, sleep with them, and in every possible way adapt himself to their ways of travel and existence. The route chosen Mr. Peary calls the American route, because it has been tried more often by Americans than any other. He regards it as the most favorable because land runs further north in this direction than in any other—how far he hopes to prove conclusively. As we understand, the financial aid necessary for carrying out this undertaking has already been provided. Nansen's experience and that of Peary in former years proves conclusively, we think, that the present plan is the most practical and hopeful that can be devised. The attempt may take three or four years, possibly only two. Several scientific parties will accompany Mr. Peary in this year's preliminary voyage, and will land at various points in Labrador, Baffin Bay Land, and Greenland.

⁂

The conviction of Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, in the Court of General Sessions in this city last week, on a charge of maintaining a public nuisance at the headquarters in West Fourteenth Street, has called forth no little discussion, most of it characterized by heat rather than by light. The question is purely a question of fact. A religious organization may make itself a nuisance in a neighborhood quite as effectively as an irreligious or unreligious organization; if it indulges in untimely parades, is responsible for noises at unseasonable hours, erects obstructions on the sidewalk, or otherwise interferes with the comfort of the locality, it is quite as much a nuisance before the law as a variety show would be which was responsible for the same acts. There is, on the one hand, no reason why a religious organization should be permitted to take liberties with the quiet and comfort of a neighborhood which are denied to an organization of another kind; nor is there, on the other hand, the slightest reason why a religious organization should be in any way discriminated against. It is entitled to precisely the same treatment which exact administration of the law would secure to a secular organization; acts which come within the legal prohibition constitute a nuisance, no matter how excellent may be the motives which prompted them. In the case of the Salvation Army headquarters the simple question is whether the management of the building is such as to disturb the peace and comfort of the neighborhood. It was, therefore, purely a matter of evidence. Upon that evidence the Judge passed. If he was wrong, the method of righting the wrong lies through appeal and not through denunciation of the courts.

⁂

The ebb and flow of immigration always serves to a considerable degree as a barometer of the country's prosperity; though there is often the lapse of months before a change in either direction in business conditions produces its corresponding change in the entry of immigrants. In view of the relations between the two things, it is rather discouraging to learn that there was a decrease of 66,689 in the total number of immigrants reaching this country in the nine months between July 1, 1896, and April 1, 1897, from the total for the corresponding period of the previous year. The Commissioner of Immigration fears that the total decrease for the entire fiscal year (ending June 1) will be about 93,000. This would be not merely a falling off from the previous year, but would show a smaller total immigration than has been recorded for over fifteen years. It is possible that greater care in the admission of pauper and unfit immigrants has had something to do with the reduction, but it is certain that the prevalence of hard times for laborers has been the chief influence.

⁂

The situation in the East has not changed materially during the past week. What is to be the fate of Greece remains unsettled. So far the Turks have shown no intention of evacuating Thessaly; on the contrary, if reports are true, they are increasing their forces in the field and putting themselves still more completely on a fighting basis. Having let the genie out of the bottle, the Powers are now engaged in the difficult task of inducing him to go back again. Russian influence is dominant at Constantinople, with occasional excursions of German influence which are apparently becoming very irritating to the Russian authorities. The Emperor William and the Czar are apparently on the most cordial terms, but the Emperor's irresistible inclination to meddle may seriously interfere with this friendship before the Turkish question is finally disposed of. Procrastination, delay, and a confusion of rumors may be anticipated for weeks to come. From Athens there come continually reports of a serious uprising against the dynasty. It has even been said that Premier Ralli has been implicated in this revolutionary enterprise. Whatever truth there may be in these reports, it is undoubtedly true that there is a very strong feeling against the King and the Crown Prince, and that if the Greeks were free to deal with the situation the days of the dynasty would probably be numbered.

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Bismarck's famous characterization of Lord Salisbury as "a lath painted to resemble iron" has no doubt often recurred to the minds of Englishmen during the past two years. Lord Salisbury came into power as the representative of a vigorous foreign policy, but with the exception of affairs in South Africa, of which Mr. Chamberlain—an abler and shrewder man—has had the management, English prestige has suffered in every quarter of the globe. One of the most singular features of the English relation to the Armenian and Greek questions has been the utter insensibility to public opinion which Lord Salisbury has shown, and his apparent failure to recognize the fact that England has strikingly lost ground in foreign influence. Throughout these terrible months Lord Salisbury has carried himself with a jaunty air, and has treated the awakening sentiment of the English people with either insolence or indifference. In a recent speech he said that, in his belief, the apprehensions entertained with regard to the result of a war between Greece and Turkey had been finally dissipated; that the Great Powers are on better and more permanent terms than they have been for years past; that a better future is opening for Turkey; and that England has acquired a "peaceful ascendency" in the European councils. When one remembers what has happened in the farther East, and how quietly England has been pushed aside at Constantinople by both Russian and German influence, one does not know which to wonder at most, the Prime Minister's lack of sagacity or his coolness. As a matter of fact, English influence has not counted in many years for so little, nor has England been so completely set aside in so many directions; and this not because the country is less powerful than before, or because the English people have lost vitality, but because English diplomacy has been hoodwinked at so many points, and has, by the confession of the Premier himself, been so long on the wrong track. The spectacle of Armenia practically exterminated, and the Turk with his foot on the throat of Greece, does not strikingly illustrate the good results of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy.

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President Kruger, of the Transvaal, seems to have the ability to form very shrewd judgments of things at a distance. He has known how to deal with so capable a man as Mr. Chamberlain, but he evidently does not underrate the English power, nor does he overrate the advantages which are likely to come to him from the ostentatious friendship of Germany. It is reported that during a recent conversation with a German officer, in which the President was told of the great services which Germany would do for him, he checked the flow of the conversation by recalling the rapidity with which the flying squadron was sent out in the remark to the interpreter, "Ask him what good Germany was in January, 1896; the Old Woman just sneezed, and Germany was nowhere to be seen." The wily Boer probably knows just how far he can go in his opposition to the English policy, and just how much he can count upon the proffers of aid from other countries. The Volksraad has repealed the Immigration Law, which was one of the most serious breaches of the Convention between Great Britain and the Transvaal, and in various other ways has shown a desire to conciliate English opinion. The determination to make a special observance of the Queen's Jubilee is another straw which shows which way the current is moving. Meanwhile the Uitlanders are not likely to have their wrongs redressed in the near future. President Kruger's term expires within a year, or, at least, a new election is to be held within that time, and it is not likely that he will be willing to increase the electorate under the present circumstances. There seems to be a desire to improve the industrial and commercial conditions so far as this can be done without conceding political rights, and the situation may be eased for the time being in this way. Meanwhile the appearance in South Africa of Sir Alfred Milner as the director of British interests and policy excites the hope that a wise judgment, a temperate spirit, and great force of character may go far to unravel the tangle into which things have fallen in that quarter of the globe. It is to be noted that while the Senate of the United States has rejected the principle of permanent arbitration, the Chief Justices of the Orange Free State and the Cape Colony have suggested that the disputes between the British Government and the South African Republic be settled by a court of arbitration. South Africa is likely to show more sagacity and prescience of the changes that are fast coming upon the world than some members of the United States Senate.

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The New York "Evening Post" reports a very interesting measure recently passed by the Lower House of the Norwegian Odelsthing, by the terms of which Norwegian citizens temporarily residing abroad are granted the right of franchise. This measure has in view chiefly Norwegian sailors, of whom there is a very large class; but as its operation is not restricted, it includes all Norwegians of every occupation who are residing out of the country. By its provisions a non-resident Norwegian who wishes to exercise the right of voting must show that he has not been absent from the country more than three years previous to the date of the election, and his ballot must be cast not longer than three months previous to that date. In order to avoid the possible loss of a vote by the failure to nominate candidates in time, it is not necessary that the ballot should present the names of candidates; it may be made out in the name of the party. In the case of the balloting of crews on Norwegian ships in foreign waters, the voting must take place in the presence of the local Norwegian Consul. If this measure becomes a law, it will not only secure to Norwegians the most liberal voting laws of any country in the world, but it will make a very interesting precedent. It is not easy to see, however, how it would be possible to prevent fraudulent voting under such a system.

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Political Language Lessons

Probably the true inwardness of some methods of teaching was never more clearly shown than by a conversation with a group of school-boys last week in New York. The boys ranged in age between ten and fifteen years, and had spent their school life in the public schools of lower New York. A conversation the preceding week with a group of voters, all educated in the public schools, had opened the eyes of the writer to the task laid upon the Citizens' Union, which frankly admits that its success depends on the workingmen of the Greater New York.

The older group were being given spelling and language lessons from the columns of a leading evening paper, the words being taken from the accounts of the affairs of Crete, Greece, and Turkey. The use of the word "Ambassador" produced such an expression of blankness that the writer concluded to probe for the idea that the word expressed to the minds of these voters. Not one had the faintest idea of the meaning of the word, and all declared that they had never heard the word before. A reference to the President's Cabinet revealed the fact that two of them thought it was a large and peculiar desk in which the President kept important papers. Evidently the idea of form and ceremony was connected with this desk; it was a kind of attachment to a Presidential throne. This experience led the writer to use a mental probe on the intellectual possessions of the group of school-boys referred to.

The conversation began: "Boys, when you hear or see the word municipal, what does it mean to you?" There was a wrinkling of brows. Finally the oldest boy responded, "It means good manners." "Can you spell it?" Three did promptly.

The meaning of the word was then explained.

"What does municipality mean?" "Fine," promptly answered the big boy. "If I say to you that William L. Strong is the chief executive officer of this municipality, what do I mean?" Silence. "What is the chief executive officer of a city called?" Silence. The answer was given and the question put again. It required hints and suggestions to get an answer. "If I say to you that there is an improvement in this municipal government, what do I mean by municipal government?" It took three minutes for the older boy to think out an answer. The others made no attempt. "What is the meaning of federal?" Three boys in unison, "Small sums of money." "What do you understand when you hear the President's Cabinet referred to?" "It means the President's men," responded one boy. Not one could give the titles of the members of the Cabinet, nor even after the titles were given could they state what was the special business of each, except that of the Secretary of the Treasury and of the Secretary of the Navy. One boy, with every evidence of pride in his knowledge, announced that Roosevelt was head of the Navy. Another boy said Grant was Secretary of War, and blushed, not at his mistake, but because he had to be reminded of the recent parade, the reference to which brought out a number of personal experiences on the day the Grant tomb was dedicated.

This it is that makes it so difficult to reach a certain class of voters. The ward heeler, the ward boss, uses the vocabulary of the voters in the district where he votes. The majority of the reformers make their earnest attempts to reach the voters a few weeks or months, as the case may be, before election. They come laden with a foreign language; with moral and political standards as foreign to the hearers as the language used. Frequently the hearers are left without one idea unchanged, without one new idea, but responsive perhaps to a charming personality, or an effective voice, or a sense of a higher manhood, born of that which is beyond their reach.

The field in which to do the active and impressive work in developing good citizenship is in the school-room, and a good medium for beginning is the spelling lesson, for through it the boy receives his vocabulary, the only true medium of exchange between citizens of all classes.

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America Out-of-Doors

When a new house is taken possession of, the first and pressing work is to adapt it to the family life and furnish it for the family needs. Until that is done, recreation, diversion, social intercourse, must be postponed. For a great many years the necessity was laid upon the American people of making this continent habitable and comfortable. So pressing was this work that many other kinds of work had to be put aside until it could be accomplished. There has never yet been a time in the history of the country when at some point people have not been living in the pioneer stage—the stage, that is, when almost the entire force of life must go into the immediate adjustment of the environment to the worker. This preliminary work is still only imperfectly performed, and as long as it is unaccomplished the larger and higher work for which the home stands when the home is finished and furnished must be, to a considerable extent, deferred. It is idle for people who are living on an old and thoroughly organized homestead to criticise the haste, the lack of finish, the absence of leisure in those who are just moving into a new estate in the neighborhood. So far the American people have been principally moving into their home. They have left undone a great many things, not because they do not know their value or would not enjoy them, but simply because they have been obliged to postpone them.

The first contact with nature in this country was almost exclusively one of arduous toil. It is misleading to say that nature is subdued by man. Man never subdues nature; he learns her methods, discovers the movements of her forces, and co-operates with her, or rather persuades her to co-operate with him. But in order to establish this harmony he must give himself, body and soul, to the tremendous toil which nature exacts before she will yield her crops, supply wood for fleets, or uncover the rich veins of ore. The hard work which has gone into the establishment of friendly relations between men and nature on this continent is incalculable. It is one of the heroic chapters in the history of the race. It has involved the highest kind of courage, the utmost sacrifice of comfort and ease, and the constant use of the keenest intelligence. As a result, nature has enriched the American people beyond the dreams of avarice. It is our habit to speak of our wealth as if we had made it ourselves—created it out of hand, so to speak. As a matter of fact, it has come to us almost exclusively through our natural endowment. Nature has bestowed it upon us. No country has ever done more for its inhabitants; none has ever given them so many kinds of almost inexhaustible resource, so that the incalculable toil which has gone into the settlement of the continent has been more than repaid by the sources of wealth which have been opened up, and by the training in morals and skill which has come through contact with nature in a thousand forms of work.

There are many signs that Americans are now getting out of the stage of work into the stage of culture; that, having provided for the elementary wants of the body, they are now providing for the wants of the mind and the soul. One of the evidences of this liberation from the bondage of mere work, which some people have not only made a slavery, but have also elevated into a religion, is the universal tendency of the American to get out-of-doors and keep out-of-doors. Our first contact with the continent was through the senses and in the activity of toil; we are now coming to know it through the imagination and through the higher activities. Forty years ago Americans dressed in black and spent their time within doors; now they wear all kinds of outing costumes, and find their chief joy in being abroad. Having first worked on the continent, they are now beginning at last to live on it. This is evidenced by the immense development of out-of-door sports of every kind; which means, in spite of excesses here and there, a splendid advance in the life and morals of the whole country, stronger men, healthier women, more sanity, wholesomeness, and soundness of life in every department. It is evidenced by the growing delight in fields and woods, in flowers, plants, trees, and birds. In these days everybody gathers wild flowers, or studies the forms of leaves, or carries an opera-glass for the retiring thrush or the coy oriole. In the summer months no American is at home. He is on the seashore, or in the woods, or upon the inland lakes; he is tramping through the mountains; he is traveling across the plains; he is wheeling wherever there are good roads.

Play is no longer the exclusive occupation of the young American. His father and his grandfather beat him at golf, his mother and his grandmother ride with him on the wheel. The old people have disappeared. The lines which in the old time divided youth from maturity and maturity from age have been obliterated. Life, being no longer merely a question of work, has ceased to be purely a matter of physical strength, and out-of-doors living, exercise, rest, and variety of occupation are keeping those fresh who fifty years ago lost their interest and their vitality in middle life. Another evidence of the larger life of the country and its closer intimacy with nature is the increasing volume of books relating to nature and to out-of-doors occupation. Thoreau and John Burroughs are no longer solitary; they are surrounded by a great group of writers, all engaged in describing nature, picturing nature, or telling people how to enjoy nature. This out-of-doors movement is a revolutionary movement. It is a real liberation and emancipation from an old slavery—the opening of the door into a larger and richer life.

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Mr. Balfour's Projects for Ireland

Mr. Balfour's statement in the House of Commons of May 21 foreshadows another attempt on the part of a Unionist Government to reform local administration in Ireland. Neither as concerns municipal government in cities nor local government in the counties has Ireland the same popularly elected local representative institutions as England and Scotland. In the municipalities the local franchise is much narrower than in England. The grand jury is still supreme in Irish county government, even more supreme than the landowning magistrates were in England prior to the Local Government Act which established the county councils and placed county government on a democratic basis. The Irish grand juries are of the landed classes. Each jury is limited in number, and all its members are nominated by the High Sheriff of the county, who in his turn has been nominated by the Lord Lieutenant, practically by Dublin Castle. The Castle has its hand on every department of Irish local public life. Everything is centralized in the Castle, and its nominated representatives are on every local governing body to act as a check; and, generally speaking, democracy has no more play in Irish local government than it had in the period between 1832 and 18t7, when only the freeholders and the ten-pound householders in boroughs in England, Scotland, and Ireland elected members to the House of Commons.

English counties got their first measure of popular government in 1888, as a direct outcome of the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1884. Scotland got a similar measure of county government in 1889. After a pause of three years, the Salisbury Government of 1886–92 attempted in 1892 to carry a local government measure for Ireland. But it was conceived in a spirit of utter mistrust of the Irish people. It was not of the same broad and generous character as the English and Scotch Acts of 1888 and 1889. The principle of nominated members of county governing bodies, abandoned in 1888 so far as England was concerned, was to a large extent continued in Mr. A. J. Balfour's Bill of 1892. The franchises were narrower than those of the English and Scotch Acts; and there were so many checks and counter-checks on the action of the proposed Irish county councils that one of the Irish members facetiously dubbed the measure the "Put 'em in the Dock" bill. This characterization was sufficient alone to kill the bill. On both sides of the House it was admitted that it was a failure. It was in fact, and still remains the most obvious and conspicuous failure of Mr. Balfour's Parliamentary career.

The return of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals to power in 1892 prevented the Unionists from having an opportunity of redeeming their great failure. But now that they are again in power, and have satisfied the claims of the English landlords in respect to local taxation, and those of the Church of England clergy in respect to the schools, the Unionist Government is turning once more to the problem of local government for Ireland. The subject is not to be dealt with in the present session of Parliament, which will come to an end in July. It is to be the principal measure of the session of 1898. In the meantime the landlords and the tenants are to be relieved of their principal burdens in respect to the cost of maintaining the poor and of administering local government. The charge for the poor is known as a rate; the charge for county government as a cess, and it is levied by the non-representative grand juries at their annual sessions. In the future, whatever form of local government Ireland may have as the result of next year's bill, these charges are to be borne by the Imperial Treasury, paid out of funds raised by the whole of the taxpayers of Great Britain and Ireland. This method of meeting local government charges is one that is open to serious objections; but for years past it has been adopted to a greater or less degree in both Ireland and England. It was adopted last year in connection with the measure for the relief of landlords in England; this year in connection with the elementary day-schools; so that English people cannot complain if it is adopted in a liberal way in connection with the Irish poor law and Irish county government.

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The Capitulations

A good deal is being said about the Turkish demand on Greece for a money indemnity and the determination to hold Thessaly until it is paid; but very little has been said about the abolition of the Capitulations. This demand is, however, quite as important as either of the others. Very few people have any clear conception of the Capitulations, and a brief explanation of their chief provisions will perhaps be welcomed by many readers.

The Turks, it must be remembered, have never sought to develop a homogeneous or unified empire out of the heterogeneous elements of race and religion occupying the vast territory they conquered in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Looking upon these subject peoples as inferiors, infidels, enemies to the faith, they have never ceased to treat them as conquered and despised foes. According to the Sacred Law, which not even the Khalif can abrogate or set aside, "all who are not of the faith are one people," devoted to destruction, between whom and Islâm there never can be any relation but *Djehâd*—Holy War. They have no rights whatever, and when conquered may be spared only for the advantage of the faithful. Massacres of Christians are a holy work, and every *rayah* must pay an annual blood-tax for the purchase of his life.

This theory could not, however, be enforced against Christian powers with which the conquerors desired to live at peace. The Empire must depend for commercial and material prosperity upon resident subjects of foreign, Christian powers. For their own advantage, therefore, the Turks, following the earlier example of the Arab potentates of the Mediterranean, granted to foreign sovereigns letters of privilege extending their jurisdiction over all their subjects resident in Turkey, and exempting these from all Ottoman taxes except customs duties. The earliest of these charters was from Mehmet II. the Conqueror to Genoa, in 1453; in 1528 a more extended charter was granted by Soliman to Francis I. on behalf of the French and Catalonians. Other Capitulations were granted at different dates to the other European powers; and during the present century, by commercial treaties and "most favored nation" clauses, all treaty powers, our own included, have been made equal sharers in the Capitulary privileges. These privileges are now insisted upon by all the foreign powers as the only effective protection for their subjects in Turkey against the arbitrary exactions, the corruption, and the cruelty of Turkish misgovernment. The privileges conferred by the Capitulations upon the foreigner in Turkey are chiefly the following:

I. Permission to enter the Empire, to travel and navigate within its limits, and to visit its holy places.

II. Freedom to follow one's own national customs and practice one's own religion.

III. Exemption from all tribute and taxes except customs duties.

IV. Exterritoriality; that is, amenability to the courts and procedure of one's own country, with trial by the Consul or Ambassador, not only in causes with or against others of the same country, but also (according to later treaties) in cases of crime by a foreigner against a Turk. In civil cases between natives and foreigners, the Consul or Ambassador must be present at the trial in the local courts. The foreigner arrested for alleged crime must be at once taken before the nearest Consul of his nation. Exterritoriality has been the sheet-anchor of the foreigner's safety.

V. Inviolability of domicile. No Ottoman officer can enter the premises of a European without his consent, unless accompanied by the Consul or Ambassador in person or by deputy.

VI. The right of bequest and of administration of intestate estates by the foreigner's Consul.

VII Prohibition of the extension of asylum by foreign Consuls to Ottoman subjects.

The Capitulations are the badge of Turkey's hopeless inferiority. The Porte has repeatedly but vainly sought to have them abrogated. When, by the Treaty of Paris (1856), Turkey was admitted into formal international relations with the rest of Europe, a protocol was added expressly retaining the Capitulations, and declaring that they could be relaxed only in proportion as Turkey carried into execution such reforms as she might institute. It is not likely that they will be relaxed even to punish Greece.

Peace in Suspense

In one of her very suggestive little papers Mrs. Meynell says of a certain woman that "she had learnt the difficult peace of suspense." These words happily express in compact form one of the most trying experiences through which men are compelled to pass, and they also suggest the possibility of meeting even this experience with quietness of spirit.

That “nothing is so hard as suspense” all men are agreed in acknowledging. Even the bravest, for whom no act is too daring, or the most persistent, who refuse to be beaten or discouraged, shrink from long-continued uncertainty. It is easy to charge a height flaming with the glare of swiftly exploding cannon, but it is difficult to stand quietly and patiently while the same guns rake the waiting ranks volley after volley. It is not difficult for healthy men and women to act even when action involves the gravest peril; but the greater the vitality and force of a man or woman, the greater the strain of inaction. Action is a natural relief to the spirit, a normal form of its expression; inaction is a denial of the instinct to act, a repression of natural outgo of energy. But action is not all of life; action is, as Matthew Arnold pointed out, wasted and even pernicious unless it is based on intelligence. To act wisely and effectively one must thoroughly understand the ground of his action. Now, it often happens that in suspense we are unconsciously prepared to deal with a problem which we long to solve on the instant, but which we are not yet in position to solve. Suspense is a painful lesson, but a lesson nevertheless; an experience, that is, which brings us not only pain but wisdom and power. It has often happened to the greatest men to be compelled to wait long on unfavorable conditions and to be kept in almost interminable periods of suspense; and no careers are more admirable than those which have taken shape under the pressure of long uncertainty. The suspense which educates may be painful, but it cannot be fruitless; and he who discovers this truth and lays hold of it for himself is in the way of learning the “difficult peace of suspense.”

The Spectator

Of late the Spectator's attention has been sharply called to a question of values, and the more he has thought of this subject the more he has realized the wisdom lying back of what is popularly known as a Quaker training. A training which, above all other things, teaches a man to know his own mind can hardly be identified with any exact sect of the world of trainers, for all would claim that their effort was towards this object. But, for all that, knowing one's own mind is conspicuously a Quaker hall-mark, as is also the resultant power to weigh values. This power of weighing values, the Spectator has recently come to believe, is the keynote of well living. But to speak first of the training which seems to make it most possible for a man to know what values are.

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The fact is, the Spectator has been watching a Quaker mother with her small brood, bringing them up along the lines of inherited tradition, and the sight has been as a kind of revelation to him. In the first place, her rules were few. These few general rules each child knew well, and also exactly what was to be his fate if he, knowing, heeded not. The Spectator watched with amazement when a chubby-faced, high-strung boy danced a war-dance of rage in his mother's very presence entirely unrebuked by her, but his amazement was tempered by awe when the gust passed over, and, still with no maternal interference, the lad trudged solemnly up the stairs to the garret, where he stayed in solitary confinement half an hour, and at dinner refused the dessert *offered him by his mother*. All this, the Spectator learned, was, as it were, the Law concerning tempers. “The Law” seemed as something outside of both parents and children, as Fate was supposed to be the governing power outside of Olympus.

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As it happened, this individual youngster preferred thus punishing himself to a more ignominious confinement and deprivation at the hands of his parents—acting for the Law. The rest of the brood were more like ordinary children. But think on that, oh ye parents! Here was a youngster taught to be so cock-sure of the falling flail of evil consequence upon a broken law that he accepted the disagreeable result exactly as if it were a part of the breaking. The Spectator has seen many adults less wisely kicking against the pricks.

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He ventured to question the gentle mother a little. “Had she no mercy as a part of this scheme of training?” Then he found that her idea was, so far as was possible, to teach her children the merciless fixity of the majestic laws of the life which they must meet outside when she could no longer protect them. “I see too many expecting no consequence for anything they do,” she said. “Consequences seem always to come as a shock and a surprise to them. I don't want my children surprised. I want them to stop all through their lives to weigh the values between what they want to do and the price they must pay for doing it." They would, the Spectator thought as he watched another of the brood imploring his mother to forbid or allow his doing something which he very well knew the Law forbade. Evidently he had decided that if the penalty for disobedience to his parents was to be added to the penalty for breaking the Law, he preferred to be a good boy; if not, the game was worth the candle. "Will it be disobedience too, mother?" "No, my boy; thee knows the rule; thee'll be breaking it, that's all." "And thee don't forbid me? I 'most wish thee would, mother." "No; it's for thee to decide." And he went a-fishing, and when he came home took his expected punishment like a man. It may be argued that this training was a hard or cold one, but there was no hardness or coldness in the family life. The Spectator never saw more loving relations. This may have been and probably was an extreme instance of the usual Quaker training, but the principle was exactly the same as that which the Spectator has often seen in the land of "Friends" making their yea a yea indeed, and their nay, nay.

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After that little visit in the Quaker home, the Spectator sat down with himself to discover how he himself stood in the matter of judging values, and he had hardly begun his researches when he found himself forced to look first at the case of a neighbor, because it was so extraordinarily applicable to the situation. Just under his hand on the desk by which he now sits lies a set of papers. They had been sent to the Spectator to tell him that certain moneys he was expecting as per cents. on certain publications would not be received by him because—well, the cause was plain enough—they had been discovered not to be owed; in a strictly legal sense not owed at all. That they were not owed in a legal sense removed as well the exact moral obligation of the debt; that the Spectator knew, and yet—writers have been known to love certain of their publishers, and the Spectator was, in this case, one of those fond ones. He knew perfectly well that the publishers had held back and hesitated, wishing to assure themselves first that they had enough law on their side to allow them to withhold this payment; and now, having assured themselves that they had at least a fair division of legal opinion behind them, they had written frankly, stating this as the case, and—with no check inclosed. Now, the Spectator had written the books which earned that money, written them with his own sweat of toil for ink ofttimes; and while he was sensible that this did not touch the plain justice of the case, cold law being cold law, the thought of close ownership made him feel that, as the law was so evenly on either side, the publishers might—

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And then the sum was so small. That was where the Spectator's hurt feeling began to come in. He knew his publishers were not rich, but then neither was he, and yet he personally would have paid down the small sum twice over rather than this thing should have come between them. For he knew it was going to come between them. How could it help doing so? Here on paper before him was set in black and white the humiliatingly small sum for which they were quite willing to risk selling the Spectator's familiar intercourse that he had thought they so highly valued. If it had been a sum up in the thousands, at least his vanity would have been left to him. How could he again respect the minds and hearts of those who had so little power to weigh values that they could risk letting a friend slip from them into possible enmity at this pitiable price! It upset all the Spectator's ideas, not only of their feeling for him, but of their common sense, their power to know their own minds; for he could not believe that they had thoughtfully made up their minds to be contented with such ridiculous and unworthy terms of profit and loss. No, they were acting in an unthinking, bull-headed kind of way on what they probably called "business principles." It was peculiarly vexatious, too, because the Spectator knew that he would have to be meeting them constantly, and outside of business. They belonged to the same club, and he did not know how to meet them there to-morrow.

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And as he reached this point the Spectator paused, pierced by a shaft of his own. Exactly the weakness that ailed his friends ailed him also. He didn't know his own mind, or how to weigh values, any more than they did, though in a way a little different. If he took up this thing as proper pride and wounded friendship prompted him to take it, the result might be no intercourse at all. They had proved themselves something far below what the Spectator had valued them. Did he now want them at the price of making no talk about his grievance, keeping them, as a perfected philosopher, for what part of themselves they could still offer to him? The Spectator remembered an old "Friend" who from his training knew so well just what was his own mind and where his determined line of fighting lay that, after dutifully turning the second cheek to any smiter, he had only to say, with accustomed mildness, "Verily, Scripture goeth no further," and then proceed to war and that frequent victory which the cool-minded may always expect. The Spectator has not had the advantage of a Quaker training in his youth, and as he now looks at that little pile of papers on his desk he is still unable to make up his mind concerning them and the comparative value they create.

The Wayside Inn

[See the reproduction of Mr. Alfred Ordway's painting on page 330.]

Whether or not the inn at Sudbury suggested Longfellow's plan of a group of tales under the fiction of a company of story-tellers at an inn is not quite clear. In the poet's diary of October 30, 1862, we read: "October ends with a delicious Indian summer day. Drive with Fields to the old Red Horse Tavern in Sudbury—alas, no longer an inn! A lovely valley; the winding road shaded by grand old oaks before the house. A rambling, tumble-down old building, two hundred years old; and till now in the family of the Howes, who have kept an inn for one hundred and seventy-five years. In the old time it was a house of call for all travelers from Boston westward."

In the introduction to Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" we read that the poet must have made passing acquaintance with the tavern when in 1826 he made a stagecoach journey from Boston to Albany; he may also well have known the inn in its more recent days, through his friends Dr. Parsons and Mr. Luigi Monti, who made it a great resort. In April, 1863, Longfellow had finished the collection of stories—he then called them "The Sudbury Tales"—and had sent them to the printer. In August, however, he wrote to Mr. Fields: "I am afraid we have made a mistake in calling the new volume 'The Sudbury Tales.' Now that I see it announced, I do not like the title . Sumner cries out against it, and has persuaded me, as I think he will you, to come back to 'The Wayside Inn.' Pray think as we do."

After the book was published Longfellow wrote to an English friend that "The Wayside Inn has more foundation in fact than you may suppose. The town of Sudbury is about twenty miles from Cambridge. Some two hundred years ago an English family by the name of Howe built there a country house, which has remained in the family down to the present time, the last of the race dying but two years ago. Losing their fortune, they became innkeepers, and for a century the Red Horse Inn has flourished, going down from father to son. The place is just as I have described it, though no longer an inn. All this will account for the landlord's coat-of-arms, and his being a justice of the peace, and his being known as 'the Squire'—things that must sound strange in English ears. All the characters are real. The musician is Ole Bull; the Spanish Jew, Israel Edrehi, whom I have seen as I have painted him," etc.

The old Inn may be at present not so much

> A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
>   Now somewhat fallen to decay,
> With weather-stains upon the wall,
>   And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
> And creaking and uneven floors,
>   And chimneys huge and tiled and tall,

but it is still "a place of slumber and of dreams," where

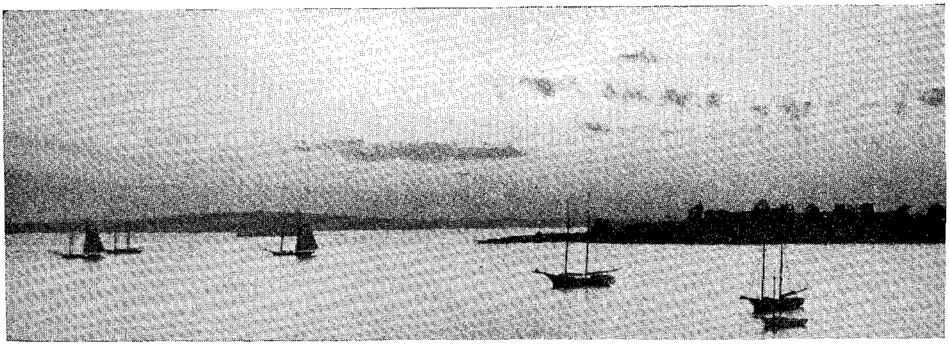
> the panting teams
> Stop under the great oaks that throw
> Tangles of light and shade below.

The Outlook Vacation Fund

This last week a letter was received from a reader of The Outlook in regard to a vacation for a girl who has worked for seven years without intermission. Every cent she did not absolutely require has gone to help support her family. This is only one of hundreds proving what The Outlook has so often stated, that the majority of the working-girls of New York, even those earning small wages, could pay for their own vacations were it not for the beautiful generosity of which they are so absolutely unconscious. For the girl whose work lasts only five, six, or seven months of the year, and who suffers more in body and mind during her periods of idleness than she can under the most unsanitary conditions prevailing during her periods of work, and for the girl who supports a family, the Outlook Vacation Fund is an opportunity.

THE VACATION FUND

SPECIAL GIFT	
From an Unknown Friend	$5,000 00
FOR VACATION EXPENSES	
Previously acknowledged	2,525 88
F. W. V., East Orange, N. J.	15 00
L. W. B.	1 80
H. W. V., Morristown, N. J.	100 00
C. G. E	5 00
Anonymous	15 00
B. and L., Burlington, Vt.	5 00
Young Ladies' Society First Congregational Church, Redlands, Cal.	15 00
	$7,682 68
Six Memberships	6 00
Total	$7,688 68



IN SUNSET GLOW
From a Photograph by Miss Emily B. Coyle

Country Roads and Inland Waters

Quiet Outings on Foot, Awheel, on Horseback—in Carriage, Canoe or Houseboat—and in Camp

The Encourager of Indolence

By Henry van Dyke

WE have fallen so much into the habit of being always busy, in these latter days, that we hardly know how to go about a quiet vacation. Our business tags after us into the midst of our pleasure, and we are ill at ease when we are beyond reach of the telegraph and the daily newspaper. We toil amazingly to keep ourselves informed about a multitude of things, like European politics, and the state of the weather all around the world, and the marriages of very rich people, and the latest novelties in crime, which are really of slight interest to us. We are forever trying to put something more into those scrap-bags of knowledge which we fondly call our minds, and seldom rest tranquil long enough to find out whether there is anything already in them, any native feeling, any real thought, which would like to come out and sun itself for a while.

Even our amusements keep us on the strain. We follow them remorselessly, determined to wring from them the very last drop of excitement and profit. And so the season of rest is infected with the spirit of toil, and we peg away at our vacations desperately.

Well, perhaps the picture is a little bit overdrawn. Perhaps we are not all of us quite so far gone in the business habit that we cannot get out of it for a few weeks to rest our souls. But I am sure that most of us need some help and encouragement in accomplishing this happy release. One of the first things that we want in our vacations is a teacher of carelessness, a professor of ease, like those light-hearted birds and untoiling flowers which the Wisest of all masters commended to his disciples.

For my own part, I have always found that a small, pleasant stream is the best instructor in the art of living without anxious thought. There is something in its quiet, contented fashion of slipping through the world that lays a spell of peacefulness upon my heart. It flashes merrily in the rapids, but it is no less happy in its loitering through the long, still pools. There is no place in the world where the trees, and the overhanging flowers, and the high blue sky, and the journeying stars, are so beautifully reflected as in its calm bosom. And the sound of its voice is the slumber-song of care. To many such streams I am a grateful debtor; and to one of them I would now acknowledge the obligations which I can never repay, by inditing its praise and concealing its name.

It is a lazy, idle brook on the south shore of Long Island. There is not a mill, nor a factory, nor a reservoir on all its course of a short mile. The only profitable thing it ever tried to do was to make a small ice-pond at its mouth; but the ice, being mixed with weeds and slightly flavored with brackish water, was so little relished that the enterprise came to nothing.

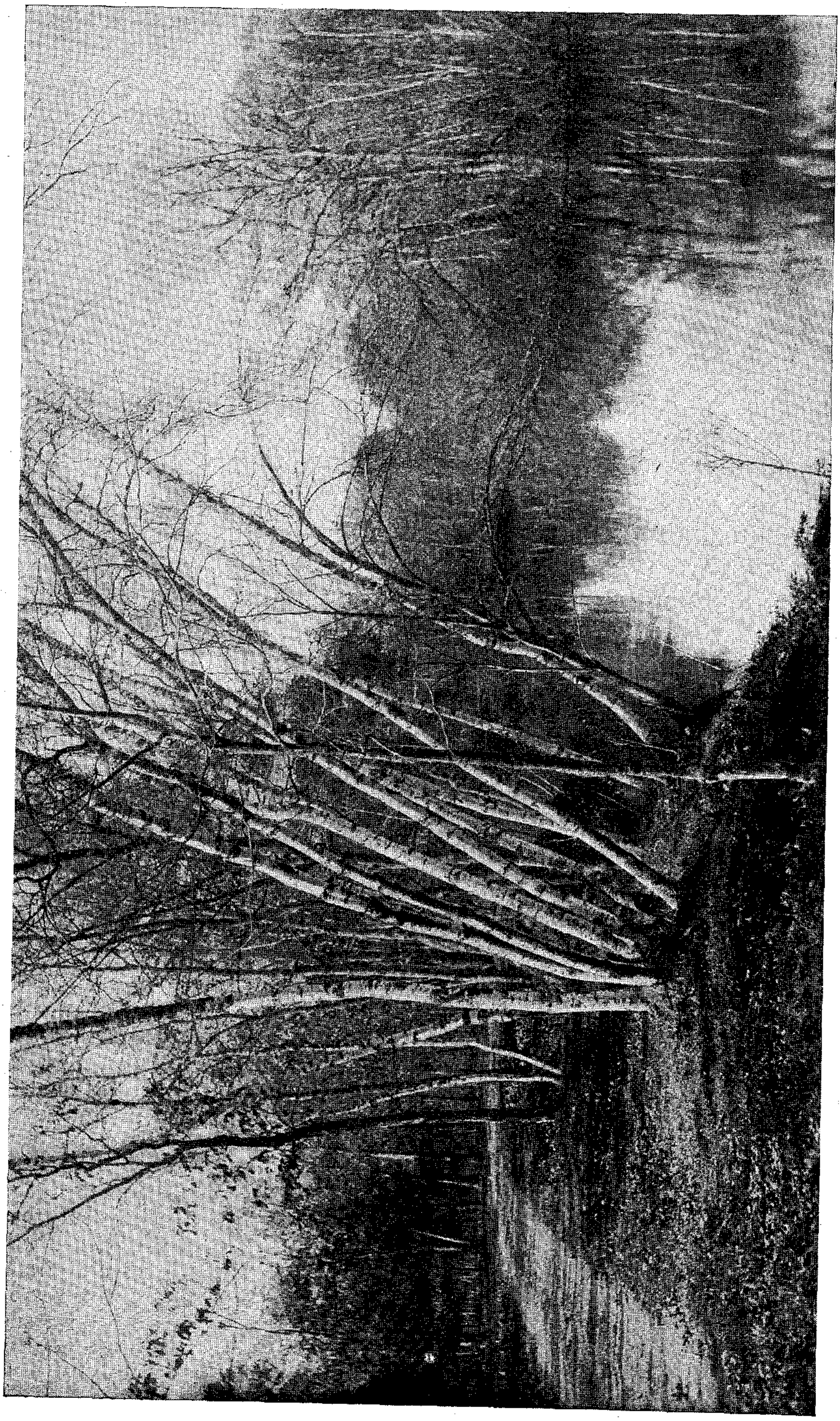
It was through this unprofitable ice-pond, which emptied by a short tide-way, under a wooden bridge, into a sleepy corner of the Great South Bay—it was through this unpromising introduction that we entered upon our acquaintance with the brook. We had a house, some two miles away, down the bay; but it was a very small house, and the room that we liked best was out-of-doors. Sailing past the wooden bridge on one of our aimless voyages, we observed the water flowing out into the bay, and reflected that we had nothing better to do than to find out where it came from. Many of the pleasant experiences of life would be missed if we were not sometimes ready to accept these silent invitations. The next day my lady Graygown and I set out in a row-boat, pushed through the passage beneath the bridge, crossed the weedy pond, and made our way into the brook.

It was quite broad at first—a hundred feet from side to side—bordered with flags and rushes and feathery meadow-grasses. The channel meandered sluggishly in sweeping curves from side to side of the estuary, and the water, except in the swifter current, was encumbered with an amazing quantity of some aquatic moss. The woods came straggling down on either bank; there were fallen trees in the water; and here and there an old swamp-maple, ragged and gray-bearded, hung out over the stream which was undermining it. But for the most part the brook lay wide open to the sky, and the tide, rising and falling somewhat irregularly in the pond below, made curious alternations in its depth and in the swiftness of its flow.

For about a third of a mile we navigated this bright little river, and then we could row the boat no further, for we came to a place where the stream issued with a strong flood from an archway in a thicket. The portal was not more than four feet wide, and the interlaced branches of the trees met closely overhead. Stooping down, we pushed the boat through the opening, and found ourselves in the Fairy Dell. It was a long, narrow bower, say four or five hundred feet from end to end, with the brook running through it in a joyous, rapid current over a bed of clean white sand and shining pebbles. There were deep holes at the corners where you could hardly touch bottom with an oar, and shallow places in the straight runs where the boat would barely float. Not a ray of sunlight leaked through the green leafy roof; and all along the banks there were delicate mosses, and tall ferns, and wildwood flowers that love the shade.

At the end of this bower our progress was stopped by a low bridge, on a forgotten road that crossed the pine woods at this point. Here I left my lady Graygown with her book, while I set forth to trace the further course of the brook. Above the wood-road there were no more fairy dells, nor easy-going estuaries. The stream came down through the most complicated piece of undergrowth that I have ever encountered. Alders and wild grape-vines and cat-briers made an almost impassable tangle. There was only one way to advance, and that was to wade in the middle of the brook; and it had so many branchings and divisions that I was often at a loss to know which one to follow. It took more than half an hour to go less than a quarter of a mile, and I emerged from this wild and difficult bit of forest with scratched hands and a torn coat to find myself face to face with—a railroad embankment and the afternoon express thundering down to Southampton!

It was a strange and sudden contrast; and at first, I must confess, it seemed like a disenchantment to be reminded so forcibly of the nearness of civilization, with all its cares and duties. But on the voyage home my lady Graygown and I talked it over together, and she brought me around to another and a wiser view of the case. Why should we not make the surprise pleasant rather than disagreeable? Why should we not look at the contrast from the side that we liked best?



BY THE WATERSIDE

Why should we not say that it was a wonderful and delightful thing to discover, in the very midst of civilized life, and midway between two flourishing summer resorts, an untamed brook, with not a single house nor a cultivated field on its banks, and with as much variety and beauty and seclusion in its brief course as if it flowed through miles of trackless forest? Why should we not make it our symbol of liberty, our deliverer from the conventional and commonplace?

And so we did. That lazy, idle brook became to us one of the best of friends; the guide to happiness on many a bright summer day; and, through a series of long vacations, the faithful encourager of indolence.

Indolence in the proper sense of the word, you must understand; for the common meaning which is given to it is altogether false, as Archbishop Trench pointed out in his suggestive book about words. It is just a great big lie to speak of indolence as if it were a vice. It is a virtue. It comes from two Latin words which mean freedom from care and pain. And that is a wholesome state of mind. Under the right conditions and at the right time it is even a good and blessed state of mind. Not to be in a hurry; not to be ambitious, or resentful, or envious of anybody; not to be worried about to-day or anxious about to-morrow: that is the way we all ought to feel at some times in our lives; and that is the kind of indolence in which our brook constantly encouraged us.

It was always luring us away from the artificialities of life into restful companionship with nature. Suppose, for example, we found ourselves growing a bit dissatisfied with the smallness and simplicity of our house, and coveting the splendors of a grander establishment. An afternoon on the brook was a good cure for that folly. Or suppose a day came when there was a threatening prospect of formal calls. We had important business up the brook. Or suppose there were no flowers for the dinner-table. We could easily have gotten them in the village; but it was far pleasanter to take the children in the boat and row up the brook and come back with armfuls of white swamp honeysuckle and blue flag, or pink St. John's-wort and sea lavender and cardinal-flowers. Or suppose that I was very unwisely and reluctantly laboring at some important literary work, and, as it happened, the fish-man had forgotten to bring any fish for supper. Of course I hated to be interrupted; but still duty always comes before pleasure; and so I would get my fly-rod and row off across the bay with a perfectly deceptive appearance of cheerfulness, to catch a string of trout in ——.

There! I came within eight letters of telling the name of the brook. But did you ever know a devoted angler who would willingly part with such a secret? If it had been a mere fishless stream, or even if it had been a stream well known to the world as an anglers' resort, then it would not make so much difference if I had let the name slip out. But the presence of trout in this particular brook is a thing which is known to very few, and they guard the knowledge as the dragon guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides. For the trout are large; yes, very large; and there is just one bend in the lower part of the brook where they may be caught. Up in the woods there are smaller ones, from a quarter to a half of a pound in weight, which a man may pick out of the holes with long patience and a short line. But down below there is a stretch of water, say two hundred feet, where there is plenty of room for a long cast, and the big fish lie close in under the bank, with a shelter of floating weeds above them.

I shall never forget the day when I made this discovery. I had been fishing through the tangle above the road and had gotten into the boat, very wet and much disheveled, with four or five moderate trout. It was about sunset, the angler's golden hour, and it occurred to me that I might find a stray fish by drifting down the open stream and casting carefully along shore. In an elbow of the brook there was a space of clear water along the lower side, with two dead trees sticking out from the bank, against which the current had drifted quite a thick mass of weeds. I made a long cast, and sent the fly close to the edge of the weeds. There was a sudden rush, a wake on the shallow water that looked like the wake of a whale, and in a moment a noble fish was fast to the royal coachman fly. He fought furiously to get

A TURN IN THE STREAM

back to the shelter of his logs, but the light rod had spring enough in it to hold him away from that dangerous retreat. Then he splurged up and down the open water, and made fierce dashes into the weeds, and seemed about to escape a dozen times. At last he came to the side of the boat, quite played out, and I netted him in my hat. He was one of the most beautiful fish I have ever seen; two pounds and a quarter, plump weight, and colored with brilliant orange and gold, green and crimson and blue. A pair of the same kind, one weighing two pounds and the other a pound and a half were taken by careful fishing down the rest of the pool; and then I rowed home through the dusk, convinced that there is no virtue more pleasantly rewarded than that of the man who unselfishly sallies forth, at the call of duty, to seek food for his perishing family with a fly-rod.

Of course we showed those fish to the neighbors. And of course we did not give precise information as to the place where they were caught. In fact, the description must have been generally misunderstood, for I regret to say that on the following day, which was the Sabbath, there was a row of eager but unprincipled anglers sitting on the bridge over another stream and fishing for trout, with large expectations and no visible results. The moral of this is obvious.

But we often revisited our indolent brook; and when by chance another boat passed us, we were never fishing, only gathering flowers, or watching the birds, or taking photographs. When the company had gone by, we would set up the rod again and try a few more casts. One day in particular I remember, when Graygown and little Teddy were my comrades. We really had not the slightest intention of angling, for it was clear mid-noon and very hot and still. But suddenly the trout, by one of those freaks which make their disposition so unaccountable and attractive, began to rise all around us. Fortunately the rod was at hand. Graygown and Teddy managed the boat and the landing-net with consummate skill. We landed no less than twelve beauties at that most unlikely hour, and then solemnly shook hands all around as if we had won a great victory.

There is a peculiar pleasure in doing a thing like this—catching trout where nobody thinks of looking for them, and at an hour when everybody says they cannot be caught. It is the pleasure of the unexpected; and shall we not add also, the pleasure of the undeserved? It is a good thing for us to feel, sometimes, that we are the beneficiaries of a kind fortune. It is a good thing to recognize that blessings are often coming to us for which we have not labored. It is a good thing to get out of the anxious strain of our careful lives, and let ourselves drift, with some gentle encourager of indolence, into a deeper, more restful harmony with nature. And for any one who really wants to spend a quiet vacation in such a spirit, I have no better counsel than this: Make friends with a lazy, idle brook.

The Vacation Awheel

By J. Cleveland Cady

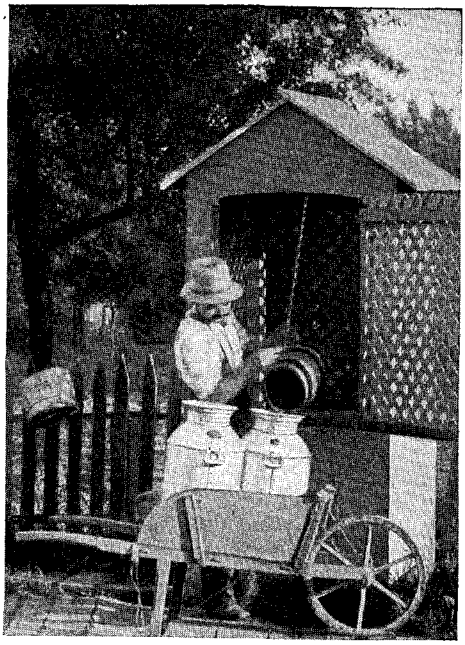
THE invitation of the Irrepressibles to walk on the "Boulevard" at the close of a summer afternoon was so pressing that I hardly felt at liberty to decline, yet the drought had made the roads extremely dusty, and the accustomed walk did not seem alluring. Hand in hand, one on each side, we plodded along, when one of the youngsters exclaimed: "See! see! What queer thing is coming?"

Sure enough, approaching in the twilight was an object that suggested an orang-outang advancing with great rapidity.

As it drew near it proved to be a cyclist, and no other than my friend Ark, who had come over awheel from his home on Orange Mountain to mine on the Palisades. The vigorous ride had caused free perspiration, which proved an excellent medium for retaining the dust that rose in clouds about him; hence his strange and unrecognizable appearance. With the aid of the Irrepressibles (whose questions rained thick and fast) he was escorted to the cycle-room, where his wheel was lodged.

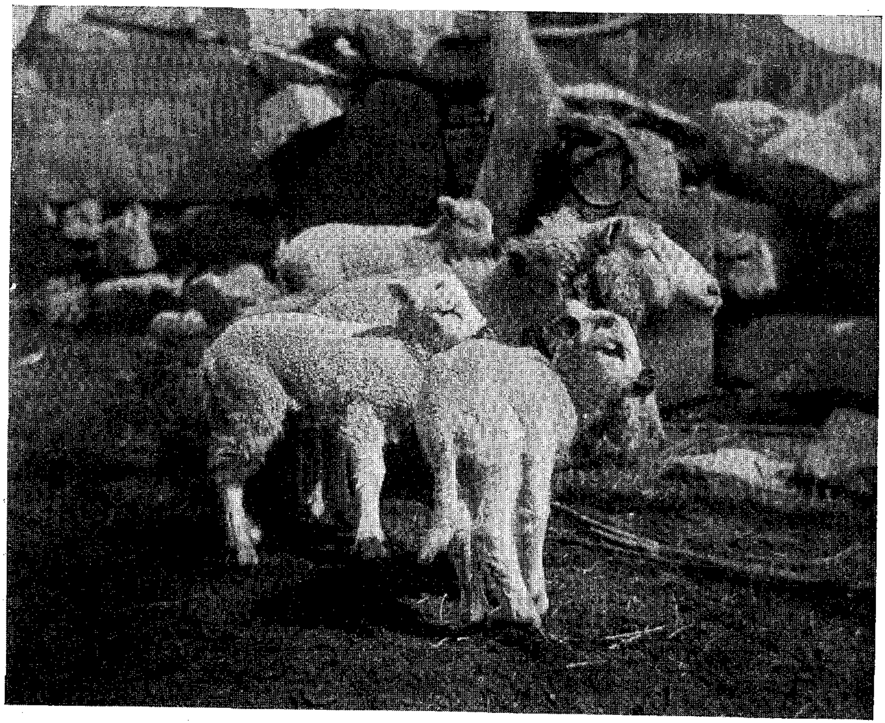
Before he left he unbuckled and removed a leather-covered box that filled the space within the frame of the bicycle—a feature not previously noticed. Arrived at the house, it was difficult to introduce the singular guest with even moderate

READY FOR A TOUR



Caught in the Act

Corn on the Cob



A New Hampshire Family

SEEN FROM THE WHEEL

decorum. Leaving his laughing friends, he slipped away to his room, and in half an hour came down another being, clad in a fresh suit of dark blue serge, his linen the snowiest, and his cycling shoes changed for "patent leathers."

All this, taken from his cycle-case, made him sufficiently presentable for any summer gathering. After dinner he spoke of his approaching vacation, saying that, with his brother, he was to take a tour "down East," and that he wanted his host should accompany them—an invitation promptly declined, under the impression that such a trip was only for experts and scorchers.

An experience the following day, however, took away all prejudice against such a trip, even for an ordinary rider.

We started for a visit to a city some distance away, and, unwilling to be a drawback to the pleasure of my guest, I put on the best speed I could summon, when suddenly he cried: "Halt! Don't let us hurry so—we are not scorchers or record-breakers; we are riding for health and pleasure. Let us take it easy, and enjoy the way as we go." So the trip was made at an easy pace, with an occasional stop at an inviting spring, a fine scene, or a favorable opportunity for the camera.

The whole was accomplished so easily that at the close there was less fatigue than had frequently been experienced in a ride of half the distance, and the tour proposed the previous evening was contemplated with pleasure. It is a common mistake to make too serious a business of wheeling, and so lose the pleasure and relaxation it might give. The ambition to make a record (even though a humble one), to do something to boast of, is an ambition that, as far as it controls, is sure to detract from the pleasure and benefit of a tour.

The life of any busy person in these days is one that intently occupies the faculties, and an outing, to be of the highest value, must be free from care and intentness. The expression "Go as you please" is the right motto for the tourist who seeks recreation that recreates.

It is wise to study a tour carefully by aid of the best maps and guide-books; to plan it with reference to points of interest (and good hotels especially); but once started it is well not to feel bound by the plan, to leave it temporarily for a day of fishing, a side excursion, or some object of interest—in fact, doing day by day just what one pleases. Touring in Nova Scotia last season, we met a professional man from New York, who, in company with his wife, was having such a trip. He was extremely fond of fishing, and in her sympathy with whatever interested him she had herself become expert with rod and line. They often took "a day off" for fishing, and, in fact, went where and how they pleased, while their fine condition and ruddy health bore convincing testimony to the good they were receiving. The advantages of a tour awheel are that it gives the greatest variety and freedom of travel with the least care; that it is comparatively inexpensive, and especially that the benefit of spending day after day in the open air, with exercise that need not fatigue, but starts the blood in active circulation in every part of the body, and purifies it by the constant intake of fresh ozone which the lungs are busily providing, exceeds that which can be gained by any other means.

Unlike the steam-car, the bicycle takes one to out-of-the-way places and scenes; unlike the horse, it is not a source of care and anxiety, or liable to serious ills on the way (if it is a high-grade wheel, and no other should be used on a tour).

The first step in preparation for such a trip should be to secure agreeable company. A single companion will answer well, but a party of four is, all things considered, the most desirable.

Cheerful companions who will heartily appreciate the good features of the trip, and be quick to see the droll side of the less fortunate ones, will make the day a constant delight, and full of merriment from morn till eve.

The places, people, and incidents of the trip will be a constant source of entertainment. Passing through a very primitive farming district on one occasion, we saw an apple orchard full of tempting fruit. Hungry and thirsty, we conferred not with flesh and blood, but proceeded to enjoy it.

Presently a grizzly old farmer walked slowly from the house, reading something, and advancing steadily upon us. Was he preparing a proclamation? Or perhaps, like the farmer in the primer, ready to salute us with stones and dirt? But no—very deliberately he said: "Gentlemen, you will find these apples excellent" (a pause while he read in the book a little)—"eat as many as you can of them" (another pause, reading) — "fill your pockets with them; you are very welcome."

While thanking him warmly, I drew near to see what he was reading with such interest, and found it—the "North American Review"!

Surely courtesy and cultivation were hidden under a very plain exterior, a matter that gave us food for reflection and comment as we rode on.

The different mental characteristics of people sometimes lead to different expressions of courtesy that are interesting. As darkness came upon us quite suddenly one evening, when we were within a quarter of a mile from our hotel, we were at a loss which road to take.

Meeting an old man and his daughter, we sought direction.

"Well," replied the old man, "you go down the street about ten rods, to the old Bascom mill, then you turn to the right—after you pass the mill—then you turn to the right and go south a quarter of a mile or so—well, perhaps a quarter and an eighth—due south, I should think—at least as nearly as I can make it—yes, due south, after you have left old Bascom's mill; when turned, you take the new road." Here the young woman interrupted: "Hold up, hold up, father—let me tell. Young men, you go right down to the next corner and turn to the right, and you'll see the lights of your hotel in three minutes."

For a tour of any length a trunk should be taken well stocked with clothing and comforts. It can be expressed to leading points a few days ahead, where it will be waiting with its fresh supplies. For daily needs the bicycle-case, fitting in the frame of the wheel, is used. The most practical affair is a box and cover (with a deep rim) made of "binder's board," well varnished, and supplied with strong leather straps for drawing it tightly together and securing it to the bicycle. It should contain a night suit, a change of underwear, fresh linen, stockings, a vest, dress pumps, as well as toilet articles and a few simple remedies.

A little difference in the weight of the case is hardly felt on the trip, while the added comfort is very great. It is a delightful sensation, after a day of active wheeling, followed by a refreshing bath, to array one's self in fresh and presentable attire.

Another item which should not be forgotten, as it enables one to preserve a faithful record of the trip, is a small, light camera. It should be a film camera, and of the greatest possible simplicity of working, for it often has to be used in haste and confusion. Its exposures should be not less than three and a half inches square; smaller pictures are of little interest; it should have a leather case that can be firmly strapped to the bicycle, a flap of which opens when needed, and the camera is slipped out—an economy of time and patience. The best position for it is probably under the saddle, just back of the saddle-post. This leaves frame and handle-bars free for other uses.

The last feature of the preparation to be mentioned is the securing of letters of introduction to persons in the places one is likely to visit. Between the members of the party a number may be secured which will be a source of great pleasure.

In a tour "down East" such letters secured for our party charming courtesies at Andover, Mass. (where we spent two days long to be remembered); at old Newburyport, where we were permitted to explore Whitfield Church, with its remarkable crypt and historic relics; and at Salem caused us to be put up at the delightful Salem Club, and gave us the entrée to some twenty of the finest old mansions in the place.

It is hardly necessary to say that such letters should come from those on terms of close intimacy, interest, or regard with those who receive them.

While the tourist can in most cases so plan his route as to spend his nights at the best stopping-places, where a bath, fine dinner, excellent bed, and appetizing breakfast will be the "bliss of the purified," at noon he may find a plain farmhouse the only place for refreshment. His ravenous appetite, however, will render the plain, substantial meal quite satisfactory.

It was considerably past the hour of the midday meal when, passing through a country place, we began to feel faint from hunger. A wayfaring man directed us to the "widder Leggitt's, for she takes in peddlers and them like." Reaching the house, we saw a peddler's wagon departing, and concluded the feast was over.

The good woman, however, reassured us. "There was a plenty of biled beef and cabbage left over, though the potatoes might run a leetle scant"—but she would cook more. While the preparations were going on we waited in her parlor, a room adorned with purchases evidently made at many church fairs. It is hardly necessary to speak of the festivity and "airiness" such furnishings give, or the highly moral influence of the chromoed mottoes. Later the widow came in, beguiling our restlessness by her genial presence, and calling our attention to a crayon portrait of a man with a sinister expression—perhaps caused by a squint of one eye—"a life likeness," she said, of her "late relict."

In a very rapid narrative she told of his lingering illness from consumption, and entertained us with details of his cough, night sweats, and gradual emaciation "until he was thin as a shadder—so thin you could 'most see through him" (as though this would have been a decided advantage). As appetite was ebbing away the dinner-bell rang. Had the shrewd Yankee woman in her thriftiness been toning down our hunger to the exigencies of her larder? Was this an unworthy thought? Heaven forgive us!

The appetite of wheelmen, however, could not long remain under a cloud, and dinner was vigorously attacked. In the course of it one of the number saw through the doorway opening into the "keeping-room" an ancient piano, and indiscreetly remarked to the hostess, "I presume you are fond of music—I see you have a piano."

"Oh, yes, indeed we are, and you should hear Almiry play." Then, turning to her barefooted daughter waiting on the table, "Run and play for the gentlemen, Almiry, and I'll do your waiting. Give them 'Rocking in the Old Armchair,' and 'Who will Care for Mother Now'?"

The dutiful girl hasted and opened the old jingling, buzzing piano, which had been untuned for years, and gave a performance that might have been entitled "Five minutes in a sawmill."

At the conclusion the wheelman nearest the widow, wishing to make some courteous remark and yet keep within the bounds of truth, said, after much mental effort, "No doubt you take great pleasure in your daughter's progress."

"Yes, indeed, I do. Almiry, Almiry, the gentlemen want to hear more; give them 'The Pharisee's Dance' and the 'Angels' Serenade.'"

The vigorous resumption of business at the old instrument had the effect of bringing the dinner to a hasty conclusion.

When departing, Almiry, by the order of her mother (whose pride was evidently touched by the remark about her daughter's music) brought a great basket of apples and a milk-pail of chestnuts. The widow assisted in cramming the pockets of the guests, until the latter bore the guilty appearance of having robbed an orchard; then, in tones of authority, she exclaimed, "Almiry, run and play more for the gentlemen."

A tour will be full of experiences that not only amuse at the time, but are most agreeable to recall, and give a mild spice of adventure to each day.

It is to be said in conclusion that the wise tourist will

ON THE SACO

not be ashamed to decline all risks. The failure to do this may render a trip which has the greatest possibilities of pleasure and benefit only a disappointment and injury. Far better a long and comfortable experience free from all mishaps than a heedless one suddenly and perhaps disastrously terminated—too frequently with an end to all future wheeling.

Beware of coasting strange hills; of the wet and slippery pavement; of the lack of extra protection when stopping, or when the chill of evening comes on; and, finally, of such hill-climbing or over-exertion as may bring undue strain upon the heart.

One who will exercise a reasonable care in these respects will, year after year, find the tour awheel the most charming, sensible, and health-building of all the ways of spending an outing.

A Camp on Wheels

By Charles R. Turner

"TELL how a pleasant and quiet vacation can be taken in a carriage or wagon, to combine pleasure and profit." Verily, instructions that open a vista wide as a world and deep as a purse, and then leave the imagination to run riot in speculations as to where, and who, and how many, and how long, and in a dozen other directions.

However, the request finds me more in the mood to be helpful than to be critical, for have I not tasted the joys of "the days when we went gypsying, a long time ago"—in a veritable gypsy van, too—a yacht on wheels? And though I have camped by Killarney's fair waters and tramped the plains of Picardy, have been wafted afloat over the waterways of Holland in a houseboat, and rocked in the cradle of the deep on many seas, my first choice, taken wide and by, is for the road by carriage.

Why? Because! Imprimis—the road is at my own door-yard.

Item: I can go in any of forty different ways, and come home by as many alternatives.

Item: The roads run through pleasant places, and villages, and by stores, and are mapped with such exactness that I know exactly where I am at. I can scale out in advance every day, and the time of day I shall get there. Thereby I can possess myself of, or dispense with, the need of providing just so much or so little as will be required between two given points.

Item: I can go like Darby and Joan, with just my better-half alone, or I can take the children. Indeed, one can make up a convoy of all one's friends and relations to the third and fourth generation; because each of the units on wheels of the caravan is absolutely independent of every other unit. Each has its own motive power, its own commissariat, its own particular guests.

Item: Because those who don't like it can leave it any day (an advantage that does not apply to some places on land, as well as at sea).

Because I can go to the hills (though preferably not, except to the foot-hills), or to the seashore; I can pass through the woods of solitude, or stay there, and can make my turning-point the fillip of some great city whose magnetic force has been drawing my fastened feet for many an expectant year.

Because, *en passant*, I can *see* the people, hundreds of them, in detail and close at hand: the real Americans; the lords of the plow and the reaper, the hardy sons of Anak from whom our cities draw their physical and moral health, the great silent millions of the up-country. Where they live I love to thread through as occasion offers here and yon, and to see their avocations. All which opportunities a permanent camp reduces to the lowest minimum.

Now comes the crux! What am I to travel in? In England I would answer the question in a sentence—according to whether you wanted to sleep out, or sleep in wayside inns. I would say, divide your party into fours or sixes, and gypsy-van or family-wagonette it. But there are no gypsy vans here, so I must needs describe one, which is a simple matter; and then see how near we can come to getting one.

A gypsy van, in brief, is a cabin on

four wheels, divisible across the center, transversely, by portière or partition. It should have a door at each end, opening inwards, though some have only a door and steps at the rear. It is substantially, though not heavily, built of light wood; has one or two windows on each side, and is roofed. The front and back doors and windows are draped, and when it is shut up it looks outwardly, and is inwardly, as snug and pretty as the cabin of a Dutch river lighter. The backward end is reserved as a parlor, the forward end as a sleeping compartment, and the cooking is done outside. The beds (in the regular gypsy van, but of this more anon) are bunks, one or two on each side, as needs may be, for the man, woman, and children. The dunnage is carried on top, and the fire and utensils underneath.

The gypsy van is not here procurable for hire (though of course it could be built easily enough), but we can get several very close equivalents. I see every day vehicles which are easily capable of conversion into the very ideal tourist's van. For instance, the smaller sort of street horse-cars are being abandoned by the score every day for larger ones, as cables and electricity replace the horse. Now, *the bodies* of these, with doors and platforms at each end, light at the sides, and ventilation at the top, would make the very identical thing. They are capable of division by partition across the center, the seats would afford exactly the support that light bed-frames require, and the space occupied by the present wheels, under the seats, would make good storage.

Of course every ounce of heavy ironwork connected with the present wheels would require stripping, and nothing but the actual frame be left. This would have to be remounted on an ordinary road-wagon frame and wheels.

But supposing *this* is not available? Well, we must do with something less perfect. I see delivery and express vans and wagons quite capable of transformation. Notably those (and this is imperative if women and children are of the party) with solid sides and tops; the curtained ends may be tolerated. Whatever you choose, choose wide—wide enough to sleep crosswise.

Whether either car or van is found available, run a light wire fencing round the top, so as to be able to place there the lighter packages and coarser material.

The under part should be utilized to its fullest extent with drawers; and drive or screw a strong hook into every available place of the underneath woodwork. You will find every one of them handy for hanging or stringing something safe and away.

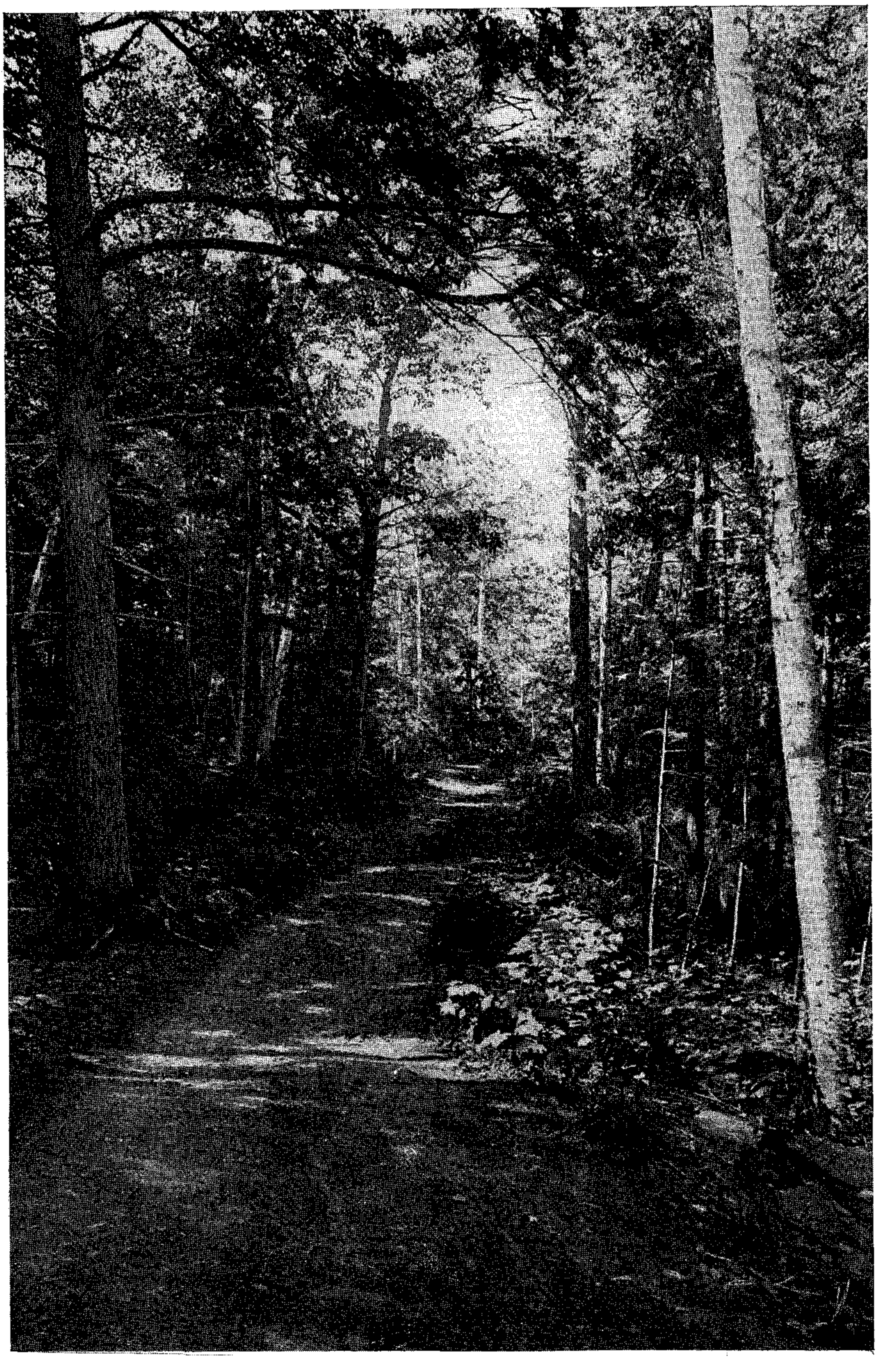
There is a satisfactory alternative for those who, while using the horse as their motive power, prefer to stay at an inn each night; and that is the "family wagonette," which will carry four or five and luggage. Many very useful and beautiful styles of this are made here, and they are largely used for touring in Europe.

I shall proceed, however, upon the hypothesis that the party will bed and board themselves, and therefore the next question is, What will be required to be carried? Well, it is one of the great advantages of this mode of touring that you can give the question of supplies a practical trial by having your vehicle close up to your house for days ahead, where you can see just what you can fit into it, and what you can do without.

Beds will be a question of option, depending upon individual necessities and age and condition of the traveler. Some people would think mattresses on the floor a luxury enough. Some prefer fitted bunks, like those used at sea; while in some cases camp folding beds would meet the exigencies. My personal preference is for the plain, cheap camp folder, on folding legs; for the reason that I can take it up by day, set it up under a tree, and have the comfort of it as a lounge.

The one imperative necessity is a reliable cooking outfit. There are many; my choice is Baxter's. It contains everything needful for cooking and serving six people, including a table 30 inches by 33 (with extensions if needed); and any ordinary fuel can be burned in it, preferably wood. The whole kit packs away neatly into a strapped case 30 inches long by 7 inches wide and 11 deep; weighs in all only 30 pounds, and can be placed under any ordinary carriage seat.

All else is, in the main, a question of how you want to live and where you want to go, and needs really little explanation to ordinary housewives, remembering that



A WOODLAND ROAD

ordinarily you will never be far from, and most days passing, some kind of store.

Where you will pull in each night will, of course, depend upon where you are. In some places I have taken advantage of the friendly shelter of the shed of the roadhouse; in others, of a pasture lot by the roadside; in still others, the roadside, or seaside itself; occasionally a farmer's yard; and I have pulled up in the marketplace in the center of an old-fashioned town, and had and given great entertainment to and from the natives.

Now I come to a subject that may limit the desire and number of those who would adopt the road-van as their motive power. Never start without one, at least, to each van who knows and is used to handling a horse, to harnessing it, to feeding it (especially to watering it, and knows when *not to*), to cleaning it, and to driving, and who is willing day by day to give attention to every one of these details. Furthermore, have each horse (and set of harness) inspected before starting, for condition, for shoeing, and for character and fitness. You don't want screws, balkers, or sick horses on your hands.

Now let us go back a little. A condition precedent to enjoying a leisurely journey through a country, and the measure of the pleasure and profit you will get out of it, are found largely in the way you have prepared yourself for it. Therefore never go into a district without having read up all about it—all its history and legend, national and personal; thereby you will enter it full of expectation and knowledge and sympathy, and your conversation will have a thousand pegs on which to hang its themes.

Now let me go one step further on my hobby. Inasmuch as the face of nature, as it presents itself in landscape, plain, valley, rock, cliff, and shore, is mainly the result of the working of water in various forms, it would add vastly to the enjoyment if some such elementary work as Tyndall's "Forms of Water" were mastered. I once found a friend of mine in New York entranced with the illustrations in it, which Professor Tyndall had drawn from Switzerland. I took my friend across the Fourteenth Street Ferry to the Palisades, and showed him, to his amazement, more and better examples that had lain bare within two miles of him all his life and often been passed by him unheeded; and yet I am in no sense a scientific geologist, nor need I be to receive many of science's greatest pleasures.

Finally: Take along a few of the choice writers on country natural history, such as Thoreau's "Autumn," Olive Thorne Miller's bird books, John Burroughs's "A Year in the Fields," or Gibson's delightful work with pen and pencil. They will point you to endless hidden delights.

A Mountain Tramp

By Henry Hoyt Moore

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBERS may be divided into two classes—those who climb the Matterhorn, and those who don't. I will say frankly that I prefer only to read about the doings of the first, and to join the latter class. Hairbreadth 'scapes are sufficiently exciting when one sees them on the printed page; the lover of the quiet outing shrinks a little when he imagines himself in the position of the man who is creeping along an inch-wide ledge above a bottomless gulf, or cutting precarious steps in a perpendicular ice-wall during a howling tempest. A great deal of the fun in that sort of amusement must come, in the opinion of the present writer, from the reflection afterwards that it is all over and one need "never go there any more." But while the second class of mountain-climbers do not get so much excitement from their pet diversion, they get a great deal of sensible enjoyment. They get wholesome exercise, æsthetic pleasure, and physical regeneration, and they need not go far away from home or spend very much money on their outing—important considerations, these last, for many a man who has only the traditional two or three weeks' vacation, and does not wish to spend a year's savings in that time.

Within these limitations the writer has, in the course of a few years, seen much of the finest scenery in New York and New England; and any one else may do the same thing if he chooses to adopt the same methods—or better ones. It is to be presumed, at the start, that any one who reads this particular article with an idea of getting vacation suggestions from it is fond of walking, and that he would be willing to walk a good way for the sake of seeing a fine view. If one has not the capacity to dilate inwardly upon beholding a range of mountains, he would better not join our tramping party. And party there must be; the average mortal needs companionship on lonely roads, in strange hotels, and on high places which call forth enthusiastic comments that should fall on sympathetic ears. The party need not consist of more than two or three; and if they are to be reasonably happy while they are together, they should be Pauline Christians, "in honor preferring one another;" and they may also take courage in their hard climbs from the Apostle's injunction to "mind not high things." The party, in order to be as independent as possible and ready for any emergency, should carry its own baggage; needless to say that this necessity will cause superfluous articles to be dropped from the outfit at the start. A fair-sized traveling-bag slung over the shoulder by a broad strap may contain a change of underclothing, an extra flannel shirt, a field-glass, a comb, toothbrush, compass, drinking-cup, and various small impedimenta which will suggest themselves. A light overcoat or mackintosh may be strapped to the bag, or sent by express to convenient points where low temperature is expected.

Of course the thorough-paced tramp will scorn the vehicle, of whatever form, that might offer him assistance; he will put up overnight at farm-houses; he will dine off crackers and cheese at the country store—and those same crackers and cheese are, upon occasion, not to be sneered at by the epicure! But the writer's party has had no hard and fast rules in these matters, and while in the strangers' country has foraged wherever an inviting field presented itself. In other words, we walked where walking seemed agreeable, and rode when time pressed or monotonous scenery appeared. We made diligent inquiry as to which were the best hotels, and as to where we should be likely to get the best dinner—and the best dinner a man can get costs not a dime too much when he is out for pleasure and has had a walk that gives hunger and thirst unknown to city life. The rates at the "best hotels" in the less traveled regions will average only about $2 per day; on the high places, however, one must be prepared for high prices.

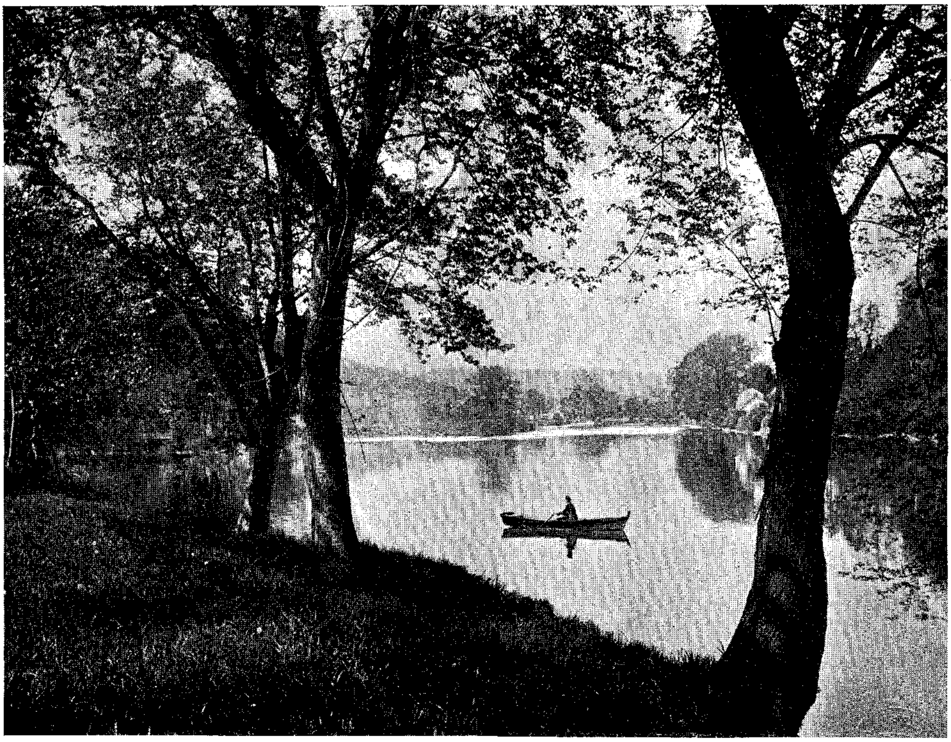
ON LAKE PLACID

A pleasant and inexpensive trip of this sort might be taken through the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, readily ac-

"FAR FROM THE CROWD"

cessible from both New York and Boston, as well as from a host of intermediate places. A Hudson River boat could be taken from New York City to Hudson, and the train a few miles west, where the tramp might begin, and include the Dome of the Taconics, Great Barrington, the picturesque region about Stockbridge, Lenox, and Pittsfield, and Williamstown and Greylock. Or one might make Rutland, Vermont, the starting-point for a tour of the Green Mountains, beginning with Killington Peak and working over to Mount Mansfield and Lake Champlain, whence he could see a land of promise for another year in the hundred wooded heights of the Adirondacks. A longer trip than either of these, which was taken by the writer's party one summer, began with the steamer at New York for Portland, Maine; rail to Farmington; walk to Rangeley Lakes (Saddle Mountain, one of the highest peaks in Maine, on the way); a delightful sail through the chain of lakes, with one night in a log camp on an island; walk through the Dixville Notch; rail to Jefferson, N. H.; walk around the base of Mount Washington to the entrance of Tuckerman's ravine; a delightful morning spent in exploring the ravine, examining the snow arch, and climbing to the Summit House; the afternoon and night at the hotel, and next morning a glorious walk down by the carriage road, with much commiseration of the unfortunates who preferred the railway or the stage; walk to Jackson, where the party took train for home.

To such outings as these, with their simple good fellowship, their renewal of acquaintance with nature in her every-day and in her more exceptional moods, with their hours of calm enjoyment and their moments of inspiration, with their wholesome fatigues and their delicious resting-times, their varied experiences of human interest along the roadsides, on the farms, in the village streets, and on hotel piazzas—to these quiet outings, I say, not many wise ones after the flesh, not many mighty, and not many noble, will feel themselves called; but to the man of indoor occupation who realizes that, after all, legs were intended for walking, who has a little leisure, a little money, and a good deal of patience, forbearance, and love for nature and for simple pleasures, the mountain tramp can be heartily recommended.



"A QUIET ROW"

A Vacation on Horseback

By Mary Tracy Earle

ONE of the most desirable things about a vacation is to get away upon it with as little of the weariness of preparation as possible; and if you are at all accustomed to riding, there is no journey which requires less preliminaries than a horseback trip. It is almost necessary to take horses that you know and like, for not only their gait but their individuality will have a great deal to do with your pleasure. After making sure of your horses, sketch out the main points of your journey, but leave the details to chance and to the roads, for unless you are following some old-established route, a turnpike or an old stage road, and are simply content to follow where it leads, you will find unexpected difficulties in reaching the places which you wish. One experienced horseback journeyer says that the roads never go straight there—wherever "there" may happen to be—but always diverge to the right or to the left, making an angle with your inclination, as if they had been laid out against a head wind, and then "tacking" toward the place you have in mind. But if you have faith, like Stevenson, that

> . . . one and all, or high or low,
> Will take you where you wish to go,

you will fare onward as swiftly as you have any need to travel.

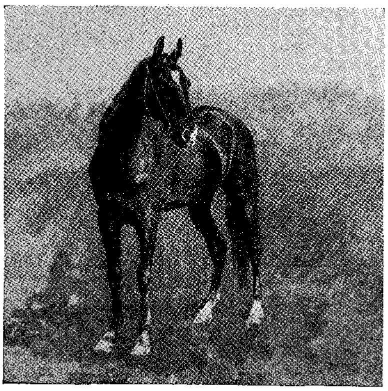
With your route approximately decided, you must take up the question of baggage. The only convenient way to take anything with you is to put it into old-fashioned saddle-bags; and when you look at them and realize their small capacity, you will probably feel like the camel if he ever considers his prospects of getting through the needle's eye. Of course a trunk, or as many trunks as you wish, may be expressed ahead to the final destination, or, if the length of your journey warrants, the trunks may be sent from point to point along the route, so that you will come across them every few days—as if they were traveling acquaintances—and can refresh your supply of necessaries from them; but in the bags it is impossible to take more than a little extra underclothing, the simplest toilet articles, and perhaps a mackintosh in case of rain. If you are riding up the mountains, your luggage will lighten as you go, without lessening your horse's load, however, for the weather will grow so cold that you will need to put on extra underwear; and you must remember, when you are preparing, that it must be warm underwear at that. Besides these things, you must not fail to have vaseline and talcum powder with you, for your horse in case the saddle or the saddle-bags begin to gall him, and if your own flesh chafes from riding the same remedies will help it.

A riding party, if it is to go far and to leave the beaten tracks, should never be very large, for differences of judgment are sure to come up as to the best places to stop for meals or lodging, or as to the length of each day's ride, and, no matter how good-naturedly they are compromised, they take something from the freedom and independence of the trip. In traveling away from the usual routes it is sometimes hard, moreover, to find accommodations for a large party, while two or four people can usually be taken care of in the most primitive and unvisited of inns or even at a farm-house. The length of each day's ride should depend entirely upon the strength and the habit of the riders and the horses; but of course the distance may safely be made longer if the riders get off and walk occasionally than if they stay constantly on the horses; for to feel their own feet under them for a time will rest them quite as much as it will rest the horses. Under good conditions and with proper care forty miles a day ought not to tire the party excessively even in a rugged country; and I have known a rather frail woman, unaccustomed to long rides, to go over a hundred and forty miles in three days without feeling any bad effect afterward; but that would be an over-ambitious attempt if the riding was to last much longer than the three days, even though the tonic of the fresh air increases the endurance wonderfully. So, if the expedition is to go far, it would be wiser not to attempt more than thirty miles a day, at least until the strength of the whole party, not forgetting the horses, has been thoroughly tested and trained.

On account of the horses, it is good to take the first few miles of the day's journey at a walk; and it is still more important for the riders to get down and walk for the last half-hour before stopping, particularly if the ride has been a long and hard one; for, to avoid stiffness, the animals should be perfectly cool before they eat their dinners or are put up for the night; and it is not likely that you will find many places out of the beaten tracks where there will be grooms to lead your horses for you after you get in. If the saddles begin to gall the horses, care should be taken of the places at once, and the worn spots may often be saved from friction by trading saddles from one horse to another, the fit of a man's saddle and of a side saddle, for instance, being quite different. To do this with comfort to the riders, all the horses should be favorites with all the riders—a condition rather hard to fulfill if the party consists of more than two people, and sometimes impossible even with two.

It scarcely seems necessary to make any suggestion as to the route to be taken, for the usual trouble will be to decide where *not* to go, so many directions will offer themselves as soon as you have made up your mind to the excursion. It would be a pity, though, to waste your opportunity for new experiences by choosing any conventional route, which could be taken just as easily in some other way; for, aside from the enjoyment of the motion, the very essence of the pleasure of riding seems to be the freedom which it gives one to turn into narrow paths and to follow dim old trails; and then a horse does not balk at a hill in the manner of a bicycle, and does not require so good a road as either a bicycle or a carriage; and although in these days railroads penetrate to almost every corner of the world, people who are leaving home entirely for change and pleasure are beginning to see that Bayard Taylor was right when he said that the genuine traveler has a chronic dislike for railroads. They are ready to use them to get over the long distances, but they save their real journey to be taken in the open air. Of course the spirit of exploration must not be carried too far, unless you wish to spend all your time in losing and finding yourself again; but if you turn a little way from civilization, you will discover that, although the route you have mapped out for yourself may have been traveled thousands of times before you came, it will have almost as much newness and sense of adventure for you as if you were threading your way through untrodden forests, guided only by the sun and the stars. The heavenly bodies are considerably more reliable guides, by the way, than most of the earthly ones whom you will be obliged to question from time to time when you are not quite certain if you have taken the right tack among the roads. It is surprising how difficult it is for any one to turn himself into a progressive finger-post and point with any definiteness beyond the next turn. It is surprising, too, how little the uneducated countryman usually knows about the country just beyond him. Some ten years ago he may possibly have gone up the road which leads over the mountain just behind his house, but he has not traveled it more recently, and he cannot tell you whether you will find it passable or not. He is usually inclined to think that you will not, though, unfortunately, the question of the road does not particularly interest him. What he wishes to understand is, where you have come from, where you are going, and what strange mental freak has induced you to leave your home when you might as well have stayed there and saved yourself the trouble of hunting roads over mountains. Experience will soon teach you never to announce that you are going beyond the very next stopping-place on your journey—the place to which you so much wish to be directed—for fear that amazement will render your backwoodsman unable to tell you anything more that you wish to know.

It seems odd that we should be able to say " backwoodsman " at all in reference to people living within easy reach of the average vacation traveler; but even around New York, where it would not be surprising if the very mountain-tops were conquered and seeded and laid out into gentlemen's lawns, there are countless regions where the wilderness has held its own; and a two days' ride into the Catskill Mountains will bring you to stretches of road where you may jog along for half a day without passing a settlement, a house, or even a clearing in the woods. A ride up into the Catskills makes a very good excursion from New York. You may start north by either the west or the east shore of the Hudson, for there are ferries to carry you across at any point you choose, and after getting about as far up as West Point it is only a matter of preference at which of several places you will leave the river and strike back into the hills, following whatever route you mapped out for yourself before starting, when you were studying your road-map and your guide. The only absolutely essential thing about that route is that it shall bring you back in a different way from that which you take in going, so that you may not lose one moment of the time. For a shorter trip through a less wild country, it will be found delightful to ride out through Dutchess County to Halcyon Hall and the country around it; the Berkshire Hills are always inviting to tourists of any sort; and, if you are starting from New York and cannot afford the time to ride so far, you can take the steamboat up the river to Albany, and begin your horseback trip from there. The Adirondacks and the Virginia hills and mountains abound in tempting routes for such an expedition; but if one were to begin to outline them there would be no end, and, after all, the greatest advantage of a horseback journey is that, even if you chance to be far away from all picturesque scenery—though I do not know where you cannot find something picturesque—the mere pleasure of the motion of a good horse will be enough to justify your outing, and the fresh air and the fresh out-of-door feeling will wake you up until you understand as



never before what Thoreau meant when he wrote:

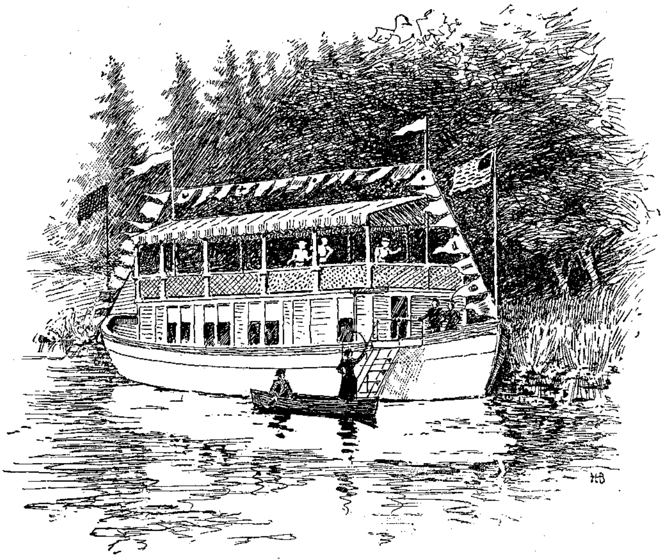
> If with fancy unfurled
>   You leave your abode,
> You may go round the world
>   By the old Marlborough Road.

Peaks and lakes and "notches," the spread of a prairie, or the winding of a river, will try to lead you further and further than you thought to go; and as far as I can see, the only reasons for your ever coming back will be that you have been over-eager and have tired yourself, or that your friends at home manage to overtake you at some obscure post-office with a clamorous protest against your staying away so long, or that your vacation is over, and you cannot possibly steal another day out of your busy life.

The Houseboat in America

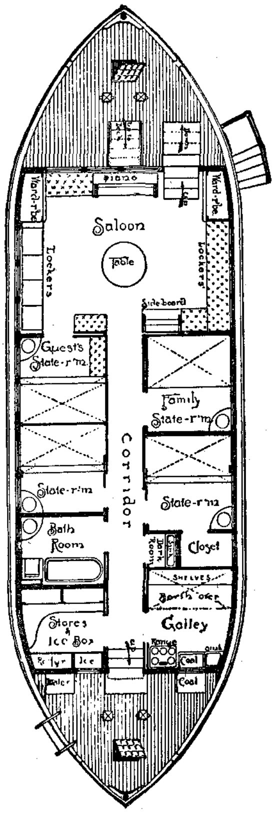
By Charles Ledyard Norton

IT is not altogether without reason that we Americans pride ourselves upon our readiness to adopt new ideas or improve upon old ones. Probably it is, in very fact, easier to introduce inventions, fashions, and customs here than in any other country of like importance. And yet there is no telling what will take the popular fancy, or what will be passed by with indifference. I shall always look upon my boyhood as having been largely wasted because neither the Canadian toboggan nor the Norwegian ski was known in the interior of New England. The same is true of other affairs of greater consequence not necessarily connected with out-of-door recreation.


PLEASANTLY MOORED

The houseboat, as it is known to our English cousins, is a case in point. Probably we do more camping-out for fun than any other civilized nation. Indeed, we have elaborated camping to such a degree that we campaigners of an older generation scarcely recognize it as the real thing; and yet the houseboat as a summer residence is known to comparatively few on this side the ocean, while it counts its disciples by thousands.

We Americans are wont to regard ourselves as commendably eager to take up new ideas, especially if they be fashionable among our cousins, the English; but it is somewhat singular how ready

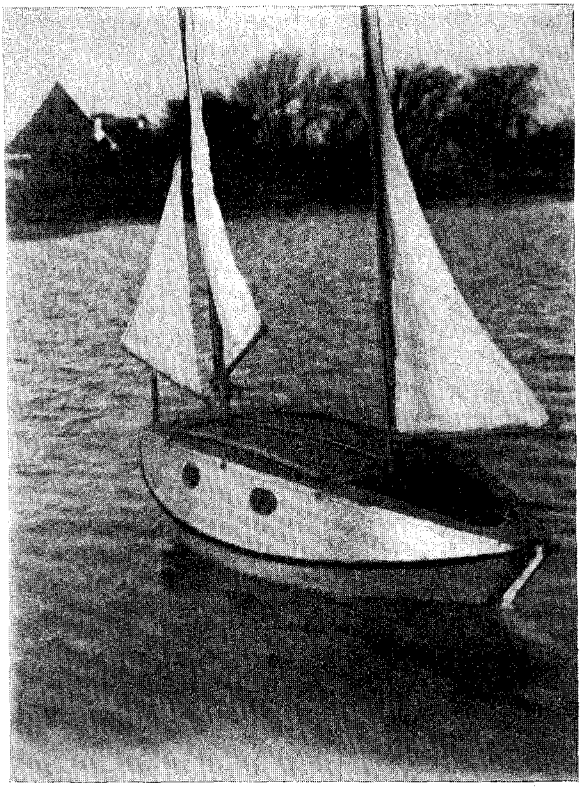


THE HOUSEBOAT INTERIOR

we are to copy their foibles and follies and eccentricities rather than to adopt the many excellent customs which we might follow to our own manifest advantage. Among the devices which the English have invented for their own personal gratification and convenience, none is more noteworthy than the houseboat, along the upper reaches of the Thames, on the Norfolk broads, and in certain other of the interior watercourses of the United Kingdom. It is, however, upon the Thames, between London and Oxford, but especially within a few miles of the city, that the houseboat is to be seen in the full glory of its summer plumage.

When the eccentric Dr. Samuel Johnson compiled his great dictionary of the English language in the latter part of the eighteenth century, the word houseboat was not in his vocabulary, or, if it was, he omitted it, for some reason, from his first edition. Dr. Todd, however, Johnson's literary successor, had heard of it by the beginning of the nineteenth century, and in his edition of Johnson (London, 1827) the term is thus defined: "A boat with a covering in it like a room." Possibly this is the earliest deliberate English definition extant, and even if we give the intelligent compositor of the period the benefit of the doubt, supposing that he may have substituted "in" for "over," the definition can hardly be taken as creditable to a great dictionary-maker.

It was not until 1887 that the Encyclopædic Dictionary treated the term with some intelligence, calling it "a barge with a wooden building of one story erected upon it." Passing by the attempts of other English and American lexicographers, we may be fairly well satisfied with the definition given in the Standard, the latest of our big dictionaries, whose editors evidently had some notion of what they were trying to define: "A covered boat fitted up as a dwelling, or a boat with a deck-cabin suitable for a dwelling; a floating dwelling."



A YACHT-HOUSEBOAT

Having termed it "a floating dwelling," there is little more to be said by way of definition. I have seen a large dry-goods box, or possibly a packing-box that had once covered a piano or a cabinet organ, mounted upon a raft made of rails, scantling, and other flood trash; and this was a houseboat. I have seen a barge with an extensive and luxurious cabin, with no end of staterooms, upholstered and fitted with modern conveniences, including some kind of propulsive engine; and this, too, was a houseboat. Between these extremes there may be, of course, any number of modifications.

Perhaps the simplest houseboat possible is a tent pitched upon a raft made of logs just as they come from the forest, with a flooring of boards laid over the logs. Such a tent may be easily set up and securely fastened to spikes driven into the logs, instead of the stakes which are usually driven for tenting purposes into the earth. One great advantage of a float such as is afforded by a raft of logs in their natural state is that it does not and cannot leak. It may hang itself up upon a rock in mid-stream, and though it may be pulled to pieces by the pressure of the current, it cannot leak, and if kept in sheltered waters will afford indefinitely a trustworthy support for an ordinary tent. The transition is natural from a tent to a structure of boards, and from the rude float of logs to a scow or barge which shall raise the dwelling or shelter somewhat higher above the surface of the water.

Every American traveler who keeps his or her eyes open must have seen along our watercourses and lakes numerous examples of the houseboat in various stages of development. Sometimes a fisherman or oysterman has erected a little shanty upon an old scow; sometimes a hunter or fisherman has taken the hint and provided himself with sleeping quarters where hotel accommodations are not to be found. But the idea of a family residence properly fitted to suit the means of its occupants has not as yet, in a general way, penetrated the national understanding.

The first thing that an American wants to know when inquiring about the peculiarities of a houseboat is, How do you move it from place to place? An Englishman would very likely reply, "You don't move it." But that does not appear to suit the demands of the American constitution. However well he may be satisfied with a stationary summer cottage on the seashore or in the mountains, he cannot dissociate the idea of motion from a house that has its unstable foundation upon the waters. The Englishman may be well content to tie up his houseboat under overhanging trees in one of his little narrow streams, and remain there almost throughout the season; but evidently if we are to have houseboats in America we must contrive some way of moving them from place to place, not necessarily performing long journeys, but at least permitting the owner to cherish a reasonable confidence that he can at will, and without too much trouble and expense, change his place of abode should occasion require it.

This may be accomplished in many different ways. The houseboat owner who does not have to consider the items of expense that are so formidable to most of us can solve the problem with the greatest ease. He has only to decide whether his motive power shall be steam, naphtha, petroleum, electricity, alco-vapor, or what not, and then to decide further whether he will have it on board the houseboat itself or on board an auxiliary launch, and the problem is solved. Most of the expensive houseboats that have been built in this country are fitted with steam-engines, for steam in actual power has not yet been superseded; but this plan has such manifest disadvantages that it is not to be recommended. Wherever there is a steam-engine there is necessarily heat and noise, which are decidedly subversive of mental and physical comfort. It is far better to depend upon the towing power of a launch than to subject one's self to the discomfort of an engine on the same platform with the dwelling itself. It is a well-known mechanical principle that for propulsive purposes an engine of given power is far more effective when used on a towboat than when placed upon the principal craft.

In the multiplicity of ingenious devices for small boats a solution would seem to have been found, for an 18-foot launch will tow, slowly of course, but still will tow, a vessel of considerable size. The fundamental idea of houseboating is, however, not connected with extensive travel. One who is capable of enjoying the beauties of nature in a quiet way may be well content to dispense with any artificial mode of propulsion beyond what is afforded by the winds and waters. On any of the tidal rivers, for instance, any raft or scow, however clumsy and incapable of mechanical propulsion, may be navigated several miles a day on every turn of the tide.

Any man or boy who is capable of handling a large oar can easily keep a good-sized float, with its houseboat, away from the banks; and while the tide is running flood the whole establishment will move up-stream at a greater or less rate of speed. When the tide turns, of course, the vessel must be made fast, either by an anchor or to some convenient tree or wharf. Such a method of navigation as this is, of course, primitive in the extreme, and not in the least up to date; but it is very enjoyable for all that, and on such rivers as the Connecticut, the Delaware, or perhaps the Hudson, it affords possibilities that are not to be lightly set aside.

Houseboat owners who have any ideas about the management of sails could easily and with perfect safety make use of small sail to accelerate the motion of their floating houses. Usually a houseboat that is constructed for the purpose may be assumed to have, as shown in the illustration, a promenade deck covered with an awning or some similar contrivance. By the exercise of a little ingenuity, this awning may be made in square sections, each of which can be utilized as a sail in running before the wind as occasion may suggest.

Every houseboat owner will naturally provide some kind of a small boat for purposes of general utility. If a sailboat or a self-propelling launch of some kind, so much the better; but if nothing but a mere rowing skiff or canoe, it is indispensable for comfortable life upon the water.

There is published herewith a photograph of what may be distinctively called a "cruising houseboat." It is little more than a floating cabin with sleeping accommodations for four people, but it is comparatively seaworthy, has enough sail-power to enable it to work to windward, and make a still better record when the wind is abaft the beam. It can freely be run upon any beach or sand-bank that may offer a convenient resting-place for the night, and it affords in very compact shape quarters and conveniences that would seem luxurious indeed to many a camping party on shore. There is a good-sized cabin, a forecastle which may be used as a galley, and a large "standing room" aft, which would be the usual place for working ship, and for the ordinary pastimes of the day.

The newspapers are full of the land schemes of speculators offering building lots for sale on partial payments with titles guaranteed, and all the necessary legal complications to which the householder is subjected under our common law. The houseboat owner need go to no such trouble. All the navigable waters of the American continent are open to him as building lots; he needs no title-deeds; he is exempt from the land tax; all that he has to do is to provide himself with some kind of a float, erect thereon a shelter adequate to his needs, be they simple or luxurious, and then he may moor his floating homestead in any waters that are not too much exposed to the winds of heaven to imperil the safety of himself and his household gods.

That Americans are ready to adopt the houseboat idea, and improve upon it, is proven by hundreds of letters of inquiry that have been addressed to various publications seeking information on the subject. Some of them are from people who have tried houseboating on English waters, and some are from pioneers who have made practical experiments on the St. Lawrence in summer and on Southern waters in the winter. One and all are firm believers in the houseboat as destined to achieve boundless popularity when once its advantages are fully understood. Our smaller lakes and rivers offer countless havens where, without asking leave, a houseboat may be securely moored within easy reach of markets; and it only remains for a few lovers of nature to set the fashion and we shall soon make our own an English idea that ought long since to have obtained a footing—or an anchorage—among our most popular phases of outing life.

A Camping Tour to the Yosemite

By the Rev. Walter Laidlaw

TO stand in the Yosemite is to feel that man's cathedral-building gift is inherited from an earlier Architect, who has built for His own glory in many a wilderness; and, looking at Cathedral Rock and the Domes, known to man for only half a century, one cannot be thankful enough that the art of photography is the ally of the modern traveler who would impart his visions and emotions to others.

> In spots like these it is we prize
> Our memory, feel that she hath eyes,

but the camera is a better exporter of the appeal of scenery than pen or tongue.

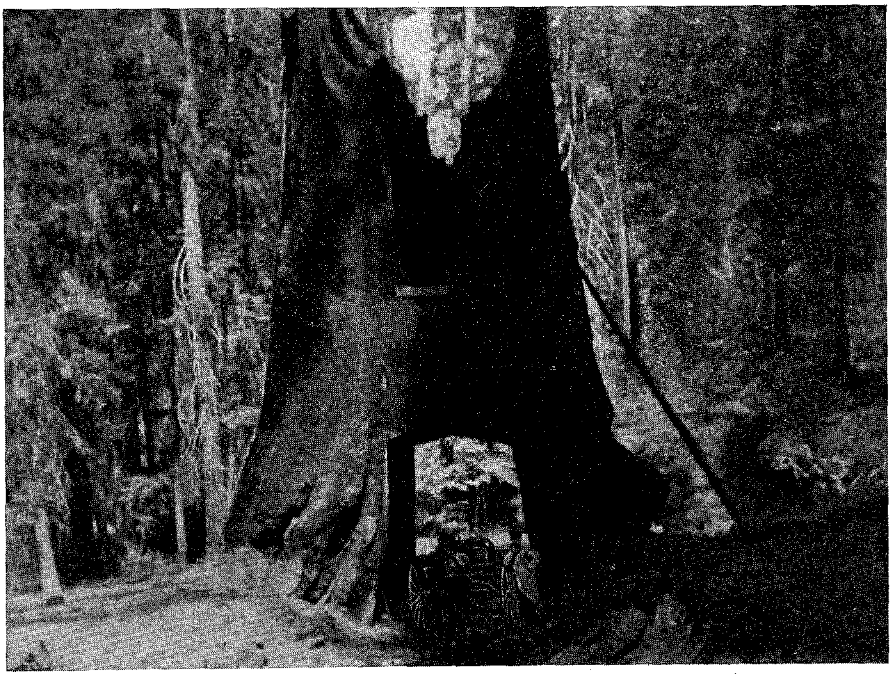
It is the purpose of this article only to show how any one who is as far toward the Yosemite as San Francisco can enjoy, at slight expense, a feast of tabernacles in this world-renowned reservation. The movement of modern church methods is toward free pews, and it were iniquitous if the prohibitive prices of customary modes of reaching the Yosemite should prevent the thousands who will journey to California this summer, in connection with the Christian Endeavor Convention, from worshiping in the sanctuary of the Sierras. Camping out is the cheapest, most comfortable, most refreshing way of reaching this worshipful wonderland.

It was in 1888 when the writer and another hired in Alameda, across the bay from San Francisco, a single stout horse and a light, strong buckboard, and, with a Dio Lewis tent, cooking utensils, some canned foods, a shot-gun and a rifle, drove at dusk on board the night boat sailing from San Francisco to Stockton. The horse and buckboard were secured at one dollar and twenty-five cents per day, and were to replace, from Stockton onward, the train and stage-coach, which charge for the return trip from the Yosemite nearly fifty dollars per traveler. To take a little extra time on this journey, against the proverb, was to save money. The tent, the cooking utensils, and the ammunition were also for economic advantage.

The distance from Stockton to the Valley is about one hundred and forty miles, and it is only on the last two days of the journey that a single horse has any difficulty in doing forty.

As we drove through it, the San Joaquin Valley was golden and glorious with the grain of the August harvest, and it was delightful to have the leisure, denied to any one who rushes to the Yosemite by train and stage-coach, to study the California ranches and their expansive and inexpensive methods. I have not yet recovered from the astonishment of seeing a reaper, drawn by twenty mules, cutting, threshing, and bagging an eighteen-foot swath of wheat. It illustrated some of our recent economic changes, and was persuasive of the possibility of the statement that the labor of one farmer is now "equal to the production of 5,500 bushels of grain." Hearts that assent to the witness, in fruitful seasons, of a Giver of all good gifts, can find Him most vividly in the alluvial valleys at the foot of the Sierras. The man who has not leisurely driven through California's wheat regions misses much of the ministry of nature.

The ranchers of the San Joaquin Valley



A NATURAL ARCHWAY

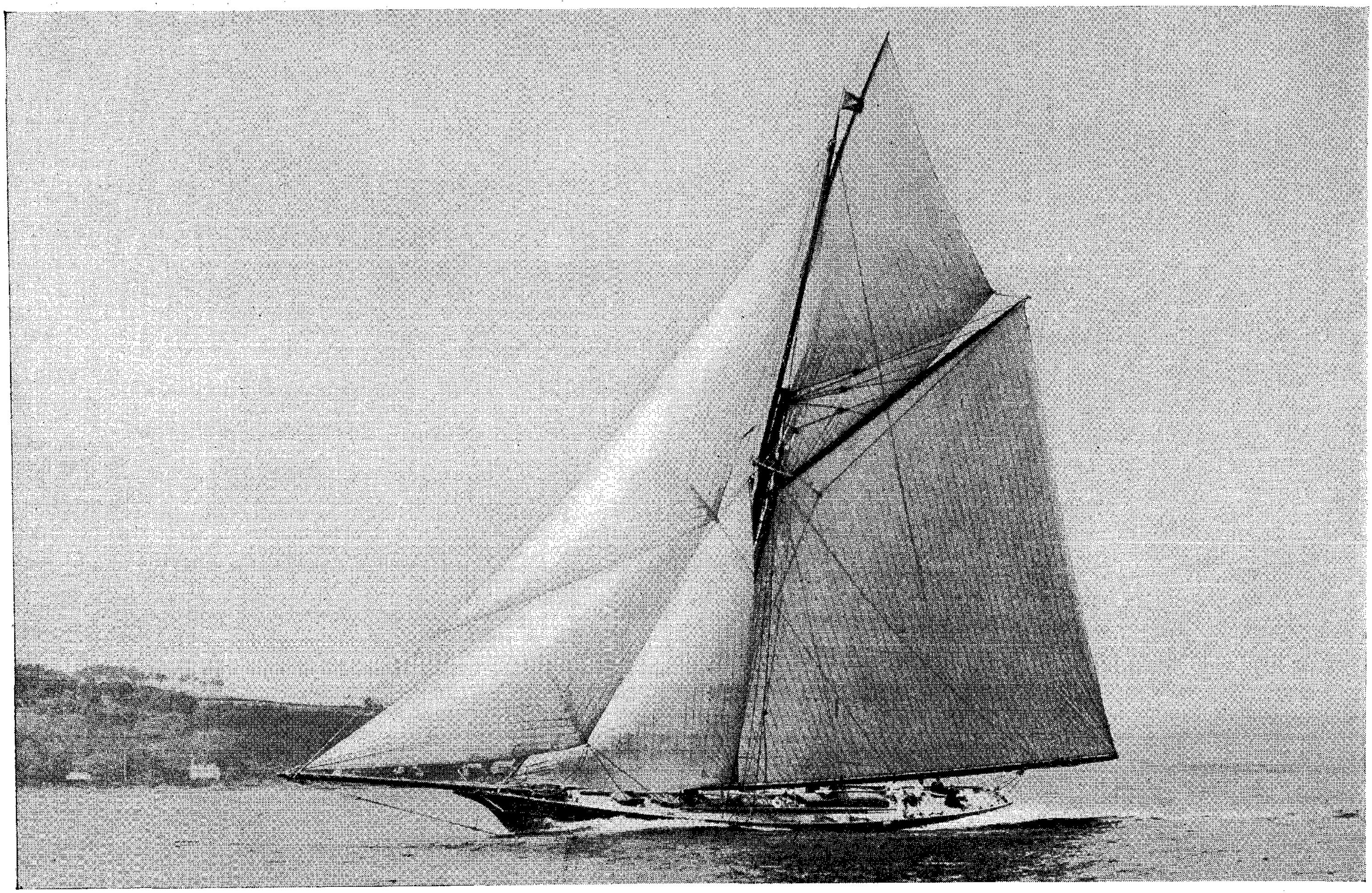
are most hospitable to campers-out. The corrals are at their service, and if they want to leave their tent in the wagon and sleep in haystacks, they may deposit their smoking implements—no other price—and do so. There is no part of the journey to the valley where butter, eggs, and home made bread cannot be bought most reasonably; but a horse's food is cheaper in San Francisco than on some parts of the way. A beginner at hunting has no difficulty in supplying fresh meat—rabbits, gray squirrels, and quail in quantity. All of these we shot from our moving wagon. We camped the first night on the bank of the Stanislaus River, above Oak Dale, but slept but little, excited to wakefulness by the splendor of another epiphany. Our tent was not used—so dry is the ground that it is not necessary—and, with the skies for our canopy, we were at once aware that the August meteor showers are not a myth. The blue sky of a cloudless night was brilliant with them—star-dust as thick almost as the clouds of earth-dust following our wagon during the day. Our very horse began to be occupied with astronomical observations, and proved herself in sympathy with mediæval views by snorting her alarm.

A swim in the river in the morning, a rabbit-steak, with grapes grown in the gravel of the hillsides, and, attaching to our front axle a chain terminated by a "shoe," on which a hind wheel might rest, as an effective brake on steep descents, we began to scale the mountains. Our route lay past Chinese Camp, riotous in the fifties with the excesses of easily gained, swiftly spent gold, and repeating in the heavily barred windows of its brick buildings the story of the Robinhood idea of property in primitive communities; past the "runways" in which the placer-miners of the mountains made gravel more fortune-productive than clay and loam to the ranchers; past patient Chinamen silting the yellow sands deserted by more covetous white men, and down a precipitous hill, till we were in the valley of the Tuolumne River. There we camped, and the next night, having scaled the long Rattlesnake Hill at Priest's, its dust zigzagged everywhere with the sharp spear-points of countless quails' feet, and puffed into mounds, in one place, by the great footprints of a bear, our bed was among the redwoods of the upper hills. During much of that day the road was sinuous, yielding to the obstacles of gigantic forest growths; but once, heading for the heart of a dead sequoia, we found a tunnel through it wide enough to admit our wagon, and, as we looked backward at it, we wondered whether it had been christened in reverence or in jest "Gesu."

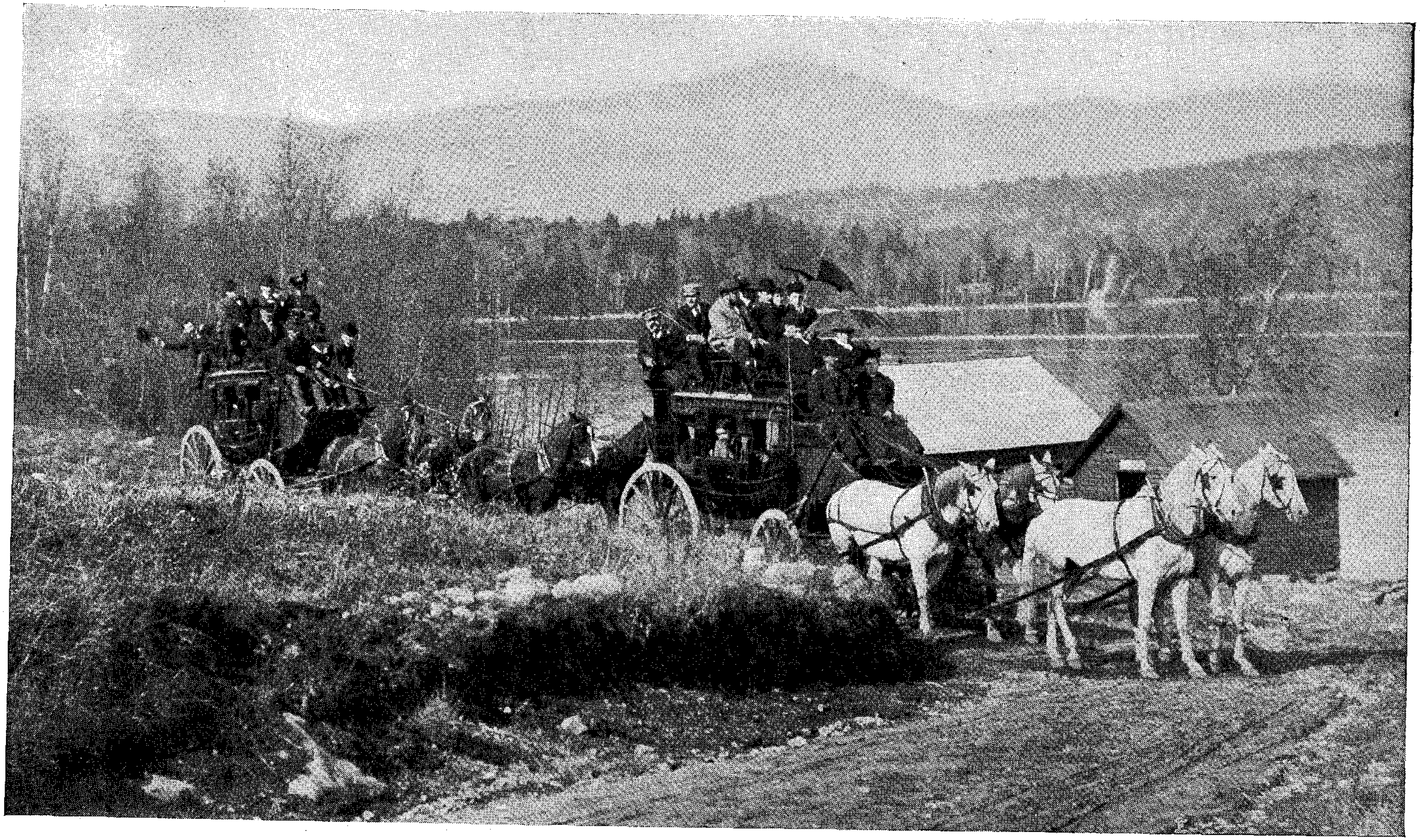
Nothing can exceed the enjoyment of a drive through the solemn Sierra forests; and at noonday to rest one's back against a tree which was a twig or a seed when Charlemagne was a lad, awakens a meditation as healthful to the spirit as is the wood's aroma to the body.

The next night we were in the Yosemite Valley. A dozen times during the day, so prodigal is nature in these hills, we had thought we detected the cleft we sought; but there was no room for doubt that we had reached our goal when the shafts pointed downward toward the gleam of the Merced issuing from the valley, and El Capitan's precipitous front of 3,000 feet rose higher and higher above our heads.

On the floor of the valley we found, well toward its upper end, a generous reservation set aside for campers. Immediately adjoining it is a large corral for horses, in charge of the official farmer; and here our faithful Peggy was set at liberty for ten days. Meantime the tent, pitched but a few feet from the banks of the river, was our home. Water as pure as water can possibly be flowed past our door; a market, half an hour's walk away, supplied us with every needed fresh food; near by was Tenayah Lake, quicksilvered by the Creator to mirror the wonderful South Dome, a granite monolith rising 5,000 feet above the valley floor, and split by some great outburst of nature's energy, in early æons, from summit to base; Glacier Rock, opposite and almost as high, echoed back our voices when, note by note, doxology or song was flung against its stony sound-board; in sight were the two leaps of the Nevada Falls; and far down in the direction of our entry to the valley the cathedral-like mass called Cathedral Rock impelled us to bow our heads and worship. The Royal Arches, immediately behind our tent, formed by the slipping down of great plates of granite, and retreating from the remainder of



A FRESH BREEZE



OFF FOR A DAY'S COACHING

the valley like the chancel in a Gothic church, appeared to invite the erection of some great organ whose strains might be heard by all mankind.

To dwell here day after day, visiting the wonders on all hands, filling the mind with memories as enduring as itself, and returning night by night to a tent life under the shadow of eternal hills, seemed better to comport with the appeal of the whole panorama than a temporary home in the thronged hotel.

Granite does not make the best mattress in the world, and the floor of the valley will endure (without exposing a religiously-minded traveler to the rebuke of the Buddhistic priesthood) more liberal padding than we had on hand; but days so spent, the enervation of the heat removed by a douche-bath under the 1,800-foot head of the Yosemite Fall, the muscles called into play by the trying ascents and more trying descents, the lungs enlarged and ozonized by the quickened breath of the high elevation, the sensations of open-eyed diving in the crystal-clear pool at the head of Silhouette Fall—all these make one sympathize with and anew embody the delight of Browning's "David:"

Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste;
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool, silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, . . .
How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

We submitted ourselves to more rigors, possibly, than would be relished by some people. It is possible, however, for a large party, chartering their wagons, and enlisting drivers and a Chinese cook, to eliminate all hardship and be luxurious. Californians are adepts at this co-operative camping, and vend their experience without money and without price. And they will testify that a tent trip to the Yosemite, besides costing no more for every item than the railroad fare of ordinary travelers, possesses the greater advantage of liberty of lingering in scenes worth a transcontinental journey, and treated with desecrated indignity if subjected, when actually visited, to the schedule of a stage coach.

Practical Camping

By Ernest Ingersoll

WHEN, any time from the middle of May to the middle of October, an insurrection against work and worry, or the gift of a vacation, comes to Ingersollville, the unanimous cry is, "Let's go camping!" Twenty-four hours later, very likely, we are all in the bush, perfectly content to sit on the ground and eat from a tin plate—rejoicing deeply, sometimes, that we have anything to eat at all.

I am inclined to think that, for moderately poor people at least, who cannot afford yachting trips and the like, and whose ideas of summer recreation are not attuned to the string band of a "summer hotel," there is nothing that returns so much for the expenditure of strength and money as plain American camping.

It's a very simple matter.

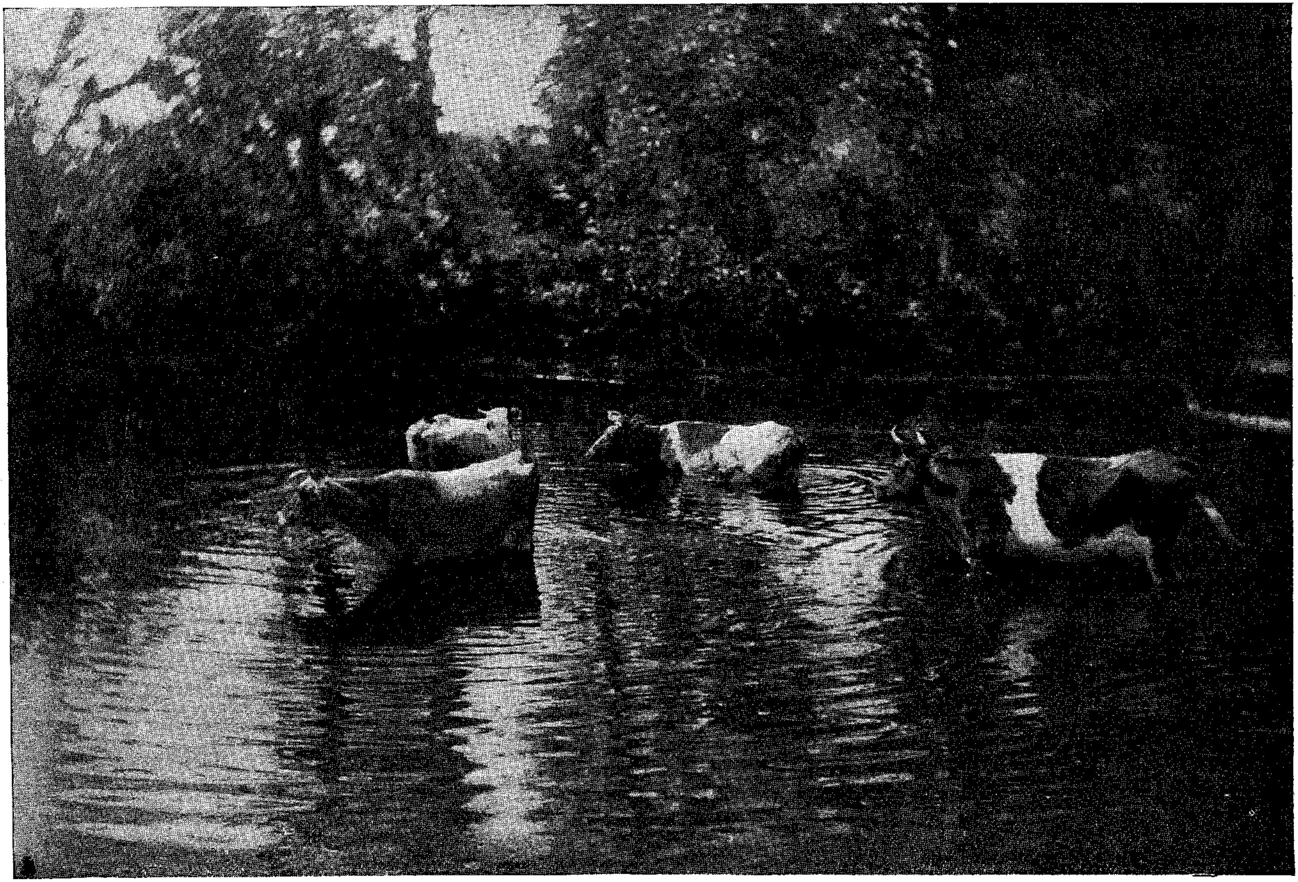
The first requisite, of course, is a place. Almost every one knows enough about the country of his neighborhood to decide upon a desirable locality without much hesitation; lacking this, a short investigation will give you the information. The vicinity of New York, northern New Jersey, the west bank of the Hudson, Westchester County, and northern Long Island offer any number of good places. Permission ought always to be obtained of the owner or lessee of the land, of course, but any objection is rare, where the farmer has no reason to suppose you will damage his property by stealing firewood from his fences or carelessly setting fire to his woods. As for the site itself, apart from a pleasant, shady situation, one should be chosen near good water, where firewood is handy, and where the ground will be firm and dry. The drainage is important; don't fix your tent where water will come in or settle whenever it rains; and put a ditch close around it to carry off the dripping of the eaves and to prevent the runlets formed by a heavy shower from gliding under the canvas walls. Pitch your tent, if you can, so that it will be shaded in the afternoon by a big tree; but do not place it beneath the branches, because, for one reason, the dripping from the leaves after a shower and on dewy nights will annoy you by the noise and keep the canvas damp and unwholesome.

Tents may be hired; but it is better to buy them, if more than one is needed. The sizes 10 feet by 12, and 8 by 10, are good—two of the latter, costing about $5 apiece, being better than one large one. A carpet of canvas, such as an old sail, pegged down, increases the comfort, as otherwise the floor of a tent soon gets dusty. Care should be taken to loosen the guy-ropes during a rain-storm and tighten them again when dry; otherwise the contraction may tear the canvas. Never touch the inside of your tent-roof when it is wet with rain, unless you want a stream of water there. Properly managed, even a poor tent will keep you warm and dry.

In the matter of beds, the oldest camper is the most thoughtful, for he knows that any hardship is to be preferred to uncomfortable or half-sleepless nights. Where hemlocks grow you will undoubtedly try a bed of boughs, cutting off the small, flat-foliaged, curving branches, and laying them compactly in a low crib of logs to the depth of eighteen inches or so. Mr. John Burroughs has given this sylvan couch a literary eminence, but it is not always so satisfactory in practice as one could wish. The needles speedily dry and fall off, leaving you to lie upon a heap of brush; and these needles are likely to get into your blankets by the hundred. A bed of boughs is beautiful for a night or two, but for steady sleeping on the ground I prefer hay, or a merely smooth place, having a hollow dug for my hips. There is no reason, however, why you should not take with you canvas cots—the cross-legged, folding kind that cost about $1.25 each, since the expressage on a bundle of them is only a trifle. We sometimes add a little mattress for the head of the family, who has announced that, as all the work and most of the government falls upon her, she is entitled to extra comfort. Don't be sparing of bedding—blankets mostly, of course; some nights are pretty cold, and you do not want to feel obliged to sleep in any of your day-clothes for the sake of warmth.

Madame leaves to me the setting up of the tents, etc., but she hasn't been in camp five minutes before she has an apronful of dry twigs and has commanded some of her slaves to collect larger wood for the fire, which she builds anywhere, temporarily. Another slave is commanded to open the box or trunk, which has never been out of her reach since leaving home, and extract therefrom the essentials of the kitchen service and the materials for at least one meal. These she never, nowadays, intrusts to the accidents of express delivery, but takes with her. How she arrived at that decision would make a fine story for another day. But this fire is to serve only the immediate purpose of staving off the starvation which seems to await you at the edge of the woods. Later, better arrangements are advisable, among the best of which is the building of two parallel stone walls, perhaps 18 inches high and a foot apart, loosely capped by flat stones, giving a secure resting-place for the saucepans, etc. Another good plan is to take with you two short iron bars, and lay them across a trench in the ground wherein the fire is built. Cooking requires plenty of hot coals rather than a big flame; and the cook's fire should usually be made separate from the big camp-fire. It is not a bad idea to build a shelter or bower of leafy branches, or bark, over the kitchen; it shades the cook, and looks picturesque. If you are content with a simple fire on the ground, make it in a semicircle edged with flat stones, between which you draw out the hot coals, and which support the skillets and saucepans without danger of an upset. No theatrical derrick of poles from which a big pot hangs is ever accepted in real camping. The wise will keep a supply of kindling under cover, for in wet weather it is often difficult for the most skillful to make a successful fire.

The following is what much experience has taught us to take for a party of four,



A COOL RETREAT
From a Photograph by Miss Bessie G. Skinner

to "last" two weeks—presupposing that bread, fresh meat, eggs, and milk will be bought from day to day in the neighborhood.

Utensils: 1 plain coffee-pot, with a strainer; 1 frying-pan (whose handle may be lengthened by splicing on a stick); 1 large and 1 small saucepan; 6 tin pails, various sizes; 1 gridiron; 1 coffee-mill; 6 tin or granite-ware plates and cups; 1 carving-knife and 1 small shoe-knife; 2 large iron spoons; knives, forks, teaspoons, dish-cloths, etc.

Provisions: 4 lbs. of coffee (browned berries); 6 lbs. cut sugar; 6 lbs. granulated sugar; 3 cans condensed milk; 6 cans each of corn, tomatoes, and peas; 6 sides best bacon (astonishing how good bacon is!); 4 lbs. flour; 2 lbs. corn-meal; ½ bushel potatoes, and some onions (often decent potatoes cannot be had in the country); a bag of salt, and some pepper, bicarbonate of soda, and baking-powder, if you wish to make bread or "biscuit;" 1 quart of molasses and 1 quart of vinegar (so that you may compare methods of fly-catching!); 2 bottles of olives; 2 bottles mixed pickles; 3 cans sardines; 3 cans salmon; 2 dozen lemons.

The conduct of such a camp is by no means all play. The women will soon be astonished at the appetites of themselves and their men folk; and blankets must be aired, dishes washed, small laundry-work done, and various chores. The men must attend to the general policing of the camp, as soldiers call keeping it tidy—a most important matter, to which inexperienced campers are likely to pay too little attention. The men also see that the tents are kept firmly guyed, look after the boat, see that the supply of firewood is ample for cook's and camp fire, and that water is brought; while they, too, will do most of the errands to neighboring farms for the day's supplies of milk, eggs, poultry, and the like—not to speak of fishing for the gridiron, as well as for fun.

But this work is none too heavy, and only now and then, on rainy days, will it become tedious, leading the pessimist to growl about the foolishness of coming so far and deliberately subjecting himself to a lot of trouble. But when he goes back to town, he will find that he has learned a very useful lesson; namely, that one can get along most happily on far less material, can live well far more simply, than he ordinarily does; and that his so-called wants are chiefly barnacles whose sustenance is so much taken from his own store.

The work, however, need never be so heavy or long-continued as to become burdensome. Many hours of each day are left for lying in the hammocks or dozing in the shade, simply resting; for fishing and rowing, if you are by a river or lake, as you ought to be; for wandering in the woods studying nature; for sketching, gossiping with the country people at work in their outlying fields, or for any other restful employment that comes handy.

The sun grows very hot at noonday, and the tents are like ovens; but we remain outside in the shade, clad in loose gowns and belted shirts. After sunset the air cools, until coats and shawls are in demand. Everything is made snug for the night against damage by sudden rain, or the thieving of small wild animals, such as mice, ground-squirrels, minks, and porcupines, "seeking what they may devour." Then the great fire is lighted, and all hands lie about it, smoking and chatting, while the banjo twangs, the sparks stream up through the trees, and the flame eats its way through the heart of the sound old logs. Then to bed.

Crown o' the Year

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

It is wrought of Time, the ancient,
Withered and sere and dun,
By the days, his cunning workmen,
At the will of their lord, the sun.
When he turned his face to summer,
Merrily March winds blew;
And the shrunken night, a ghost of light,
Distilled rich diamond dew.

Merrily jocund April,
Pride of the vernal train,
Wrought the fine gold of shining,
The silver of soft rain.
Wrought, too, the breath of lilac,
The singing of happy birds,
And lilt of the leaping waters,
And calling of quickened herds.

May, throughout morns of magic,
When rarely rose-winds sang,

Throughout golden eves when lily-bells
In vesper cadence rang,
Diamond and gold and silver,
Flower-breath and the water's rune,
The rose-wind's sigh and the lily's chime,
Wove into the year's crown—June.

After Trout

By William W. Ellsworth

I.—PREPARATION

I MADE a resolution in the winter that not another summer should pass without my doing a little fishing. I meant real fishing, too, not hauling in cod, hand over hand, in a sailboat, or sitting on a wharf in the sun and pulling up baby bass, but casting for speckled beauties as they jumped out of the silver ripples of some mountain stream. I had never cast for a speckled beauty in my life.

A friend told me that the place to go for good tackle nowadays is to a department store. So I went. The gentlemanly clerk said, "O yes, we have the best rods," and I proceeded to test a few of them. The ceiling was too low for me to go through all the casting motions that I knew about, but I finally selected a good stout rod—there is no use in getting one of those little slender-tipped things—mine would hold six trout to their one.

The head of the tackle department had been watching me, and, seeing that I was a real sportsman, he came over to wait on me himself.

"Can I be of any service? What will you have next?"

"Well," I said, "I think I will pick out a few flies."

"Flies? What! for that rod?"

"Why, yes," I replied; "I am going after trout."

"Well, you won't get 'em with that rod," said he; "that's a bass rod."

I tried to reason with him, and make him think that economy forced me to destroy both bass and trout with the same rod, but it was of no use. He put it away, and proceeded to select one himself.

"There," he said; "you can catch lots of trout with that rod. Now what kind of flies do you want?"

He seemed to have me there, but I remembered I had read in a book something about "March browns," so I asked, nonchalantly, if he had any "March browns."

"It's hardly the season for 'March browns' in August, but we have them."

I insisted on taking a few, and then he helped me to pick out a lot of others, of all colors of the rainbow; then a reel and some line. It struck me there was one thing wanting, and I asked for a sinker.

"Sinker! how'd you expect a fly to float on the water with a piece of lead tied to him?"

I told him he had misunderstood me. What I wanted was a leader.

"Oh!"

Then I went to another department and bought a pair of long rubber boots.

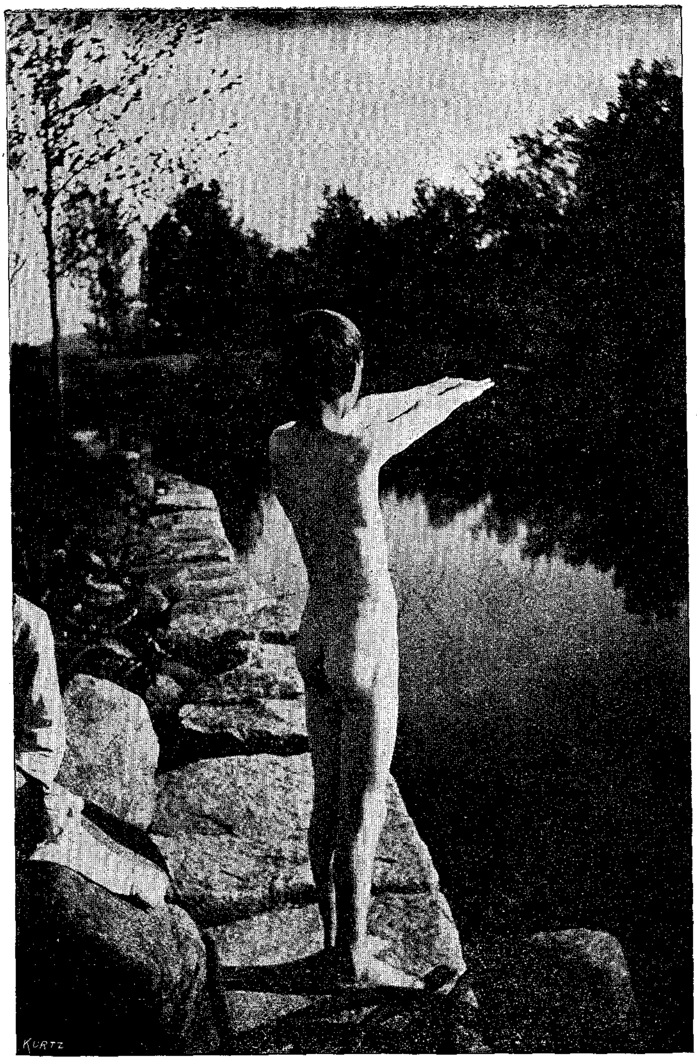
I have noticed that all of my friends who come back and tell big fish-stories go a great distance from home. The place I had selected was seven hundred miles away. I knew from hearsay that giant trout abounded in its waters, and, whatever the outcome of my trip, it seemed far enough off for me to tell any little tales of my own without fear of contradiction. But I determined from the first that I would not lie.

II.—ANTICIPATION

We were a very jolly party of men who started one cool, clear morning for a drive of twenty miles over Canadian roads to the lair of the giant trout. If they were out when we got there, or, rather, if they elected to stay in, only thirty miles further on was a stream where they fairly jumped at fishermen. They were out, and even the Native and the Explorer, who could make casts of sixty feet with the same ease and grace that I used when dropping my fly twenty feet away, could not get a rise. They told us about the three-pounders they had taken out of that stream last summer—a whole year distant.

We spent the night in the home of a kind-hearted man who seemed used to profiting by this sort of thing, and in the morning we drove on to the real lake.

It was not that day I caught my fish.



THE BATHER

From a Photograph by H. G. Townend

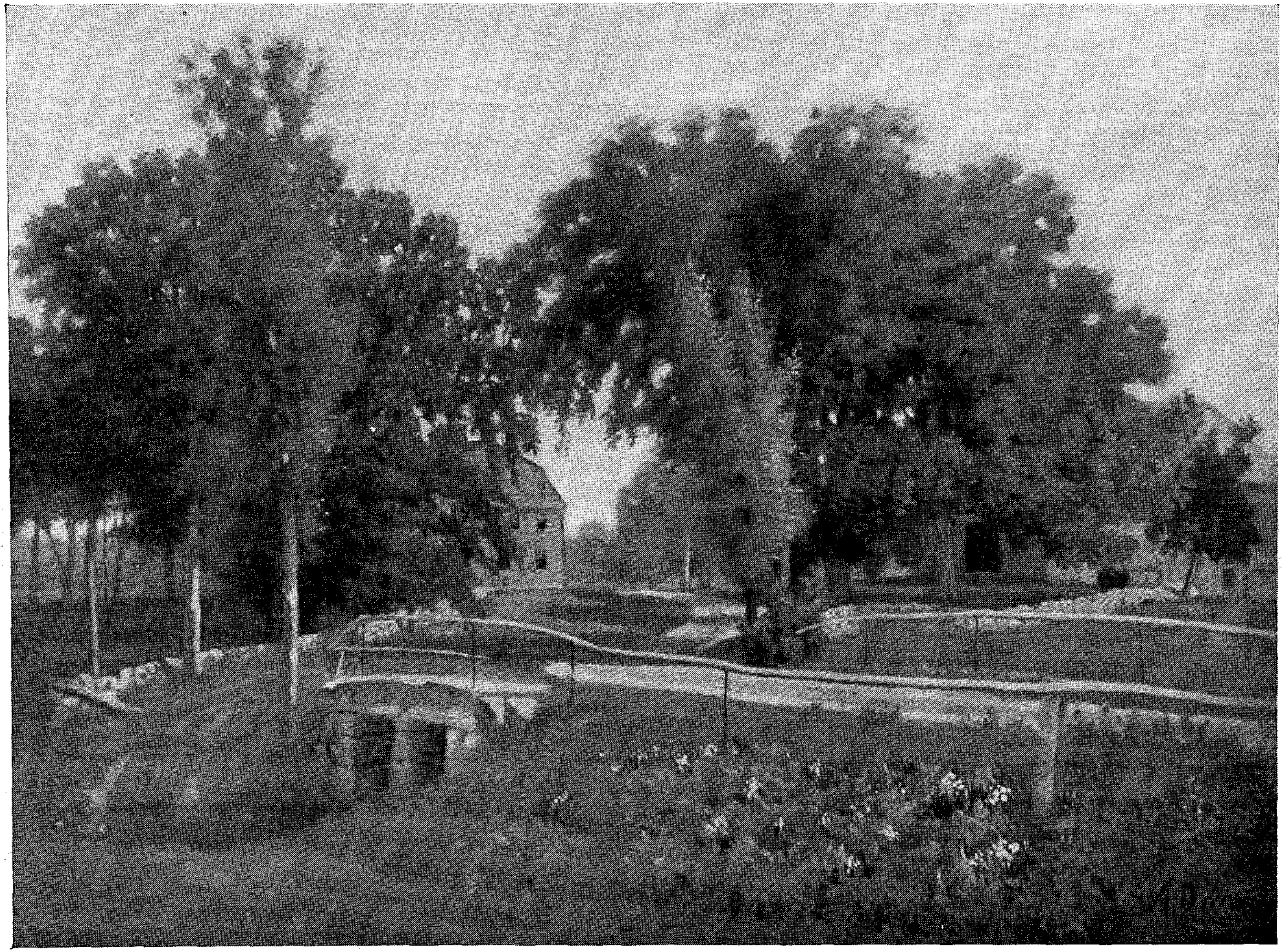
It rained hard, but we went after trout just the same—at least two of us did—but the other two stood under a tree on the shore and waited for the rain to stop. I was one of those two. We reasoned that the trout would not be able to discriminate between a fly and a rain-drop, and there was no use wasting time fishing. I waded out and made a few tentative casts. I had to climb two trees to disentangle the line, and my companion inquired if I knew whether I had come out to snare birds or catch trout. The fact is, I was doing neither.

But I had one thrill. It came from catching my hook in a lily-pad.

My theory about rain-drops wasn't so. The Native and the Explorer came in at nightfall with forty-six trout, weighing thirty-two pounds. They had been up to the end of the lake, where the fish basked in the cold waters of the inlet. They would take us there to-morrow—and the real slaughter should begin.

III.—CONSUMMATION

This was the day I caught my trout. We reached the pool where every cast the day before had brought forth fruit, but there was bright sunshine now, and the fish were not quite so lively. They never are when I get there.



THE WAYSIDE INN, AT SUDBURY, MASS.

Reproduced by special permission from a Painting by Mr. Alfred Ordway, of Boston.

The Explorer told me to wade out and go ahead. They would give me a clear field. "Look out you don't hit the boy on the bank when you bring back that rod of yours to make a fresh cast."

I cast; again; once more. Then I came ashore and had a pipe. Meantime the Explorer waded out for a moment and caught two trout. I went at it again, and with the fifteenth cast there came a surprise, and in a flash the end of my rod was pulled down into the water by some mysterious, unseen force.

"Hold up your rod! Hold it *up!*" shouted the Explorer.

I was doing so as fast as possible. I got it up at last and "gave him the reel." The fish, if it was a fish, went away at lightning speed for a distance, seemingly, of half a mile. Then I realized that there was a leviathan at the other end.

"Now draw him in slowly. Tire him; that's what you want to do."

I tried to draw him in slowly, but the fish had other plans, and off he started in another direction. But he was hauled in a little way—and off again. I worked him around a point of land so that I could kill him at my leisure, or his, without having our splashes interfere with my fellow-sportsmen. And the tiring process continued. I don't know how the fish felt, but at the end of twenty minutes, if he was any tireder than I he would have climbed up on the bank and surrendered like a little man. I wondered if I were feeling the right sort of thrill. The other men were watching from the shore and spurring me on.

"Look out, now," said the Explorer; "he's going under that log." How could I stop him, forsooth? Under he went.

"Now you've lost him!" How little those sportsmen realized that my most intense thrill came then. "Thank heaven," I said, "he's gone at last!" I said this to myself.

"No, you haven't. I'll fix him;" and with this the Explorer waded out and carefully manipulated the line around the log, for the monster had gone under and was coming back at me full tilt over the top. So the Explorer released the line and pulled out a large grape-vine that had been drawn into the mêlée—and I was free to begin over again and tire him some more.

In another ten minutes we were both gasping on the bank. The trout had fought his last fight, and I had fought my first, and I tried to feel heroic. He weighed two and three-quarters pounds, but I am confident that he had lost at least five pounds of flesh during the encounter, for nothing alive of the trifling weight of two and three-quarters pounds could have pulled so.

Later in the season I became so inured to sport that I could take a hook out of a trout's mouth when it was well embedded in his tongue; earlier, I had been accustomed to snip off the leader close to the fly when no one was looking rather than take the hook out. Doubtless by next season I shall become so bloodthirsty that I shall want to shoot something.

⁂

The King's Ships

By Carl Spencer

God hath so many ships upon the sea!
His are the merchantmen that carry treasure,
The men-of-war, all bannered gallantly,
The little fisher-boats and barks of pleasure.
On all this sea of time there is not one
That sailed without the glorious name thereon.

The winds go up and down upon the sea,
And some they lightly clasp, entreating kindly,
And waft them to the port where they would be
And other ships they buffet long and blindly.
The cloud comes down on the great sinking deep,
And on the shore the watchers stand and weep.

And God hath many wrecks within the sea.
Oh, it is deep! I look in fear and wonder:
The wisdom throned above is dark to me,
Yet it is sweet to think His care is under,
That yet the sunken treasure may be drawn
Into His storehouse when the sea is gone.

So I, that sail in peril on the sea,
With my beloved, whom yet the waves may cover,
Say, God hath more than angel's care of me,
And larger share than I in friend and lover.
Why weep ye so, ye watchers on the land?
The deep is but the hollow of His hand.

—*Selected.*

HAWARDEN PARK. HAWARDEN COTTAGE AND BEECH WOOD

It is in such a grove of trees as this that Mr. Gladstone wields his famous ax. This view was photographed expressly for The Outlook by Mr. A. P. Monger, of London

The Story of Gladstone's Life[1]

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Four Georges," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE REPEAL OF THE TAXES ON EDUCATION

SEAL TAKEN FROM AN ENVELOPE POSTED FROM HAWARDEN CASTLE

Showing the Gladstone arms. The crest and motto ("Fide et Virtute") were illustrated in our January Magazine Number.

MR. GLADSTONE soon came into power again as Chancellor of the Exchequer. This was in 1860, a time indeed of storm and stress for the whole civilized world. Louis Napoleon had completed his campaign in Lombardy, and every one saw that the Lombardy campaign was only the beginning of new disturbances in Italy. The peace of Villafranca had been patched up by the Emperor because he thought that he had got all he wanted for his prestige. Italian officers broke their sword-blades across the marble tables of cafés in Milan when they heard that Victor Emanuel and Count Cavour had consented to the terms of peace. England had a new war in China put upon her. From the United States came the first words that told the world of a great civil war about to break out. John Brown had made his momentous raid into Harper's Ferry for the purpose of running off negro slaves, and he had been tried, convicted, and executed, and his soul, as the popular ballad truly said, was "marching on." Abraham Lincoln had been chosen by the National Republican Convention at Chicago as candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and we on this side of the Atlantic were beginning to understand what that meant. England was harassed just then by the outbreak of a number of strikes, illustrating in action the immemorial conflict between capital and labor. There was something approaching to a panic among the English people with regard to the attitude of Louis Napoleon. We had gone very cordially and cheeringly with him into the Crimean War, but now it suddenly came to the minds of people that we had better make up our minds to prepare for what Mr. Disraeli sarcastically called "a midnight foray from our imperial ally." "True," said Tennyson in a poem, "that we have a faithful ally, but only the devil knows what he means." Let an English statesman look where he would, north, south, east, or west, he saw only storm-clouds and portents of alarm. It was at just that moment that Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer seemed to have made up his mind to go in for the broad, bold course of financial reform, of the lightening of taxation as far as possible everywhere, and especially of the diminution or the complete removal of the odious taxes on popular education. One of Mr. Gladstone's first achievements was the establishment of a Commercial Treaty between England and France, by virtue of which the lighter French wines were to be admitted with a small duty into England for popular consumption, and English manufactured goods were to be admitted into France at a corresponding diminution of impost. The idea of such a commercial treaty belonged in the first instance to Mr. Bright, but was put into shape by Mr. Cobden. Mr. Gladstone gave it his warm and practical support, and Lord Palmerston had no particular objection; did not care very much either way. Mr. Cobden went over to Paris backed up by all the influence Mr. Gladstone could give to him, and entered into negotiations with the Emperor Napoleon the Third. The Emperor was naturally very willing to be on friendly terms with England, although if it had been necessary for the support of his dynasty to make war against England he would have done so without scruple. So he readily entered into terms with Mr. Cobden. Cobden had the powerful support of Monsieur Michel Chevalier, a famous

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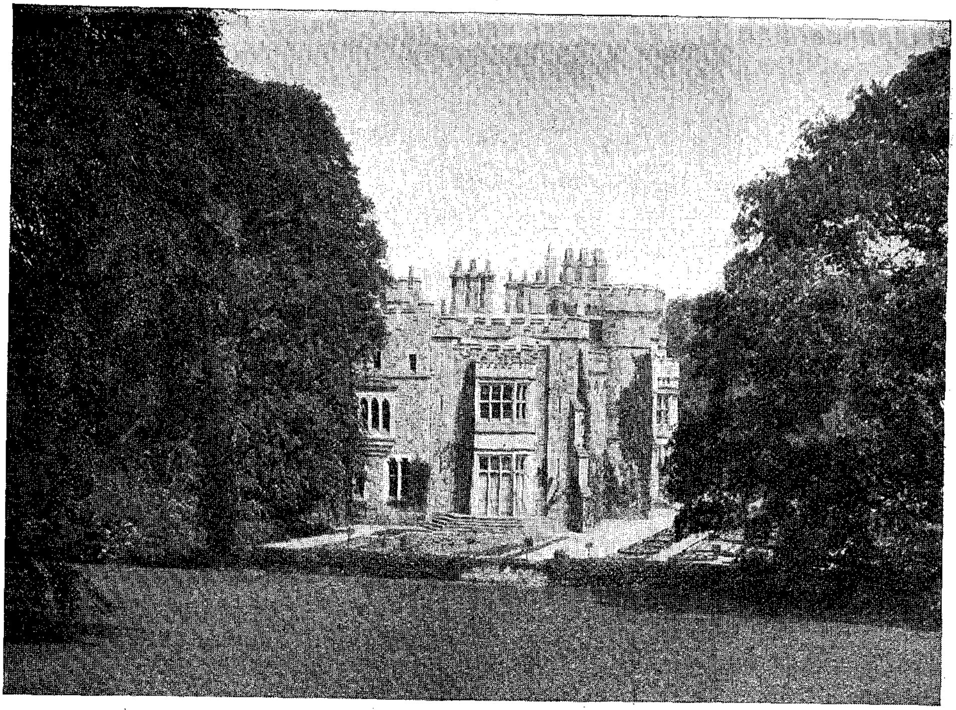
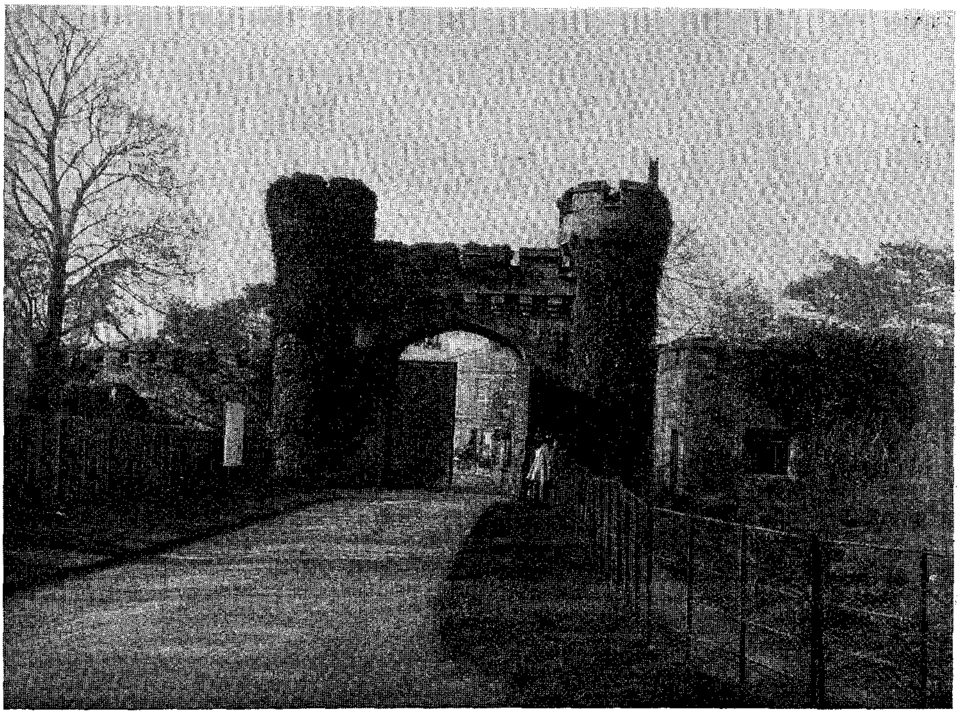
[1] Copyright, 1897, by The Outlook Company.

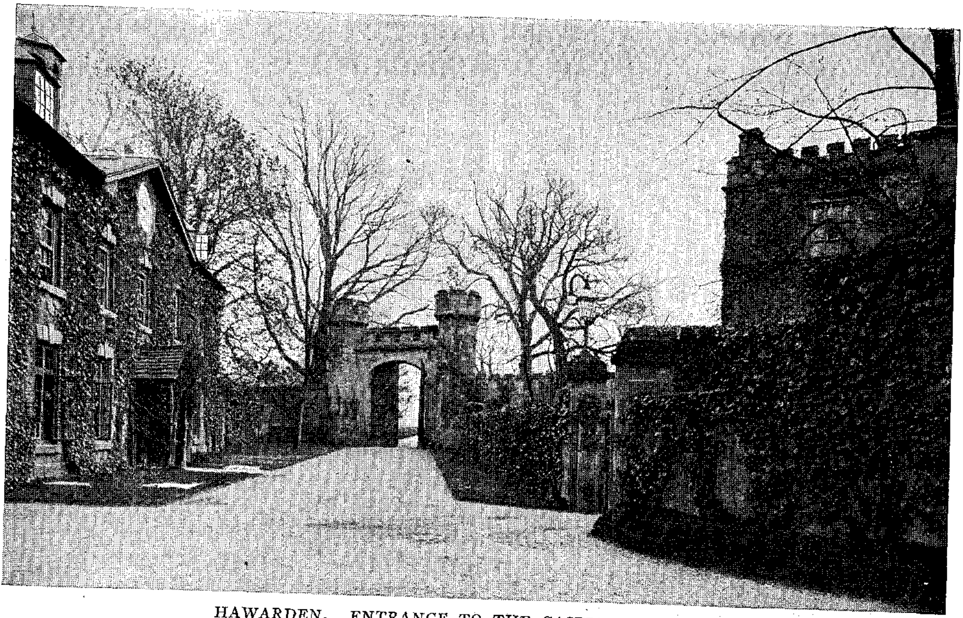


HAWARDEN. VIEW OF THE CASTLE FROM THE PRIVATE PARK AT THE WEST

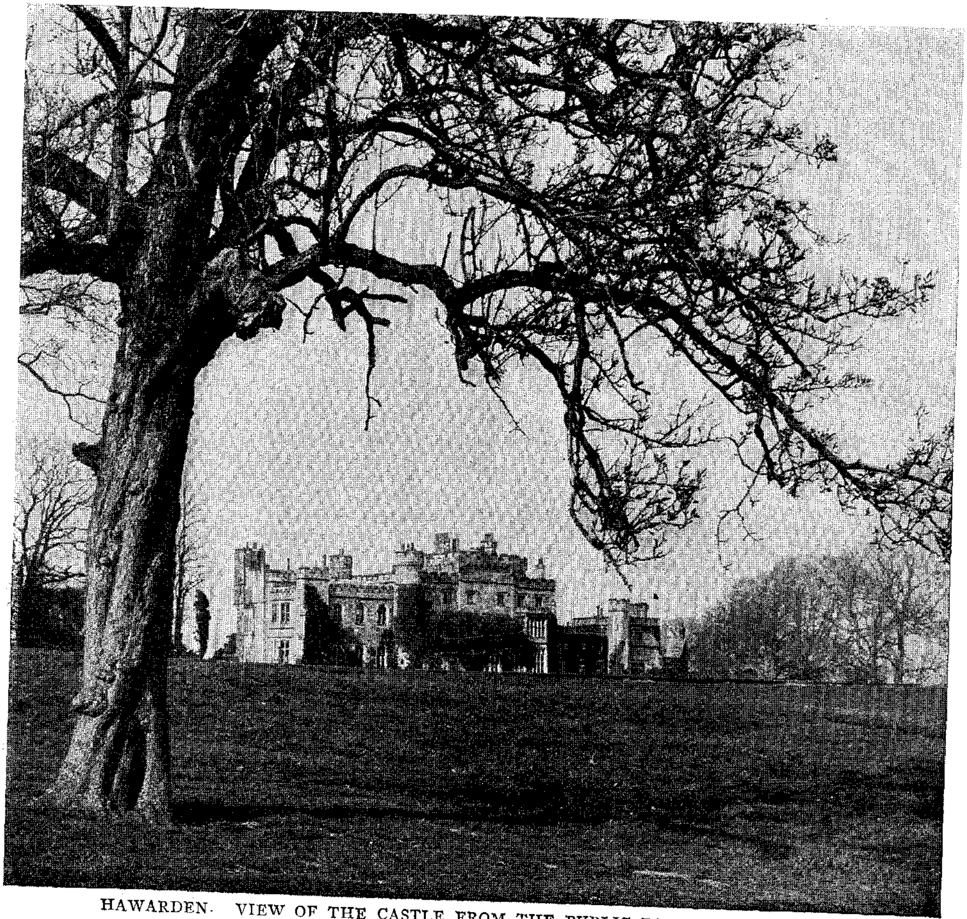
The edifice is comparatively modern. Views of the Old Castle appeared in our February and March Magazine Numbers. The following photographs of Hawarden were taken expressly for The Outlook by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester, and by Mr. A. P. Monger, of London.



HAWARDEN. ENTRANCE TO THE PARK FROM HAWARDEN VILLAGE

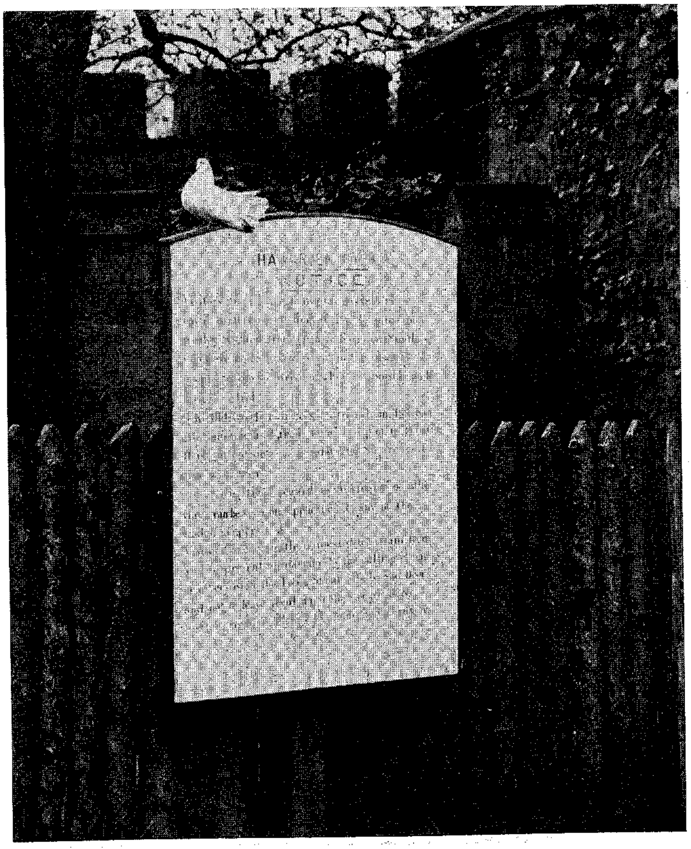


HAWARDEN. ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE COURTYARD
A wing of the Castle is to the right; Mrs. Gladstone's Orphanage and Home of Rest are to the left; beyond lies the great park



HAWARDEN. VIEW OF THE CASTLE FROM THE PUBLIC PARK AT THE SOUTH political economist of that time, and also of the Emperor's cousin, Prince Napoleon, who Mr. Cobden afterwards described to me as on the whole the best-informed man he had ever met. The Commercial Treaty was passed; we got light clarets to drink instead of fiery ports and ardent sherries; and the French people got all sorts of comfortable garments of English manufacture.

Mr. Gladstone was denounced a great deal for the part he had taken in adopting Cobden's policy as to the Treaty of Commerce. He was sometimes talked of in the House of Commons as if he had given the French invading armies a safe landing-place on the shores of England. He took all these attacks with a sort of amused good humor. One thing was certain: he always gave back in ridicule a great deal more than he got in denunciation. The declaimer who had the courage to attack him in Parliament was soon, to use a very colloquial expression, sorry he spoke. That was a splendid session of Parliament for Mr. Gladstone and his policy. He and Bright fought the battle all to themselves. Mr. Cobden was for the greater part of the time still in Paris; nor, although a most persuasive and convincing speaker, could he possibly be compared as a parliamentary orator with Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright. Disraeli led the opposition, but he neither knew nor cared much about the whole subject, and in any case his position was naturally very trying when he had to reply to Bright and be replied to by Gladstone. It is not pleasant to be set between two such millstones. The grinding process is apt to be severe.



HAWARDEN. NOTICE TO VISITORS INSIDE THE PARK GATE

The inscription is as follows:

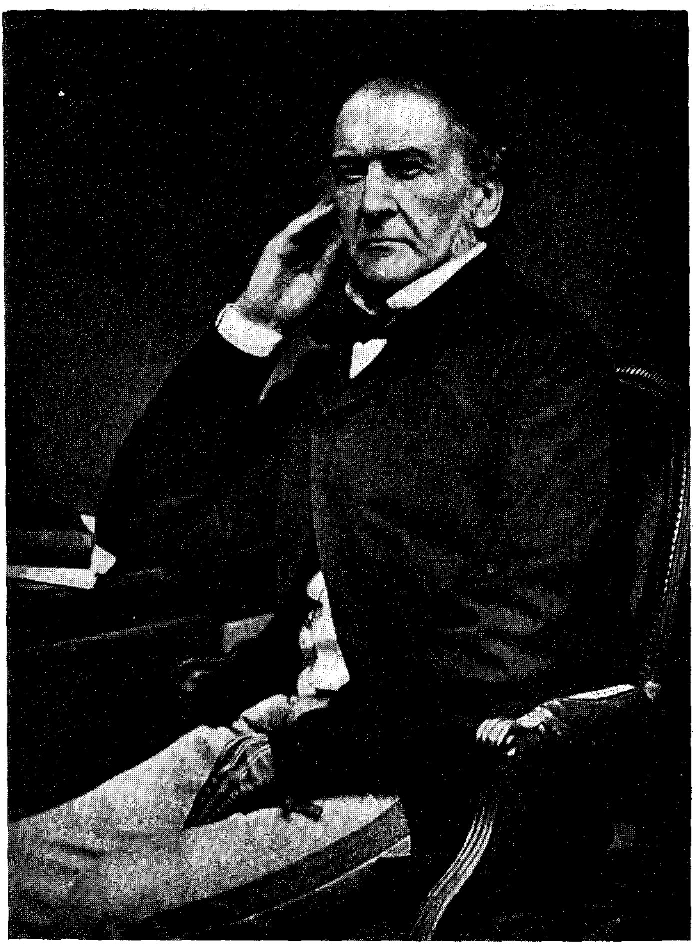
Visitors are allowed to use the gravel drives until further notice, from 10 A.M. to sunset on week-days, and from 1 P.M. to 6 P.M. on Sundays.

Dogs are not allowed, except in the case of people riding or driving, when they must be under strict control.

The Old Castle can be seen from 1 P.M. to 6 P.M. in Summer, and from 1 P.M. to 4 P.M. in Winter. It is not on View on Sundays. On Saturdays it is free of Charge. The regulations regarding Admission on other days can be seen on application to any of the Lodge-keepers.

Visitors are earnestly requested to refrain from and to prevent all damage, by the cutting of names or otherwise, to the Trees, Shrubs, Walls, and Doors, and not to leave about any paper or glass, etc. Visitors are not allowed to remove any Ferns or Plants, or to Pick Flowers.

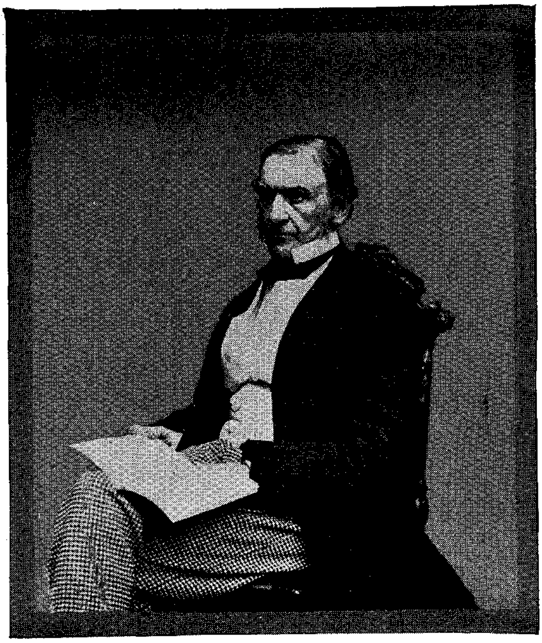
Still more important for Mr. Gladstone's career and for the development of education in Great Britain and Ireland was his measure for the abolition of the duty on paper. One has to go back a little in order to explain what this duty on paper really was. The duty on paper has been described as the last remnant of an ancient system of finance which tended to the severe repression of popular journalism. First of all there was a stamp duty, which was imposed with the avowed object of preventing the growth of sedi-



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE
From a photograph by Messrs. Vincent Brooks Day & Son

tious newspapers—that is to say, of newspapers advocating any manner of popular reform. In the early part of the century the stamp duty amounted to fourpence on every single copy of a newspaper issued. Later on it was reduced, and in 1836 it was brought down to a tax of a penny, represented by the red stamp of the Government on every copy. Then there was a tax of sixpence on every advertisement in the newspaper. The editor of a great London morning journal has told me that he can well remember the time when a Government official came down to the office of the paper somewhere after midnight every day before the paper had gone to press, insisted on seeing an early copy, and then proceeded to mark with pencil what he considered to be advertisements. Of course, about the regular trading announcements there could be no manner of doubt. When Messrs. Brown proclaimed that they had a lot of new silk dresses from Paris to dispose of, or Messrs. Jones informed the gratified public that they had imported a stock of the finest wines from Bordeaux or Burgundy at the cheapest prices, there could be no sort of a question as to the genuineness of the advertisement. One might say that there ought to be no tax upon advertisements at all, but, admitting the existence of such a tax, and the right of Parliament to impose it, there could be no question as to the application in these particular instances. My friend the editor assured me, however, that the Government officials were most arbitrary in their definition as to what constituted an advertisement and was therefore liable to the tax. A harmless line appeared in the corner of the paper announcing that

Mr. Robinson, M.P., was about to address his constituents in the ensuing week. That is an advertisement, the Government official declared. No, it is only a piece of news, the editor pleaded. "News me no news," the official replied, and he marked it down with a sixpenny tax. The latest of all these imposts was the heavy duty on the paper material itself. This was really an enormous imposition; and let it be clearly understood that the distinct purpose of that and all other imposts was to make it difficult for anybody but a capitalist of great means to produce a newspaper at all. No journal could come into existence until it had satisfied the authorities that it was able to provide the amount of capital necessary to meet all this enormous taxation. As I have said already, the distinct and avowed object of the taxation was to prevent the issue of cheap newspapers. At this time the first organized movement for the publication of cheap newspapers was beginning to be made in England. The city of Liverpool, the place of Mr. Gladstone's birth, led the effort by starting the first penny daily paper ever published in Great Britain. Lancashire, Mr. Gladstone's county, was then and always since has been in the front of every great movement of social reform. London soon took up the scheme of cheap daily newspapers. The "Daily Telegraph" and the "Morning Star" were started as penny daily papers. The "Daily Telegraph" is at this hour probably the most prosperous and popular daily paper in Great Britain. But the effect of the duty on the paper material was still an almost crushing obstruction to cheap journalism. It soon became evident that with this heavy imposition it was almost impossible that a penny daily paper could pay its way. There had for some time been an important agitation going on for the abolition of all repressive taxation on popular education. Charles Dickens took a leading part in the movement, and had even gone so far as to come into conflict with the legal authorities of the country because he persisted in publishing a weekly journal which contained actual news as well as literature. Mr. Gladstone saw that the time had come for giving life and strength to the new ideas. He became impressed with the fact that there was no way more efficacious of spreading popular education than by the multiplying of cheap newspapers which brought the daily story of the world home to the huts and the garrets of the poor. Up to that time it was quite common for a number of persons to club together and subscribe for a daily paper, which they read by turns. The usual understanding was that the subscriber who got the paper last should be entitled to keep it in his possession. At that time, as an English writer has observed, it was the creed of many that cheap newspapers meant the establishment of a daily propaganda of socialism, communism, red republicanism, blasphemy, bad spelling, and general immorality.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

From a photograph taken about the period of this installment

Mr. Gladstone took quite the other view of the question. He had full faith in the intelligence of his countrymen and of the English-speaking peoples in general to keep the cheapest newspaper press within the limits of common sense and decency. He had no faith whatever in the good working of a restrictive money-fine to keep down enterprise in the issue of cheap newspapers. The newspaper was, according to his belief, one of the most powerful influences towards the spread of national education, and he soon made up his mind to abolish the last tax which stood in its way.

In his financial scheme of 1860 he announced that the Government had resolved to abolish the duty on paper. It is hardly necessary to say that such a proposition met with the strongest opposition from both sides of the House. It became a mere question of what we call vested interests. There were many influential manufacturers of paper in the House of Commons, and these all joined in an organized opposition to any scheme which threw open the business of newspaper publishing to free and common competition. Naturally, the well-established and high-priced journals objected to the idea of a penny " rag " being enabled to compete with a sixpenny daily journal. Therefore the battle was fiercely fought out in the House of Commons and in the daily press, and Mr. Gladstone became, naturally, the object of much fierce denunciation. According to many of his critics, the result of his policy could only be the overthrow of the altar and the throne, the aristocratic system and the whole moral creed, of the nation. The vested interests in the House of Commons were then, as they are even still, very strong, and one vested interest was generally found ready to stand by another. In the early part of the session Mr. Gladstone was very unwell, and his financial statement had to be put off for some days. When he did come to make his statement, the force of his marvelous eloquence and reasoning power compelled the House of Commons to pass the provision for the abolition of the paper duty. But at each stage of the measure the majorities in favor of the abolition fell and fell. The second reading was carried by a majority of fifty-three; the third reading was carried by a majority of only nine. This naturally gave new courage to the House of Lords, and in the Hereditary Chamber a motion was made and carried by a large majority to reject alto-

THE DEE ABOVE CHESTER

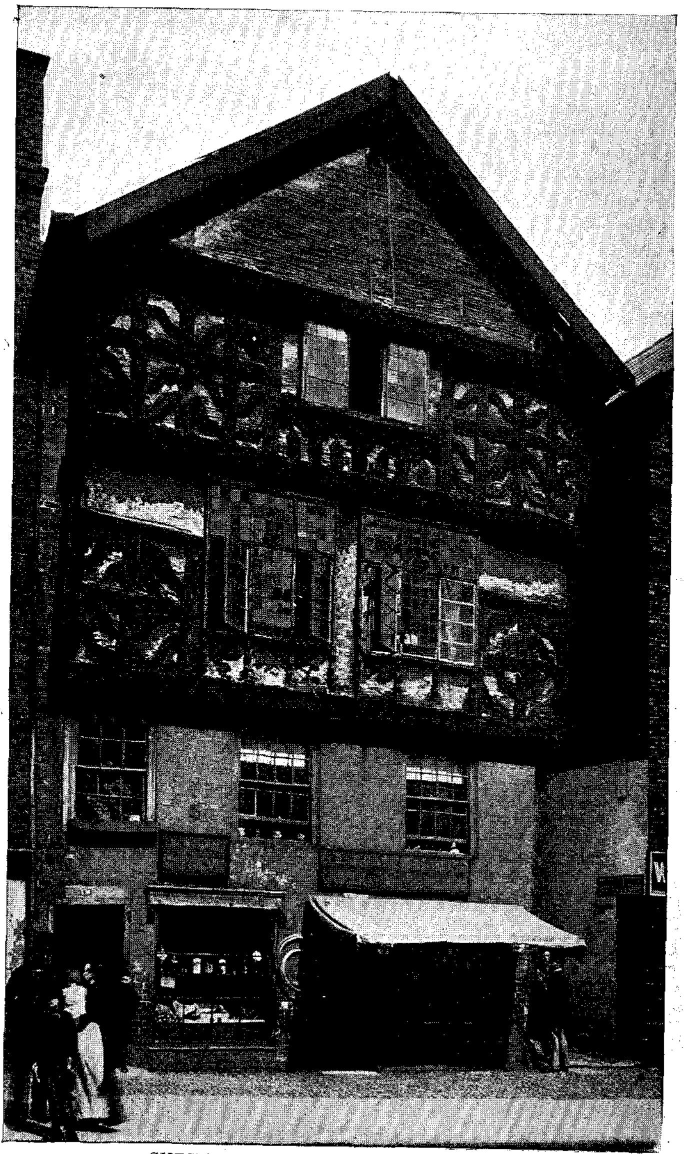
A view seen by Mr. Gladstone in driving rom Hawarden to the Chester railway station

CHESTER. THE CATHEDRAL. WEST FRONT

This portion was erected by Abbot Simon Ripley about 1492. The buildings to the left are modern

gether Mr. Gladstone's bill for the repeal of the duty on paper. This action on the part of the House of Lords brought on a constitutional crisis as serious as any that has happened in our time. The House of Lords, it should be understood, has no power to impose taxation on the people of England. But if the House of Lords has no power to initiate taxation on the people, it was fairly and justly contended by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright that neither can the House of Lords have any right to reimpose on the English people any tax which the House of Commons has seen fit to take off. This is, indeed, the evident common sense of the matter. If the House of Lords could have the constitutional right to reimpose a tax which had been taken off by the Representative Chamber—that is, the taxing Chamber—there could be no reason whatever why the House of Lords should not have the right to initiate taxation of its own free will. Nobody even among the Tory leaders of the House of Lords ventured to contend that the Hereditary Chamber had any right to initiate taxation, but it was plausibly argued that when a certain scheme of taxation came before the peers, the peers had a perfec right to modify the scheme in any way that they thought fit.

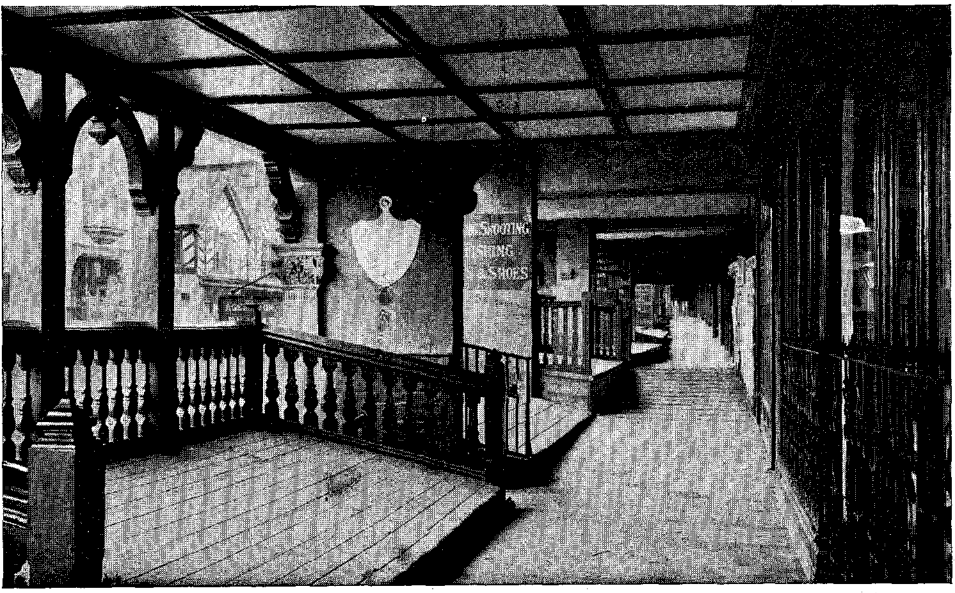
The question then came down to a very narrow issue. The repeal of the paper duty was put off for one session; but the public out-of-doors, having full faith in the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, were not much excited by what Mr. Gladstone well called the "gigantic innovation" on the part of the Hereditary Chamber. There were meetings held, to be sure, all over the country, and the action of the House of Lords was strongly and justly denounced. But the general feeling was one of perfect conviction that Mr. Gladstone would put the whole thing right, and therefore there was no popular disturbance whatever. I remember the time well. I was even then in the thick of political life, and I can say with certainty that only the strong faith in Mr. Gladstone's capacity as a leader prevented something not unlike a national convulsion. The Liberals had little faith in Lord Palmerston. Lord Palmerston's sympathies went a good deal with the Tories and against the Radicals. Mr. Gladstone absolutely condemned the conduct of the House of Lords. Lord Palmerston only proposed a series of mild resolutions reaffirming the rights of the House of Commons with regard to national taxation. Then for the first time it became clear to all the world that Mr. Gladstone was bidding his final farewell not merely to the Tory party but to the party of the Whigs—that is to say, the lagging and backward section of the Liberals. His final declaration on the subject was yet to come, but it may already be anticipated by some consideration of the conditions under which the House of Lords was still stimulated into setting up its will against that of the House of Commons. I have said that the majorities in favor of Mr. Gladstone's measure dwindled at each stage, and at last came down to a poor superiority of nine. The fact is that at that time the House of Commons was only constitutionally and technically representative of the majority of the people. The franchise was so high and so limited that it excluded the whole mass of the working classes. There was not at that time a single man in the House of Commons who represented, or was entitled to speak for, the laboring population of the three kingdoms. The great Reform Bill introduced by Lord Grey and Lord John Russell thirty years before, and carried after a two years' struggle, had admitted what men called the middle classes of England to the right of voting for the election of a member to the House of Commons. But the working classes and the poor had been wholly left out of the measure. It remained for men like Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright to initiate later on the movement which admitted the workingmen and the poor to a share in the representation of the country. Therefore the House of Commons, to which Mr. Gladstone submitted his scheme for the abolition of the duty on paper, took but a languid interest in the matter when the instantaneous spell of his eloquence was over. Most of the members, or nearly all of them, could very



CHESTER. ONE OF THE OLD HOUSES
At the corner of "Hawarden Castle Entry'

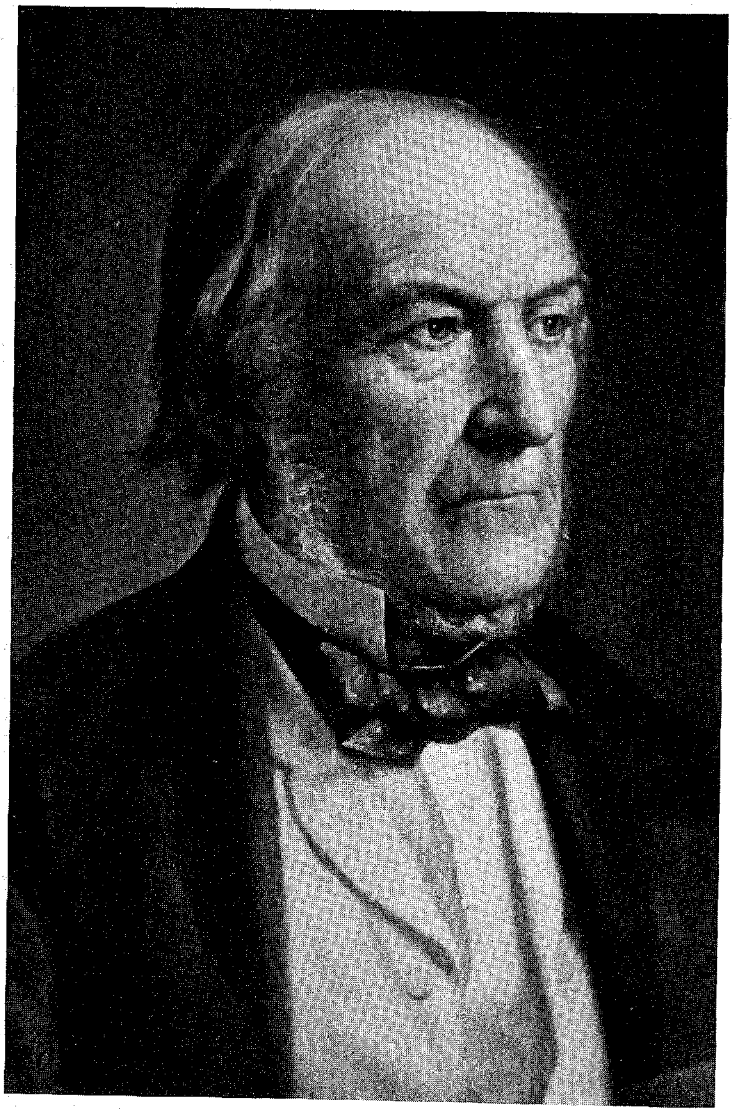
well afford to pay sixpence for their daily paper, and they were not responsible for their votes to any of the class who most especially wanted cheap newspapers. The peers, therefore, naturally took courage. They felt little doubt that the majority of the House of Commons would be rather obliged to them than otherwise for the course they had taken in resisting Mr. Gladstone's reform. But the country kept quiet, as I have said, because it had full faith in Mr. Gladstone's determination, and because it was quite certain that the peers would not resist him for very long.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone's scheme was passed into law in the very next session. The peers did not attempt any further resistance. If anything could have proved more clearly than another the utter worthlessness of the existence of the House of Lords, it would have been proved by its action with regard to the paper duties. For the House of Lords said in one second that to make paper cheap would be to flood the country with abominable newspapers, spreading everywhere the doctrines of anarchy and profligacy, and in the very next session it said in effect, "Well, if Mr. Gladstone and the House of Commons want this iniquitous measure, of course they must have it. If they really want to ruin the country, we must only let them ruin the country, and make no further work about it." A story went at the time that Lord Palmerston sent up a message to the House of Lords to give them advice as to their conduct with regard to the repeal of the duties on paper. I do not venture to vouch for the truth of the story, but, if it was not true, I think, at least, it ought to have been true. Lord Palmerston, it was said, sent up a message to the House of Lords to say that the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's scheme was a very good joke for once, but they really must not try it another time. The peers would seem to have acted promptly upon this suggestion. They did not try the joke another time. The duty on paper was repealed, and the three kingdoms got their cheap newspapers in abundance. It is almost needless to say that not one of the penny papers that started into existence all over this country advocated any doctrine of anarchy or profligacy or disorder. Better-conducted papers do not exist in any country in the world than the cheap journals which Mr. Gladstone by his policy helped into existence. With one single excep-



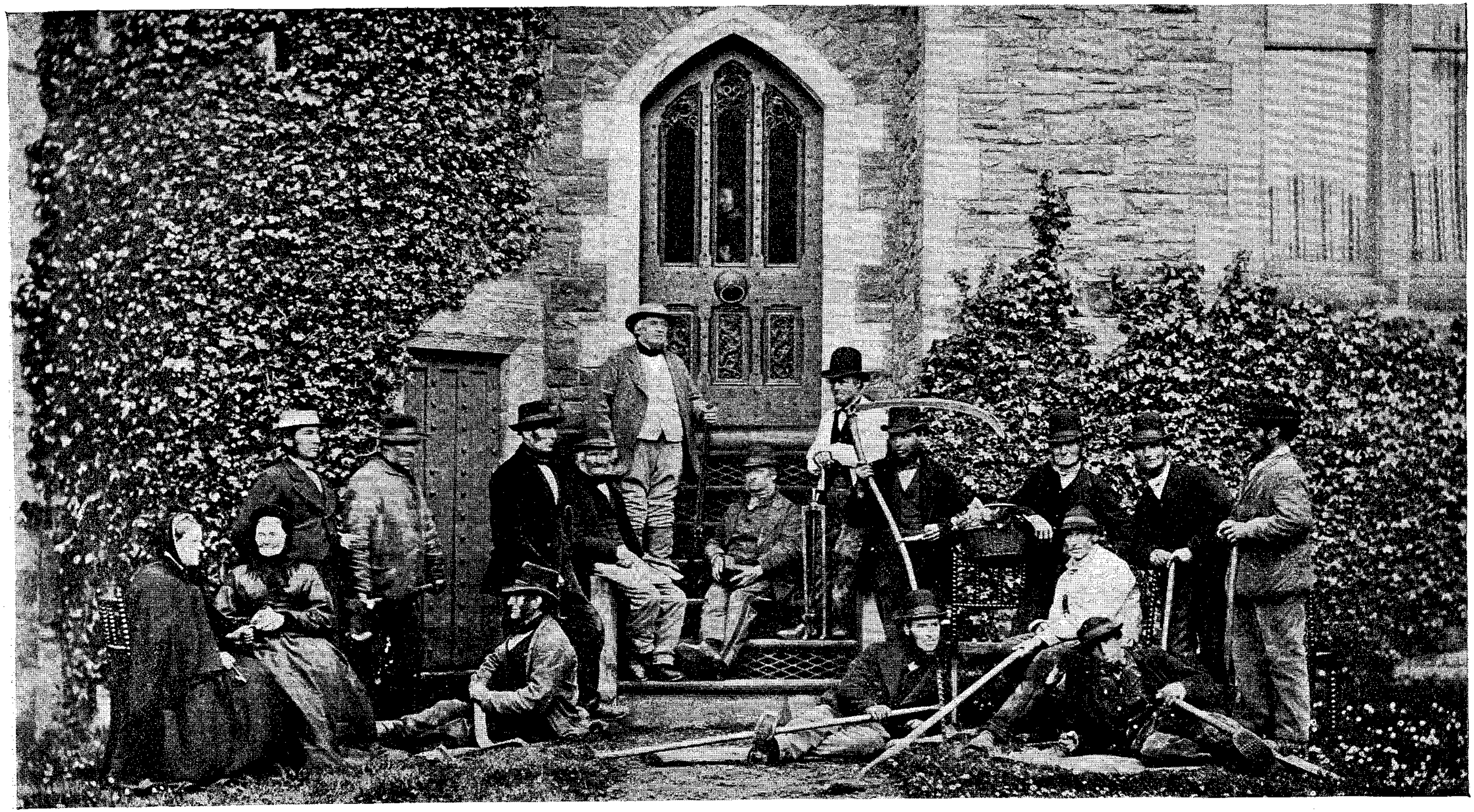
CHESTER. BRIDGE STREET ROW

The "Rows" in Chester are supposed by some to be of Roman origin. They were well described by the late Albert Smith when he said that "the passenger's footway lies right through the first-floor fronts of the houses and above the shop, of ordinary normal position, by the roadside; and thus the back drawing-rooms, or whatever else they may be, are turned into more shops; and great is the puzzle of the stranger as to whether the roadway is down in the cellar, or he is upstairs on the landing, or the house has turned itself out of window."



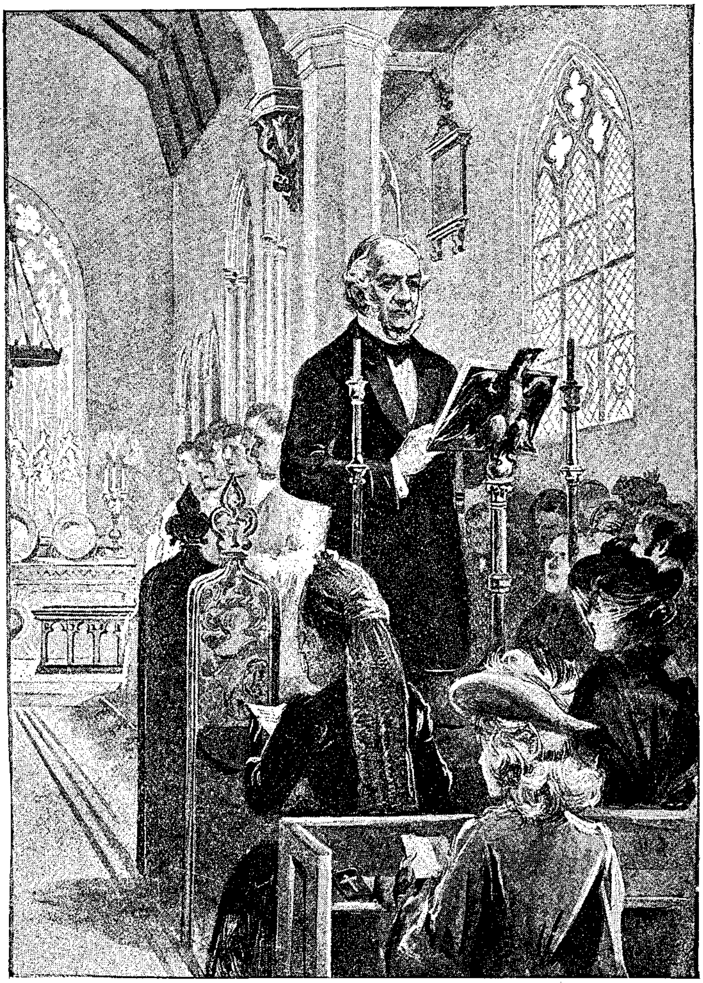
WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

From the painting by E. Hader



HAWARDEN SERVANTS WHO HAVE BEEN OVER TWENTY YEARS IN THE GLADSTONE SERVICE

The man holding the scythe is the gardener tion, there are only penny and half-penny papers in Great Britain and Ireland now. There is not one of those cheap papers that is not far superior in its array of news and in the style of its writing to any of the high-priced journals which were enabled to exist thirty years ago by the legislation which Mr. Gladstone abolished. No other man could have done the work so well as he did. Cobden could not have done it, Bright could not have done it. For neither of these men was in office, and neither had the command of the House of Commons which was possessed by Mr. Gladstone. Likewise, it has to be said that neither of them could have had the same influence over Lord Palmerston which Mr. Gladstone was enabled to exert. Palmerston did not really care three straws about the repeal of the taxes upon education, or, indeed, about any other popular reform. But then his heart was not set so much the other way as to induce him to enter into a struggle for power with Mr. Gladstone. Palmerston knew perfectly well that Gladstone was the coming man, and that if he were to set himself in opposition to Mr. Gladstone, or make any serious attempt at restraint of Mr. Gladstone, the national will of the country would put the younger man in the more commanding place. There is a story of a philosopher who said of himself that he would just as soon be dead as alive. Being asked why, then, he did not kill himself, he made the very reasonable and consistent answer that he would just as soon be alive as dead. Lord Palmerston's views as to popular reform were of much the same nature. He would just as soon have no popular reform as any. But if pressed upon the subject, he soon found out that he would just as soon have any popular reform as none whatever. Such a man had no chance at all against the ever-growing energy and earnestness of Mr. Gladstone. His very style of speaking in the House, easy and colloquial, humorous, full of shrewd hits, and occasionally enlivened by a somewhat cheap cynicism, was in curious contrast with the impassioned and majestic flow of Mr. Gladstone's convinced and convincing eloquence. The two men never really came into antagonism at all. But they represented two distinct influences, and had Lord Palmerston been a younger



MR. GLADSTONE READING THE LESSONS IN HAWARDEN CHURCH

From a contemporary illustration

man it is quite likely that the influences might have come into collision at one time or another. Lord Palmerston's chief interest was in foreign affairs, and there, curiously enough, his policy was rather revolutionary in its tendency. Mr. Gladstone was almost always in sympathy with every foreign cause that represented freedom and advancement, but his dearest interests were with the happiness and with the improvement of the people of his own two islands. So far as home affairs were concerned, Lord Palmerston's great idea was to put off any sort of trouble, to let things slide, to keep away as long as possible any effort at reforming things which perhaps after all could do just as well without reform, and, generally speaking, not to make any bother. Mr. Gladstone's whole soul was with political and social reform. He saw with the eye of genius and of philanthropy that these countries were oppressed by what must be called class legislation, and his whole soul was aflame to give help to those who could not help themselves. Lord Palmerston, though he lived to a good old age, did not live long enough to come to any serious extent in the way of Mr. Gladstone's progress. Indeed, about the time of Gladstone's scheme for the abolition of the paper duties it became a common saying among the followers of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright that Radicals must wait quietly until Palmerston's disappearance, and that then Gladstone would come to the front and would do the work which the country wanted. Up to this time Mr. Gladstone had not spoken out distinctly on the great question of the Parliamentary franchise. But people already saw that that would be his next work of reform, and that he was destined to be the leader of the people in England. From the days when Macaulay had described him as the hope of the stern and unbending Tories, what a distance he had already traversed! He was now the great hope of the Radical advocates of reform and progress. Cobden and Bright now began to call him the leader of the English democracy.

In his early college days Mr. Gladstone developed a strong passion for riding. I do not know whether he ever cared to ride to hounds or not; but he certainly loved riding for its own sake, quite apart from the fascination of hunting; and he became a rider of marvelous skill and courage. Often have I seen him, in my younger days, galloping over the fields around Chester—close to the Welsh frontier, within which stands Hawarden Castle. The famous American horse-tamer, Rarey, when he was in England, spoke of Mr. Gladstone as one of the finest and boldest riders he had ever seen—and Rarey was a man who, on such subjects, quite knew what he was talking about. Years after, when Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was taking his usual ride in the park—Hyde Park—on a very spirited and even wild young horse. The horse plunged and ran away—got off the ordinary track of riders and came along a spread of turf divided by rails and gateways. The horse made for one of the little gateways—of light and slender iron—and went straight over it. Mr. Gladstone was apparently quite determined to have the better of that horse. The moment the horse had leaped the gate the rider turned him round and put him at the gate again. Again he topped it, and again his master turned him and made him go at it once more, and surmount it yet another time. So it went on until the horse was fairly but very harmlessly conquered, and the rider was the supreme victor of the day. It is hardly necessary for me to say that this little incident was watched by many curious eyes, and that it found its way into the papers. I happened to be in London at the time, and was deeply interested. I saw auguries in it, and I do not think my prophetic inspirations were altogether disappointed by the result. It would take a very reckless horse or a very reckless political opponent to get the better of Mr. Gladstone. He has made his party face many a stiff fence since the far-off days of that little event in Hyde Park.

[To be continued in the Magazine Number for July]

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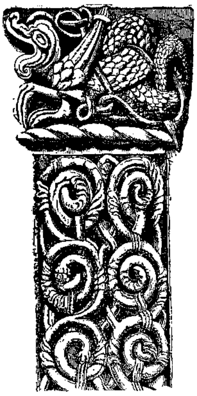
How to Study an English Cathedral

By Helen Marshall North

In Two Parts—I.



NORMAN SCULPTURE
At Shobdon Church, Hertfordshire

A cathedral and a human being have certain striking points of resemblance. Each may be studied superficially, and passed by as interesting or otherwise, but each fails to utter its individuality and to surrender the choicest of its treasures to the hurried visitor. The heart of a true man does not lie on the surface. Stay by him, summer and winter with him, test his strength and courage in all weathers and under all conditions, and you may then realize what a glorious creation he is. So with the cathedral; you may see its surface in an hour; you may become reasonably familiar with its general appearance in a half-day, pass on to the next point of interest in the itinerary, and forget the cathedral. But if you will study its history, learn the story of the lives that have clustered about it, of the great men whose memorials richly decorate walls and pavement, and of those who have loved to linger within these old gray walls, which were to them indeed "the gateway of heaven;" of the bishops who built the cathedral and who lie interred under those stiff stone effigies; of the kings and queens who have rustled down these grand aisles in the bravery of wedding garments, while the lofty arches rang with the grand music of the organ; of the little royal children who were christened here, like the children of King Edwin of York, "who died while still in their white clothes," or like the little child of Queen Philippa, laid away in darkness while the sun shone mockingly through the glorious old glass windows—learn of these and the cathedral will not be forgotten. Sympathy, appreciation, and personal affection will be awakened in the heart. The cathedral becomes transfigured by the light of humanity. Study the fabric of the structure and note when, in its uprearing, the work of the Norman bishop gave place to his Early English successor, and how the window-tracery revealed the changing ideas of the Decorated and Perpendicular periods; how clerestory gradually overcame triforium, and the stout Norman pillar and the fierce zigzag ornament faded away from the architect's plan as the age became more refined.

Any English cathedral, however small and dingy and "unrestored," is a treasure-house of interest to the intelligent traveler. It is an indignity to attempt to understand its real meaning in the two or three hours' visit which many a tourist allows for it. Far more reasonable and satisfactory will it be found to become thoroughly acquainted with one or two of the most interesting than to be able to record in one's note-book that a half-dozen have been visited.

A cathedral may be looked at in many ways, but the choicest, as Miss Margaretta Byrd has ably said, "is that in which the historical interest blends with the religious and æsthetic, and these with a passion, one may call it, for the race which finds its satisfaction in buildings made by men of that race." Regarded in this light, cathedrals are not monuments, "they are poems, breathing the life and progress of England, never scorning to represent any period, however dull, . . . always keeping before one the ideal of the race."

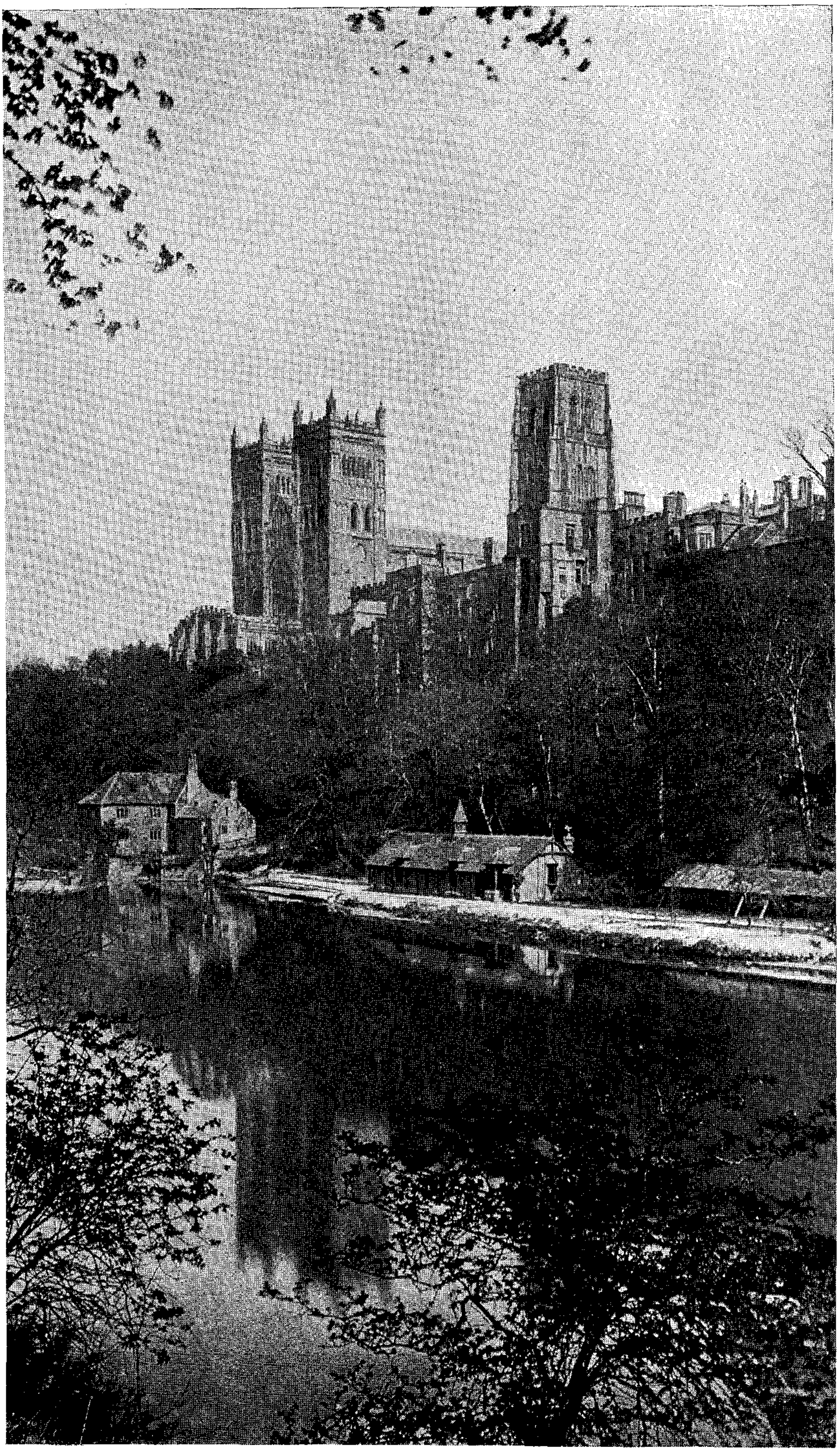
No two men are precisely alike. With the same tastes, the same name, the same education, and the same social advantages, each has an individuality which reveals itself on acquaintance. This is equally true of cathedrals. One may say that Durham, Norwich, and Gloucester are chiefly Norman in style, but who that has visited the three does not think of them as three distinct and individual types? Salisbury presents an epitome of Early English architecture, but has less to say of English history; while solemn old Winchester has witnessed so many royal pageants, and is so intimately connected with the very fiber of the English national life, that the pages of many periods of the nation's history must be read if one would enter into its inner life. At Canterbury, the heroism (or the folly) of a single priest, resulting in his violent death within the hallowed walls, is the most striking story which the loquacious verger has to tell. Ecclesiastical history is, perhaps, the specialty of Canterbury. It must be studied from more than one standpoint, and the relations of A'Becket and the second Henry, the story of kingcraft *versus* priestcraft, must be understood in some degree if one would comprehend the meaning of the worn Pilgrim stairs, the rich shrine, and those splendid pilgrimages which represented the modern foreign tour to the great world of the Middle Ages. And, in addition to this, the student should learn something of the life of the Black Prince, whose name is so intimately connected with crypt and choir-aisle and noble tomb; of the French Huguenots, whose relics and present-day history still linger in the old crypt; and of saucy Blue Dick, who laid bare the glorious nave.

Some cathedrals must be studied in connection with the locality in which they are placed, as Ely, majestic and lovely in itself, but increasingly interesting when considered in the midst of the fenland, in those days when William the Conqueror was "harrying" the land, when Hereward and Torfrida, Ivo Taillebois and the monks of Peterborough, Ely, and Croyland, were making history. Again, at Durham, the cathedral made the town; and here history both ecclesiastical and secular, biography of lordly prince-bishop, the study of monasticism in its most ornate period, the poetry of Scott, the theology of Butler, and the art of mediæval days, should all be found in the equipment of the visitor.

For practical purposes of the traveler or the student, we may divide the study of a cathedral into two general departments: that of the fabric itself and of the history of its existence. On account of the peculiarly intimate union between English Church and English State, closer and more vital in the days when cathedrals were building than now, ecclesiastical and secular history often flow together. The bishop was often his own architect, and collected funds to build while he drew plans for the lordly structure. He administered his priestly office, crowned kings, sat in Parliament, and considered the interests of his more or less numerous episcopal residences. Hence the architectural and the historical often suggest each other as one studies.

How, then, shall we take up the study of cathedral architecture? The best way, as it seems to me, is to become very familiar at the outset with all the terms of ecclesiastical architecture in general, without reference to any particular cathedral. Having gained familiarity with the more common terms used in ecclesiastical architecture, the way to further study is easily revealed. A plan arranged on this basis will be outlined in this and the succeeding paper.

For introductory study, I can heartily recommend a small English publication called "Gothic and Renaissance Architecture." (Imported, $2.) It is one of a series of "Art Handbooks," edited by Sir E. J. Poynter, the recently elected President of the Royal Academy, and Professor T. Roger Smith, Professor of Architecture at the University of London. This particular volume is by Professor Smith, and shows a well-nigh perfect conception of what a beginner in the study of ecclesiastical architecture wishes to know. The author's style is clear, his sentences compact, his illustrations well chosen and illuminating. The introductory chapter is an epitome (very brief, it must be confessed) of the history of church-building in England and on the Continent of Europe. The second chapter, on "The Buildings of the Middle Ages," unfolds the plan and structural elements of cathedral churches in England, and lucidly defines each feature of the church and monastic buildings, as well as of the military and domestic buildings, of the Middle Ages. In the two succeeding chapters, occupying together only thirty-four pages, an admirable analysis of the different parts of a cathedral, the plan, walls, towers and spires, gables, piers and columns, openings, roofs, ornaments, stained glass, and sculpture, is given. This analysis is intelligently illustrated, and by using in connection with it the illustrated glossary, even a young student may easily become acquainted with the general and more important features of a cathedral

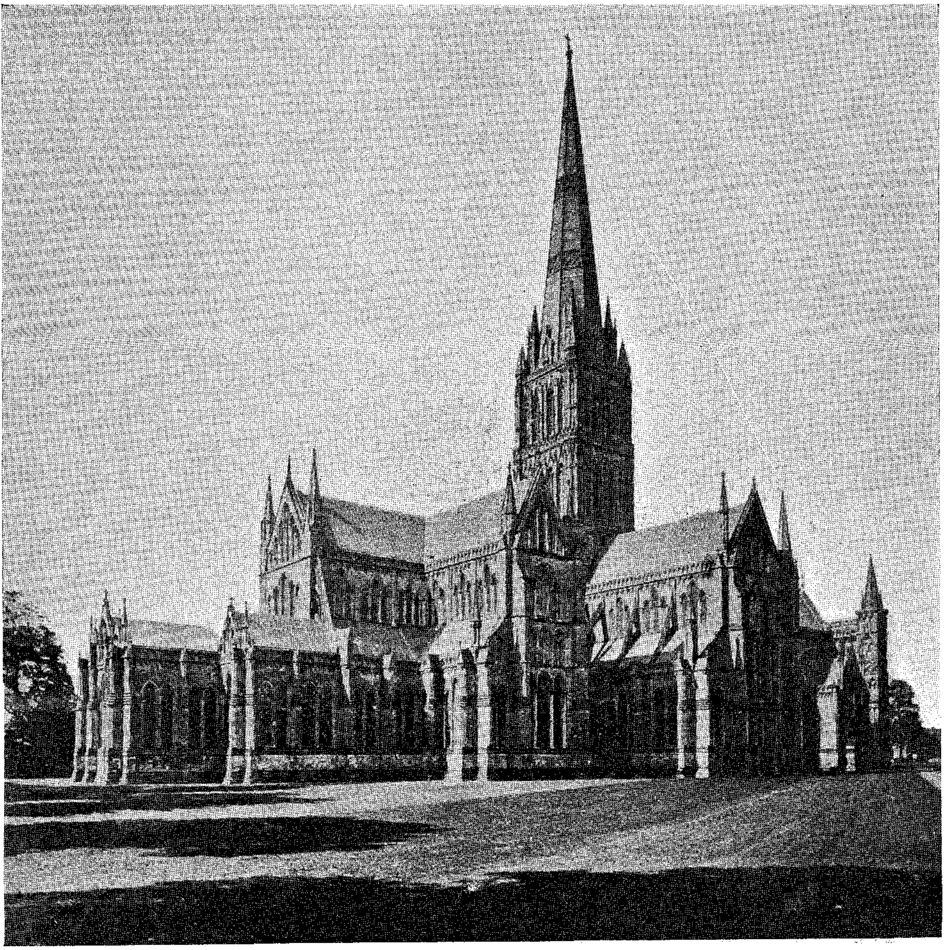


DURHAM CATHEDRAL

Built 1090-1230. The most important example of Norman architecture in England. The entire building has been recently restored.

structure. The third chapter, which presents the chronological order of architectural periods, and also a valuable condensed, tabulated statement of the peculiar characteristics of each of the three styles of Gothic architecture, is best studied later. The only other chapter of this valuable little book which claims attention for our present purpose is Chapter IX., in which the principles of construction and design, and some facts about the use of materials in Gothic architecture, are given.

The study of Norman architecture in connection with English cathedrals is not treated in this handbook, except in the brief section of characteristics. For this and for needed supplementary study of the details of Gothic architecture, I do not know of a book so valuable to the amateur as the "Introduction to Gothic Architecture," by John Henry Parker (imported, $2), another English publication, the popularity of which is proved by the fact that it is now in its eleventh edition. The book measures about 6½ × 4½ inches, contains 331 pages, is profusely and clearly illustrated, and has an excellent index and glossary. The style is somewhat conversational, and the important text is distinguished from the less important and incidental by coarse type. The names of the first chapters may serve to indicate the scope of the volume, and are as follows: "From the Roman Period to the End of the Tenth Century; The Eleventh Century; The Early Norman Period, A.D. 1050–1125; The Late Norman Style, A.D. 1125–1175;



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

The most notable example of Early English. The chief reason for its extraordinary purity and harmony is that it was begun and finished within a period of forty years (1220–1260). The spire (406 feet) is the loftiest in England.

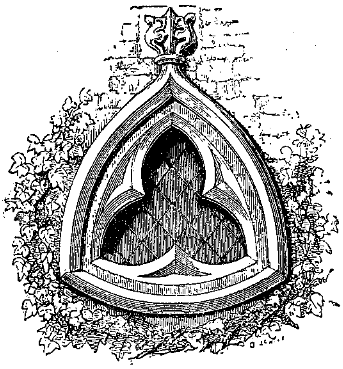
The Change of Style, A.D. 1175–1200," etc.

An abridged edition of this work, called "The A B C of Gothic Architecture" (imported, $1.25), a handy little square volume of 265 pages, is very popular, and less expensive than the "Introduction."

Of superior value, also, though less easily obtained in this country, is Edmund Sharpe's "Seven Periods of English Architecture." It contains forty well-digested and admirably arranged pages of text descriptive of the various styles of cathedral architecture, and nineteen pages of full-page illustrations of cathedral exteriors and interiors. Both literary and pictorial matter are crystal-clear and delightful. A scale of feet which accompanies the illustrations enables the reader to obtain an exact idea of the dimensions of the various cathedrals. As a work of reference for busy readers, and within its limits, this volume leaves little to be desired. It should be stated, however, that, instead of the usual classification of the Gothic as Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular, Mr. Sharpe prefers the less popular though probably more exact separation into seven periods—Saxon, Norman, Transitional, Lancet, Geometrical, Curvilinear, and Rectilinear.

A tiny book of about eighty pages, called "The Stepping-Stone to Architecture," by Thomas Mitchell, contains questions and answers about architecture in general, including a good proportion on English Norman and Gothic, and is useful for young students. Mention should also be made of a "Concise Glossary of Architecture" (imported, $3), by the author of the "Introduction" and the "A B C," which is fully illustrated, well edited and printed, and uniform in size and price with the "Introduction."

In all general works on architecture and in reputable cyclopædias are to be found chapters relating to the Norman and to the English Gothic, which are, of course, useful. In the recently published and beautiful volume of Professor Hamlin (Longmans, Green & Co., $2) there is an excellent chapter of eighteen pages on "Gothic Architecture in Great Britain," with many illustrations, a bibliography, and a detailed list of monuments of the different Gothic styles, chiefly ecclesiastical. Fergusson's "History of Architecture in all Countries" (2 vols., $7.50; Dodd, Mead & Co.) contains a handsomely illustrated chapter of eighty pages on Ecclesiastical Architecture in England, which is particularly valuable for the study of vaulting, window-tracery, and canopied tombs. Fletcher's History (Scribners, $4.50) is a comparative view of the historical styles of all periods; it has a chapter of thirty pages on Norman and Gothic Architecture, which contains some excellent matter not found elsewhere for the student of cathedrals.



CLERESTORY WINDOW IN THE FORM OF A SPHERICAL TRIANGLE, AT CRANFORD ST. ANDREW (1320)

The advantage of thorough acquaintance with the important terms used in ecclesiastical architecture can hardly be overestimated. When these are well established in the mind, let the student draw for himself the plan of a Gothic cathedral or Norman cathedral in its most elaborate form, surrounded by monastic buildings, indicating the position of nave, aisle, and transepts, lady chapel, triforium, clerestory, choir, cloisters, chapter-house, refectory, hospitium, and kitchen (according to the old plan of the ninth century, found at St. Gall and pretty generally followed in all succeeding years), as laid down in Professor Smith's Art Handbook. Compare this plan with printed plans of Canterbury, Durham, Salisbury, Westminster, Gloucester, Peterborough, and as many others as possible, carefully noting and writing down points of difference and of resemblance. This careful view will fix the main features of a cathedral well in mind, and will add more to one's pleasure in visiting the grand ecclesiastical structures of the Old World than one can easily realize beforehand. It enables the student to feel at home in each cathedral. He will wish to study details, and will not scorn the services of a verger, but he will have an intelligent idea of what he has seen.

Another excellent exercise for strengthening the memory in regard to architectural details consists in studying a number of illustrated cathedral books and in naming to one's self the various details learned from the "Introduction." Moldings, sculpture, tracery, vaulted ceilings, pillars, and capitals may be satisfactorily studied from illustrations; and the student will soon become so familiar with the leading characteristics of the more prominent cathedrals that he need not fear to discuss them even with an experienced traveler in foreign lands.

Her Neighbors' Landmark

By Annie Eliot

THE sun had not quite disappeared behind the horizon, though the days no longer extended themselves into the long, murmurous twilight of summer; instead, the evening fell with a certain definiteness, precursor of the still later year.

On the step of the door that led directly into the living-room of his rambling house sat Reuben Granger, an old man, bent with laborious seasons, and not untouched by rheumatism. The wrinkles on his face were many and curiously intertwined; his weather-beaten straw hat seemed to supply any festal deficiency indicated by the shirt-sleeves; and his dim eyes blinked with shrewdness upon the dusty road, along which, at intervals, a belated wagon passed, clattering. His days of usefulness were not over, but he had reached the age when one is willing to spend more time looking on. He had always been tired at this hour of the day, but it was only of late that fatigue had had a certain numbing effect, which disinclined him to think of the tasks of to-morrow. He came to this period of repose rather earlier nowadays, and after less sturdy labor—somehow, a great deal of the sturdy labor got itself done without him; and there was an acquiescence in even this dispensation perceptible in the fall of his knotted hands and the tranquil gaze of his faded eyes.

About a dozen yards beyond him, on the doorstep leading directly into the living-room of a house which joined the other, midway between two windows (the union marked by a third doorway unused and boarded up, around whose stone was the growth of decades), sat Stephen Granger. His weather-beaten straw hat shaded eyes dim also, but still keen; and a network of curious wrinkles wandered over his tanned and sun-dried skin. Upon his features, too, dwelt that look of patient tolerance that is not indifference, that only the "wise years" can bring; and on his face as well as his brother's certain lines about the puckered mouth went far to contradict it. If one saw only one of the old men, there was nothing grim in the spectacle—that of a weary farmer looking out upon the highroad from the shelter of his own doorway; but the sight of them both together took on suddenly a forbidding air, a suggestion of sullenness, of dogged resolution; they were so precisely alike, and they sat so near one another on thresholds of the same long, low building, and they seemed so unconscious, the one of the other. It was impossible not to believe the unconsciousness willful and deliberate. A heavily-freighted and loose-jointed wagon rattled noisily but slowly along the road.

"Howaryer?" called out one of its occupants.

"'Are yer," returned Stephen Granger. Reuben had opened his mouth to speak, but closed it in silence while he gazed straight before him, unseeing, apparently, and unheeding. The leisurely driver checked his horse, which responded instantly to the welcome indication. Behind him in the wagon two calves looked somewhat perplexedly forth, their mild eyes, with but slightly accentuated curiosity, surveying the Grangers and the landscape from the durance of the cart.

"Been tradin'?" asked Stephen.

"Wal, yes, I have," answered the other, with that lingering intonation that seems to modify even the most unconditional assent.

"Got a good bargain?"

"Wal, so-so."

"Many folks down to the store this evenin'?"

"Wal, considerable."

"Ain't any news?"

"Not any as I know on."

Stephen nodded his acceptance of this state of things. The other nodded, too. There was a pause.

"G'long," said the trader, as if he would have said it before if he had thought of it. But the horse had taken but a few steps when another voice greeted him.

"Howaryer, Monroe?" said Reuben Granger.

"Whoa," said Monroe. "Howaryer?"

"Been down to the Center?" asked Reuben.

"Yare."

"Got some calves in there, I see."

"Wal, yes; been doin' some tradin'."

Reuben nodded. "Ain't any news, I take it?"

"None in partickler." Another exchange of nods followed.

"G'long," said Monroe, after a short silence, during which the calves looked more bored than usual. But the shaky wheels had made but a few revolutions before the owner of the wagon reined in again.

"Say," he called back, twisting himself around and resting his hand on the bar that confined the calves. "They've took down the shed back of the meetin'-house. Said 'twas fallin' to pieces. Might 'a' come down on the heads of the hosses. Goin' to put up a new one." Then, as his steed recommenced its modest substitute for a trot, unseen of the Grangers he permitted himself an undemonstrative chuckle. "They can sorter divide that piece of news between 'em," he said to his companion, who had been the silent auditor of the conversation. A moment of indecision on the part of the Grangers had given him time to make this observation, but it was not concluded when Reuben's cracked voice sang out cheerfully, "Ye don't say!" A slight contraction passed over Stephen's face. Much as he would have liked to mark the bit of information for his own, now that it had been appropriated by another, he gave no further sign. The noise of the wagon died along the road, and still Reuben and Stephen Granger sat gazing straight before them at the hill which faced them from the other side of the way, at the foot of which the darkness was falling fast. By and by a lamp was lighted in one half of the house, and a moment later there was a flash through the window of the other, and slowly and stiffly the two old men rose and went inside, each closing his door behind him.

"Them's the Granger twins," had said the owner of the calves in answer to his companion's question as soon as they were out of hearing. "Yes, they be sort of odd. Don't have nothin' to say to one another, and they've lived next door to each other ever since they haven't lived *with* each other. It's goin' on thirty years since they've spoke. Yes, they do look alike—I don't see no partickler difference myself, and it would make it kinder awk'ard if they expected folks to know which one he's talkin' to. But they don't. They're kinder sensible about that. They're real sensible 'bout some things," he added, tolerantly. "Oh, they was powerful fond of each other at first—twins, y' know. They was always together, and when each of 'em set up housekeepin', nothin' would do for it but they should jine their houses and live side by side—they knew enough not to live together, seein' as how, though they was twins, their wives wasn't. So they took and added on to the old homestead, and each of 'em took an end. Wal, I dunno how it began—no, it wasn't their wives—it don't seem hardly human natur, but it wasn't their wives." The speaker sighed a little. He was commonly supposed to have gained more experience than felicity through matrimony. "I've heard it said that it was hoss-reddish that begun it. You see, they used to eat together, and Stephen he used to like a little hoss-reddish along with his victuals in the spring, and Reuben, he said 'twas a pizen weed. But there! you can never tell; they're both of 'em just as sot as—as erysipelas; and when that's so, somethin' or other is sure to come. I know for a fact that Reuben always wanted a taste of molasses in his beans, and Stephen couldn't abide anythin' but vinegar. So, bymeby, they took to havin' their meals separate. You know it ain't in human natur to see other folks puttin' things in their mouths that don't taste good to yours, and keep still about it."

His companion admitted the truth of this statement.

"Sometimes I think," went on Monroe, musingly, "that if they'd begun by eatin' separate they might have got along, 'cause it's only His saints that the Lord has made pleasant-tempered enough to stand bein' pestered with three meals a day, unless they're busy enough not to have time to think about anythin' but swallerin'. Hayin'-time most men is kinder pleasant 'bout their food—so long's it's ready. Wal, however it was, after they eat separate there was other things. There was the weather. They always read the weather signs different. And each of 'em had that way of speakin' 'bout the weather as if it was a little contrivance of his own, and he was the only person who could give a hint how 'twas run, or had any natural means of findin' out if 'twas hot, or cold, or middlin', 'less he took hold and told 'em. It's a powerful tryin' sort of way, and finally it come so that, if Reuben said we was in for a wet spell, Stephen 'd start right off and begin to mow his medder grass, and if Stephen 'lowed there was a sharp thunder-shower comin' up, inside of ten minutes, Reuben 'd go and git his waterin'-pot and water every blamed thing he had in his garden. I dunno when it was they stopped speakin', but that was about all there was to it—little things like that. They didn't either of 'em have any children; sometimes I've thought if they had, the kids might sort of brought 'em together—they couldn't have kep' 'em apart without they moved away, and of course they wouldn't either of 'em give in to the other enough to move away from the old farm. Then their wives died 'bout a year from each other. They kep' kind o' friendly to the last, but they couldn't stir their husbands no more'n if they was safes—it seems, sometimes, as if husbands and wives was sort o' too near one another, when it comes to movin', to git any kind of a purchase. When Reuben's wife died, folks said they'd have to git reconciled now; and when Stephen's died, there didn't seem anythin' else for 'em to do; but folks didn't know 'em. Stephen went up country where his wife come from and brought home a little gal, that was her niece, to keep house for him; and then what did Reuben do but go down to Zoar, where *his* wife come from, and git her half-sister—both of 'em young, scart little things, and no kin to one another—and *they* can't do nothin' even if they wanted to. Bad-tempered? Wal, no. I wouldn't say the Granger twins was bad-tempered," and the biographer dexterously removed a fly from his horse's patient back. "They're sot, of course, but they ain't what they used to be—I guess it's been a sort of discipline to 'em—livin' next door and never takin' no kind of notice. They're pleasant folks to have dealin's with, and I've had both of 'em ask me if I calc'lated it was goin' to rain, when I've been goin' by—different times, o' course—but it 'most knocked the wind out of me when they done it, 'stead of givin' me p'inters. Yes, you never can speak to 'em both at once, 'cause the other one never hears if ye do; but there! it ain't much trouble to say a thing over twice—most of us say it more'n that 'fore we can git it 'tended to; and," he added, as he leaned forward and dropped the whip into its socket preparatory to turning into his own yard, "most of us hears it more'n once."

"Monroe," called a voice from the porch, "did you bring them calves?"

"Yare," said Monroe.

"I told you if you stopped to bring 'em, you wouldn't be home till after dark."

"Wal?"

"I told you 'twould be dark and you'd be late to supper."

"Wal?" and Monroe took down the end of the wagon, and persuaded out the calves.

The person who was Monroe's companion and the recipient of his confidences was a young woman who was also an inmate of his house for the present month of September.

Confident and somewhat audacious in her conduct of life, Cynthia Gardner had felt that this September existence lacked a motive for energy before it brought her into contact with the Granger twins.

"They are so interesting," she said to Monroe, a day or two later.

"Wal, I guess they be," answered Monroe, amiably. The quality of being interesting did not assume to his vision the proportions it presented to Cynthia Gardner's, but he saw no reason to deny its existence. Cynthia cast a backward glance from the wagon as she spoke, and saw Reuben slowly and stiffly gathering up dry stalks in his garden, while Stephen propped up the declining side of a water-butt in his adjoining domain, one man's back carefully turned to the other.

She walked back from the Center, and stopped to talk with the twins in a casual manner. But no careful inadvertence drew them, at this or any later time when their social relations had become firmly established, into a triangular conversation. They greeted her with cordiality, responded to her advances, talked to her with the tolerant and humorous shrewdness that lurked in their dim eyes, but it was always one at a time. If, with disarming naïveté, she appealed to Stephen, Reuben turned into a graven image; and if she chaffed with Reuben, Stephen became as one who having eyes seeth not, and having ears heareth not. But she persisted with a zeal which, if not according to knowledge, was the result of a firm belief in the possibility of a final adjustment of differences. She did not know, herself, what led her into such earnestness—a caprice, or the lingering pathos of two lonely, barren lives.

Monroe watched her proceedings with tolerant kindliness. It was not his business to discourage her. He knew what it was to be discouraged, and he felt that there was quite enough discouragement going about in life without his adding to it.

"I tell you they would like to be reconciled, Mr. Monroe," said Cynthia. "They don't know they would like it, but they would."

"Wal, mebbe they would. They're gittin' to be old men. And when you git along as far as that, you don't, perhaps, worry so much about *bein'* reconciled, but neither does it seem as worth while *not* to. There's a good deal that's sort of instructive about gittin' old," he ruminated.

"It's very lonely for them both, I think," and Cynthia's voice fell into the ready accents of youthful pity.

"Their quarrel's been kinder comp'ny for 'em," suggested Monroe.

"It's overstayed its time," asserted Cynthia.

"Mebbe," answered Monroe.

The crisis—for Cynthia had been looking for a crisis—came, after all, unexpectedly. She had been for the mail, and as she drove the amenable horse over the homeward road she strained her eyes to read the last page of an unusually absorbing letter, for it was again sundown, and the Granger twins again sat in their doorways. There was a decided chill in the air, this late afternoon. The old men, though they were sturdy still, had put on their coats, and from behind them the comfortable glow of two stove doors promised a later hour of warmth and comfort. Their aspect was more melancholy than usual, whether it were that the bleakness of winter seemed pressing close upon the bleakness of lonely age, or that there was an added weariness in the droop of the thin shoulders and the fixed eyes—it was certain that the picture had gained a shadow of depression.

For once, Cynthia was not thinking of them as she drew near. The reins were loose in her hand, and as she bent to catch the waning light, an open newspaper, which she had laid carelessly on the seat beside her, was lifted by a transient gust of wind and tossed almost over her horse's head. No horse, of whatever serenity, can be thus treated without resentment. He jerked the reins from her heedless hands, made a sharp turn to avoid the white, wavering, inconsequent thing at his feet, a wheel caught in a neighboring boulder, and Cynthia was spilled out just in front of the Granger house and midway between the twins. In a common impulse of fright the two old men started to their feet. For an instant they paused to judge of the situation, but it was no time for fine distinctions. The accident had, to all appearances, happened as near one as the other, and meanwhile a young and pretty woman lay unsuccored upon the ground. It became a point of honor to yield nothing to an ignored companion. As speedily as their years allowed, Stephen and Reuben marched to the rescue. The horse, meanwhile, had dragged the overturned wagon but a few yards, and had stopped of his own reasonable accord. As Cynthia raised herself rather confusedly and quite convinced that she was killed, her first impression was that the angels were older than she had fancied, and looked very much like the Granger twins. But in a few seconds her balance of mind was restored, she realized that while there was life there was hope, and that for the first time in her experience the eyes of Reuben and Stephen were fixed solicitously upon a common object, that each of them had stretched out to her a helping hand, and that two voices with precisely the same anxious intonation were saying:

"Be ye hurt?"

It was a solemn moment, but Cynthia Gardner was of the stuff that recognizes opportunity. She laid a hand upon each rugged arm, and steadied herself between them; she perceived that they trembled under her touch, and she felt that the instant in which they stood side by side was dramatic.

"I declare, 'twas too bad," said Reuben.

"'Twas too bad," said Stephen.

"Is the horse all right?" asked Cynthia, feebly.

"Yes, Johnny Allen got him," said Stephen.

"Johnny Allen came along," said Reuben, as if Stephen had not spoken, "and he's got him."

"I can walk," she said, with not unconscious pathos, "if you will walk with me, but I must go in and rest a moment," and the three moved slowly straight forward.

A few steps brought them to the point at which they must turn aside to reach either entrance. Before them rose the old boarded-up, dismal doorway, weather-beaten, stained, repellent as bitterness. There was another fateful pause. Cynthia felt the quiver that ran through the frames of the old men as for the first time in long years they stood side by side before the doorway about which as children they had played, and through which as boys they had rushed together. In Cynthia's drooping head plans were rapidly forming themselves, but she had time to be thankful that she did not know which was Reuben and which was Stephen—it saved her the anxiety of decision; instinctively she turned to the right, a small brown hand clutching impartially either rough and shabby sleeve.

The man on her right swerved in an impulse of desertion, but her grasp did not relax.

"Is the judgment of Solomon to be pronounced!" she said to herself, half hysterically, for her nerves were a little shaken.

"Oh, I hope I sha'n't faint!" she exclaimed aloud.

Beneath Reuben's rustic exterior beat the American heart that cannot desert an elegant female in distress. He followed the inclination of the other two to Stephen's door, and in another never-to-be-forgotten moment he stepped inside his brother's house.

Stephen's deceased wife's niece was so overcome by the spectacle that she retained barely enough presence of mind to drag forward a wooden chair upon which Cynthia sank in a condition evidently bordering upon syncope. It was a critical moment; she must not give the intruder an opportunity to escape. She knew the intruder by that impulse of desertion, and she clung the tighter to his arm when she murmured pitifully, "If you could get me some water, Mr. Granger."

Stephen hastened towards the kitchen pump—the sight of Reuben in his side of the house, after thirty years, set old chords vibrating with a suddenness that threatened to snap some disused string, and his perceptions were not as clear as usual. He seized the dipper, filled it, and looked about him.

"Where's the tumbler, Jenny?" he called impatiently.

"It's right there," answered the girl, with the explicitness of agitation.

"Whar?" he demanded with asperity.

"Settin' on the side—right back of the molasses jug."

"Molasses jug!" he exclaimed. "Nice place for the molasses jug!"

"We was goin' to have baked beans for supper," said the trembling Jenny, feeling that it was best to be tentative about even a trifling matter within the area of this convulsion, "and you always want it handy."

It was a simple statement, but it laid a finger upon the past and upon the future. Cynthia, through her half-closed eyes, saw one old man with disturbed features, standing with his hand upon her chair, while another old man shuffled toward her with a glass of water, which spilled a little in his shaking hand as he came across the humble kitchen. Most inadequate dramatic elements, yet they held the tragedy of nearly a lifetime, and the comedy, though more evident, was cast by it in the shade, and she neither laughed nor cried.

Within a few moments more she was on her homeward way, a trifling break in the harness tied up with twine, and Johnny Allen in the seat beside her as guard of honor.

The next evening the people, driving home from the Center, were saved from some active demonstration only by the repression of the New England temperament. Some of them even, after driving past, invented an errand to drive back again, so as to make sure. For the Granger twins sat side by side in front of the disused doorway, and their straw hats were turned sociably towards one another, now and then, as they exchanged a syllable or two, and there was a mild luminousness of pleasure in the recesses of their pale-blue eyes. The evening darkened fast into night. The plaintive half-chirp, half-whistle of a tree-toad fell in monotonous repetition upon the ear.

"Hear them little fellers!" said Stephen, ruminantly. "I reckon they think it's goin' to rain."

"Yare," said Reuben. "And," he went on, pushing back his straw hat and looking up into the sky, "I wouldn't wonder if they was right."

"Mostly are," said Stephen.

James Lane Allen[1]

By Hamilton W. Mabie

NO American novelist has so embedded his stories in Nature as has James Lane Allen; and among English novels one recalls only Mr. Hardy's three classics of pastoral England, and among French novelists George Sand and Pierre Loti. Nature furnishes the background of many charming American stories, and finds delicate or effective remembrance in the hands of writers like Miss Jewett and Miss Murfree; but in Mr. Allen's romances Nature is not behind the action; she is involved in it. Her presence is everywhere; her influence streams through the story; the deep and prodigal beauty which she wears in rural Kentucky shines on every page; the tremendous forces which sweep through her disclose their potency in human passion and impulse. There was a fine note in Mr. Allen's earliest work; a prelusive note with the quality of the flute. It is evident that Mr. Allen has thought much about music, and that this study has brought into his consciousness the inner connection between two of the great arts of expression. It is also clear that he knows and loves the flute. It was a deep instinct which prompted him to entitle a volume of short stories "Flute and Violin;" so kindred, in many ways, are the tones of those instruments with the quality which he evokes from language.

His earlier style had a suggestion of the flute in it; his later style has the richer melody and larger compass of the violin. In the earlier romances Nature was everywhere present in delicately suggested landscape, in the daily record of flower and leaf and bird. In such stories as "The White Cowl" and "Sister Dolorosa" one looks through the window of human life upon a landscape of exquisite beauty, and through that window liquid bird-notes are always floating. In "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath"—two out-of-door classics—it is not easy to decide whether the emphasis of the story is under the roof or under the sky, so deeply interfused is the life of the heart with the life of the world. "A Kentucky Cardinal" is the most finely conceived calendar of the year which the imagination has yet fashioned in this country: a calendar with sounds, sights, and fragrance for the senses, and with spiritual suggestion and hint of deeper correspondences for the soul.

In "Summer in Arcady" a deeper note in the treatment of Nature was struck, and Mr. Allen's style took on, not only greater freedom, but a richer beauty. The story is a kind of incarnation of the tremendous vitality of Nature, the unconscious, unmoral sweep of the force which makes for life. So completely enveloped is the reader in the atmosphere of the opulent world about him, so deeply does he realize the primeval forces rushing tumultuous through that world, that at times the human figures seem as subordinate as those which appear in Corot's landscapes. And yet these human struggles are intensely real, this human drama is intensely genuine. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of presenting the sex problem so frankly, Mr. Allen's sharpest critic must confess that in no other American book is atmosphere so pervasive, so potential, so charged with passion and beauty. It is quite as much a story of Nature as of life; and among recent works of fiction Loti's "Iceland Fisherman" is perhaps the only instance of a kindred suffusion of the human drama with the effluence of earth and sky.

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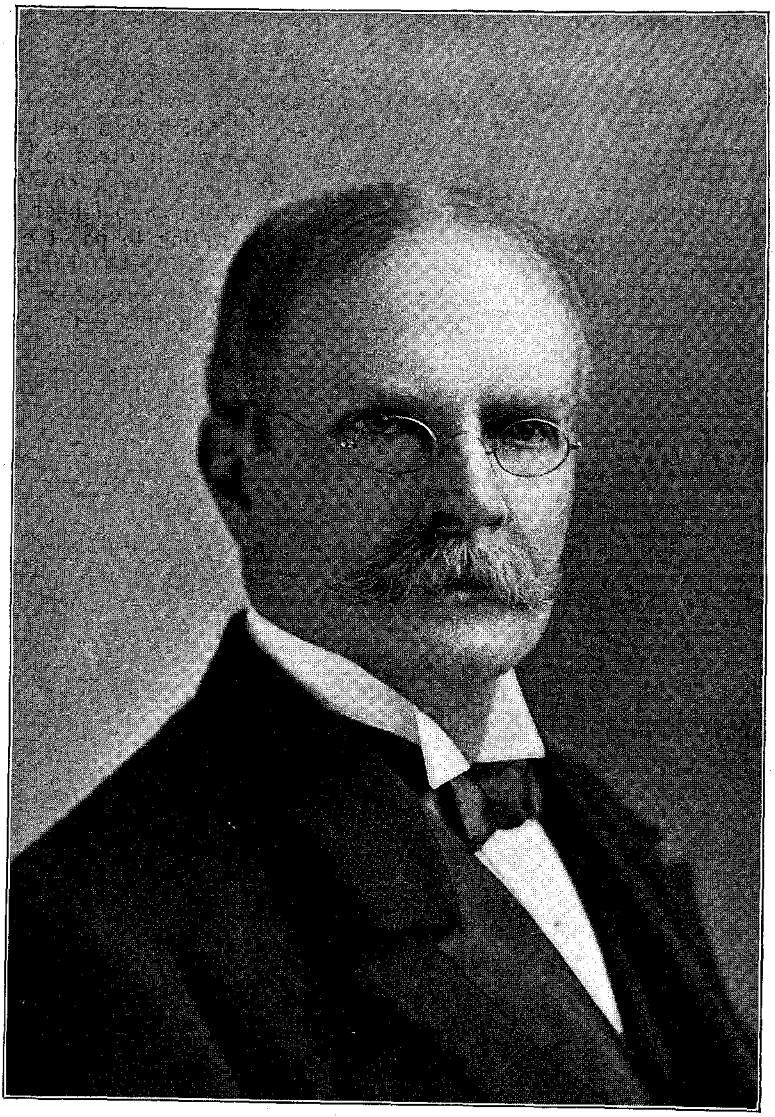
[1] *The Choir Invisible.* By James Allen. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

In "The Choir Invisible" a still deeper note is struck; the moral insight, always clear, is more penetrating; the feeling for life is at once more restrained and more passionate; the constructive skill is more marked; the style surer and more entirely molded to its theme. This story is so steeped in beauty, both of the world and of the spirit, that it is not easy to write of it dispassionately. It has a richness of texture which American fiction, as a rule, has lacked; there are depths in it which American fiction has not, as a rule, brought to the consciousness of readers; depths of life below the region of observation. There is in it the unconsciousness and abandon which are the very substance of art, and which are so constantly missed in the fiction of extreme sophistication.

It is Mr. Allen's good fortune, as a novelist, to be a Southerner; to have the quick imagination, the courage of emotion, the warmth of temperament, the deep feeling for life as contrasted with keen observation of it, which are giving the Southern writer great place in our literature. Mr. Allen is so plainly a Kentuckian that it seems an impertinence not to take the fact for granted. He was born in the very heart of the blue-grass country; of that fine stock which came from England through Virginia into Kentucky; a stock which, in its best strain, has had no superior on this continent. The Kentucky forebears of Mr. Allen were gentlemen and they were farmers: a combination of temper and occupation which breeds the finest type of man. On both sides of the house they were enlisted heart and soul in the Revolutionary struggle; on both sides they crossed the Alleghanies when that mountain wall marked the limits of civilization and safety, and took brave share in the perils and hardships of the new order fast spreading toward the Mississippi. The family history in later times has the pathetic monotony of fate which overtook so many such families in the tempest of thirty-five years ago. Prosperity, ease, high spirits, gentle manners; then the storm of war, a broken circle, ruined fortunes: a familiar story, but never robbed of its tragedy by its familiarity.

During the war Mr. Allen was at school in the good old-fashioned way; but he was also learning in the still older-fashioned way in woods and fields. No one can read his books without becoming aware that his education afield was of the heart as well as of the senses. One can imagine the rapture of those days in the unfolding of an imagination of rare sensitiveness. For Mr. Allen must early have passed through the stage of pupilship into that of comradeship; he was not long poring over primers of the fields; he was in his teacher's heart. He knew also the rapture of reading which comes to such a boy in that first revelation of thought which precedes the revelation of experience; then came studious years at the Transylvania University; followed by other years of teaching in country schools in Missouri and Kentucky. Advancement came in the form of a position in the faculty of his Alma Mater, and, later, a professorship in Bethany College, West Virginia.

But Mr. Allen's genius steadily pointed in a different direction, and ten years ago he finally committed himself to its guidance, and, declining invitations to professorial positions, gave himself entirely to literary work. The years of his apprenticeship were hard, as such years always are and ought to be; for no man has a right to expect excellence in any art unless he is willing to pay the price of education which every art imposes on all who become its masters. Those years, by no means without great delights and rewards, are passed, and Mr. Allen stands



James Lane Allen

to-day in the front rank of American novelists.

"The Choir Invisible" will solidify a reputation already well established, and bring into clear light his rare gifts as an artist. For this latest story is as genuine a work of art as has come from an American hand. It shows not only the moral insight and the constructive power of a true artist, but it is immersed in an atmosphere of beauty. One reads the story for the story's sake, and then one re-reads the book out of pure delight in its beauty. So obvious is this quality that the reader is in danger of forgetting that its flush on the page is the sensitive tremor of the spirit at the heart of the book. Other stories have given us the heroism, integrity, honesty of the best American character; this book gives us its chivalry—the finer effluence of these basal qualities. It is by no arbitrary introduction that Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" finds large place in a critical passage of the story; there is a deep affinity between the knights who struggled and kept the faith of purity and honor, and these men and women from whose conditions the glamour of chivalry has gone, but in whose souls it burns like an inextinguishable fire.

The story is American to the very core; it bears the impress of a new civilization in its earliest struggles with Nature and savagery; it stirs with the stir of the frontier community; it is a record of hard conditions and narrow opportunity; but, quite as distinctly as Dr. Weir Mitchell's charming Revolutionary tale of "Hugh Wynne," now appearing in the pages of the "Century Magazine," it deals with American gentlefolk; with men and women of democratic principles and sympathies, but with the refinement, the delicate sense of honor, the inherent compulsion not only to do what is right, but to do it delicately, chivalrously, which are characteristic of the aristocratic temper. Mr. Allen has drawn the portrait of a great lady who works with her hands and yet is surrounded by an invincible refinement, an indestructible elegance of habit and manner; a woman who is not only sweet and true, but who has the note of distinction. We need such stories because we need to be reminded that a complete national life must bear the finest no less than the most abundant fruit.

Out of such characters, involved in a drama of passion, one may anticipate a lucidity of moral discernment which shall result not only in self-conquest, but in a disclosure of the finer issues of the struggle. And Mr. Allen, without a pedantic moral note, has gone to the heart of the moral problem, and made clear to the dullest reader that the sacred laws of life are, in the last analysis, inviolable; that no man can grasp that which does not belong to him; that if he rashly dares to put forth his hand, the thing he seeks changes even as he seizes it, and is no longer that for which he was willing to pay the penalty of a broken law. The beautiful, the true, and the satisfying can never be ours save on the noblest terms; and the man who strives for his ideal unlawfully, destroys it.

Such a story, strewn with charming sentiment, full of the illumination of the imagination, with interludes of pure music of speech, belongs to that enduring idealism which is not antagonistic to the realism of average experience, but supplements and clarifies it; an idealism wrought out of hard conditions, evolved from strenuous struggle, achieved by stern self-conquest; the final harmony of sweetness and strength.

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Brooks and Books

When all thy soul with city dust is dry,
Seek some green spot where a brook tinkles by;
But, if thy lot deny thee nook and brook,
Turn to green thoughts in a fresh, leafy book.

—*From "A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts," by Frederick Langbridge.*

Moonbeam Dogma

If some old doctrine of thy youth
Thou may'st no more repeat,
Gaze not as though God's very truth
Lay shattered at thy feet.

What though the broken moonbeam spill
Its silver o'er the tide,
See through the clouds how sure and still
The fair round moon doth ride!

—*From "A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts," by Frederick Langbridge.*

Books and Authors

Domestic Service[1]

Dr. Lucy Maynard Salmon, Professor of History at Vassar College in 1889 and 1890, sent out three schedules—one to employers of domestic labor, one to the employees, and one to the women's exchanges—asking for information on kindred subjects. The answers to these schedules, filled out, were used as a basis for deductions as to the actual condition of domestic service in this country. Since that time Professor Salmon has given the closest attention to the economic, ethical, and historic conditions of domestic service in all ages, and the result of her studies appears in this volume. Those who see in the condition of domestic service a present-day problem from which housekeepers of the past were free will be surprised, and perhaps somewhat discouraged, by the revelations of historic research made by Professor Salmon. It is a problem almost as old as the history of the human race. It is, as Professor Salmon points out, a question bristling with economic problems, to which the student of economics has given practically no attention. In 1880 2.32 per cent. of the entire population in this country were domestic servants; 4.07 per cent. of the population of the fifty largest cities were servants; these cities have over thirty-two per cent. of all the domestic servants in the country. The census of 1880 showed that 1,500,000 domestic servants received in wages almost $300,000,000, and that employers increased their household expenses by about an equal amount in providing food, fuel, light, and shelter for these employees.

Professor Salmon acknowledges the general inefficiency of this vast and expensive army of employees; she believes that housekeepers are responsible for the chaos in this department of labor. The inefficiency she attributes to the lack of training and the poor mental equipment of the girls who choose this field of employment. Schedules returned by the employers are worth careful study. The attitude of the servants is antagonistic toward their work; they are domestic servants because they cannot get other employment. Professor Salmon objects to the term "servant;" she believes that its use is often the reason why girls of intelligence refuse to go into household service. The wages compare most favorably with those paid in other departments of female labor. The absence of domestic life, the loneliness of the one servant in a family, Professor Salmon believes is the cause of restlessness that expresses itself in a constant desire for change. The solutions offered are scientific: the evolution of character, the increasing of educational opportunity, the use of labor-saving devices to reduce the labor in the home; the eliminating from the home of all labor that can be performed out of it; the introduction of profit-sharing into the home; the bringing to the service of the homes the best knowledge the world has developed. Professor Salmon closes by saying: "Reforms begin at the top, revolutions at the bottom. It rests with men and women of the so-called upper classes, whether raised to their position by birth, wealth, intellect, education, or opportunity, to work out in the best way a satisfactory solution of the vexed question of domestic service." Professor Salmon has made a most valuable and scholarly contribution to the subject of domestic service. Whether one agrees with her conclusions or not, her investigations are most helpful and suggestive. She has dignified a subject that concerns American home life most closely, and that hitherto has not been treated with such seriousness and authority, nor with a full conception of the need of the application of the best-trained minds in every household to help toward its solution, not for one household, but for every household in America employing servants and every person selling service.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending May 21. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

In 1888–89 the late Dr. Fenton John Anthony Hort, an erudite and careful scholar, delivered a course of lectures on the early history and the early conceptions of the Christian Church. These lectures have now been gathered into a volume which the Macmillan Company have published under the title of *The Christian Ecclesia.* The book contains a well-planned survey of the evidence which we have in the literature of the Apostolic age for the solution of interesting problems. Dr. Hort's work is in one sense fragmentary, since much of the evidence of the early Christian centuries finds no place therein; the evidence of the New Testament, however, is practically exhausted. The second division of the subject, namely, the early conceptions of the Ecclesia, had more attraction for the lamented scholar and has more for us. We find in the four sermons which are included as a kind of appendix, much illuminative material; the last of these sermons was Dr. Hort's last public utterance. The book is one which will be of great value to all students of theology and of church history.——We reserve for later notice Bishop Hurst's *History of the Christian Church,* the first volume of which has just been published. The history will be complete in two volumes. The second may be expected to appear in 1898. (Eaton & Mains, New York.)——The Rev. Daniel Berger has published, through the United Brethren Publishing House, Dayton, Ohio, a *History of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ.* More than a third of a century has elapsed since the last history of this denomination was published. The present portly volume contains a good deal of detail, it is true, but perhaps none too much from a denominational standpoint.——We are glad to welcome the first volume of a series of Handbooks to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. The authors, "H. M. and M. A. R. T.," have prepared for their first volume an amount of condensed information which will be appreciated by every tourist. *The Christian Monuments of Rome* are monuments of great import not only to Christians, but to all students of art, archæology, and history. We trust that the succeeding volumes in the series may be as interesting and valuable as is the first issued. The publishers, Messrs. A. & C. Black, London (the work is imported by the Macmillan Company, New York), deserve credit for the practical and easily portable shape which they have given to the book.

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[1] *Domestic Service.* By Lucy Maynard Salmon. The Macmillan Company, New York.

LITERATURE

To the Temple Classics (The Macmillan Company, New York) have been added Part III. of Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte Darthur*; Volume II. of Florio's translations of the Montaigne *Essayes*, and the first two volumes of Carlyle's *French Revolution*. The value of this library—for such it promises to be—becomes more apparent as it goes on.——The same publishers have issued *Ezekiel* in Professor Richard G. Moulton's Modern Reader's Bible, with the usual introduction and notes.——Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, which very properly finds its place among the Temple Dramatists, was probably written about 1588–9, and was immediately very successful. The story was retold at once in ballad form. The play was probably put on the stage about the time of its production. It was acted in Germany at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and formed there a part of a great mass of fragmentary literature which was finally crowned by Goethe's great drama. In 1829, commenting on Marlowe's "Faustus," Goethe said to Crabb Robinson, "How greatly it is all planned!" The play gives expression in the most masterful form to the lust for knowledge, as "Tamburlaine" gave expression to the lust for power. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)——From the Macmillan Company also comes Balzac's *Lily of the Valley* in the series of translations now in course of preparation under the general direction of Professor Saintsbury.

Georges Pellissier's *Literary Movement in France during the Nineteenth Century* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) was described by M. Brunetière as "no less the picture than the history of contemporary French literature." In addition it is also the philosophy, or rather describes the evolution of the literary movement of our century. It is a work, therefore, of very large compass, and will demand more extended treatment. The English version, which is authorized, has been made by Anne Garrison Brinton, who also furnishes a general introduction.

Dr. F. V. N. Painter, the Professor of Modern Languages in Roanoke College, has published, through Messrs. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston, an *Introduction to American Literature*, a companion volume to his well-known "Introduction to English Literature." We cordially agree with Dr. Painter that literature cannot be learned from ordinary manuals; while they furnish many bare facts about literature, they do not present literature itself. Dr. Painter's interesting volume is not so much a manual as an introduction to literature itself. It treats only of the leading periods and principal writers. The illustrative selections are well chosen and the notes are ample.

NOVELS AND TALES

A sequel to a novel written by another hand is likely to be interesting. Many of us became intimately familiar with the characters in "An Old Maid's Paradise," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps—Corona, Puelibir, and the Raspberry-Man, not to mention Matthew Launcelot, between whom and the Lobster-Man will always be divided the honors of being the fourteenth guest at Corona's wedding. Mrs. Phelps Ward's readers have always looked for a sequel to "An Old Maid's Paradise." It is found in *The Burglar Who Moved Paradise*, by Herbert D. Ward. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Great and stormy was the moving of Paradise, but peaceful and happy was its final resting-place, leaving two happy people gazing out at the setting sun. This is a love-story after marriage, and proves again that love is the greatest thing in the world.

A Slight Romance, by Edith L. Dalton, has reached the honor of a second edition. It is a pleasant and natural study of New England social conditions. (The Old Corner Book-Store, Boston.)

The telling of the every-day life of a slave on a plantation in Tennessee by one of the family she had served lends a charm to *Aunt Dice: The Story of a Faithful Slave*, by Nina Hill Robinson. (Publishing House of the M. E. Church South, Nashville, Tenn.) The characters are drawn with a firmness that gives them photographic quality; a charming picture of life on a Southern plantation and the relations between master and slaves in some Southern homes is given in "Aunt Dice."

The short stories by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," published in "Chambers's Journal" and other publications, have been issued in book form (Thomas Whittaker, New York) under the title of *The Half-Caste: An Old Governess's Tale*. There are six stories in all.

The hundredth anniversary of the publication of *The Parent's Assistant* is celebrated by the appearance of a new edition, illustrated by Chris Hammond, with an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) These stories of Miss Edgeworth's will have the same fascination for the readers of to-day that they had for the readers of the time in which they appeared. Simple, clear, direct, homely, they reach the heart and furnish an antidote for the unwholesome, ill-mannered children who crowd the pages of much of the fiction written for children to-day. One wishes that some of these stories could be selected and printed in a smaller volume. The child of to-day does not take kindly to a thick book; the size of the volume will prevent its passing into the hands of the children who dip into books. These stories will be used by the wise parent to administer the moral sugar-coated pill. Mrs. Ritchie tells us that so real did the characters in "The Little Merchant" become to her that she looked around for them when she visited Naples. This is the art of writing for children—to make the people of the books live.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Voyage of the Mayflower is told by Miss Blanche McManus simply and in brief compass in one of a series of Colonial Monographs published by E. R. Herrick & Co., of New York. The text is adorned with many pictures by the author. We do not care for the decorative effect of the cuts, which are in style half-way between the William Morris art idea and that of the old New England Primer.

Judge Oliver P. Temple, of Tennessee, has been impressed in historical reading with the fact that the influence of the Covenanter in the making of American history has been slighted in comparison with the attention bestowed on the Puritan and the Cavalier. He has accordingly written a book which he calls *The Covenanter, the Cavalier, and the Puritan*, appropriately dedicating it to the Scotch-Irish Society of America. His evidence is skillfully marshaled, and the book is worth reading, not merely as the defense of a historical theory, but because of its substance and its readable qualities. (Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati.)

To read brief telegraphic accounts of the Jameson Raid in South Africa in the newspapers gives one but a very faint idea of what that raid meant to the people whose names became prominent through these reports. Probably not one in a thousand readers, when their eyes rested on the name of John Hayes Hammond, thought of the wife and children whose destiny was linked with his, and to whom the danger of arrest and imprisonment meant a husband's and a father's life imperiled. *A Woman's Part in a Revolution*, by Mrs. John Hayes Hammond (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), describes that revolution, and life in Pretoria at the time of the raid, and the actual part played by the Chartered Company's troops and the Reformers in that political rather than military incident. Very graphically is the life for those few weeks set forth by this woman whose husband was one of the leaders in the movement. The book is quite as interesting as most novels. Here and there are touches of hysteria, perhaps; but for the main part it is a clear reportorial account of what will doubtless be the beginning of a change in the political situation in South Africa.

The writer of *Asia*, in Carpenter's Geographical Reader Series (American Book Company, New York), states in his preface that the title chosen for this book might well be "A Trip Through Asia with the Children." This is perhaps a fair description of the book, but one doubts the wisdom of putting a geographical fact before the mind of a child in such language as this, for instance: "The most of these volcanic islands of Japan are small, some being no larger than a good-sized farm." To the child of Massachusetts and Connecticut this will convey one idea of size; to the child of Dakota and the western farming States an entirely different view. Surely a teacher should be a little more exact in choosing his language of comparison.

MISCELLANEOUS

In *The Ethics of Gambling* Mr. W. D. MacKenzie discusses rather elaborately such topics as "The Need for a Theory of Gambling," "The Economic Nature of the Act," "The Moral Character of the Act," and so on. The attack on gambling is intellectual rather than pietistic, and the arguments rest on common sense and moral sense. (Henry Altemus, Philadelphia.)

The semi-annual bound volume of *The Century Magazine* (November, 1896, to April, 1897) contains about 1,000 pages and more than 300 pictures. It contains the first installments of three particularly notable serial features: General Porter's "Campaigning with Grant," Mrs. Catherwood's "The Days of Jeanne d'Arc," and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne." If the last named is not the long-sought great American novel, it at least comes closer to it than any novel of the decade. From the many important single features we will not attempt to select for special mention. "The Century" stands continuously and evenly not only for high literary production and finished art, but for public spirit, education, and progress. (The Century Company, New York.)

Mr. Edmund J. Myer is the author of a treatise on *Position and Action in Singing*. (Edgar S. Werner, New York.) The volume is a study of the true conditions of tone. These are attained, according to Mr. Myer, by some overturnings of the traditions of voice-culture. The work is in the direction of a system based upon free and automatic movements.

Mr. Charles S. Newhall, the author of those valuable volumes "The Trees of Northeastern America" and "The Shrubs of Northeastern America," has now given to the world the logical sequence of those books in *The Vines of Northeastern America*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) No student of Mr. Newhall's pages can remain unconvinced that, in equal and sometimes larger measure than the trees and shrubs, the vines have a personality of their own. "The vines are all characters, even cranks, some of them; and the better we know them, the more of individuality they seem to have; and with it all, the better we like them." The book is one of signal interest and worth.

Literary Notes

—It is reported that Messrs. Harper & Brothers have secured the American rights of the forthcoming Life of the late Lord Tennyson, and that the Life will appear next autumn.

—Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop is the first woman to ever read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain. Her paper was a description of a journey in 1896 through the rich Chinese province of Szechuan.

—The New York "Book Buyer" says that the average sale of each of the late Professor Drummond's nine books was 121,000 copies. "The Greatest Thing in the World," of course, headed the list, and its quota was 330,000 copies.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., who are to be the American publishers of the Polychrome Bible, announce that the publication will be begun next October by the issue of three books—namely, Judges, edited by Professor Moore, of Andover; Psalms, edited by Professor Wellhausen, of Marburg; and Isaiah, by Canon Cheyne, of Oxford. Professor Paul Haupt, of the Johns Hopkins University, is the general editor of this monumental work. The English publishers will be Messrs. James Clark & Co., of London.

—"Scribner's Magazine" announces a series of articles on the life and condition of the laboring classes in this country, which, if they succeed in accomplishing their promise, will arrest the attention and arouse the interest of every student of the labor problem. The articles have been written by Mr. W. A. Wyckoff, a young University graduate and student of social problems, who, on being told by a "practical" man that his theories were all rubbish, determined to test them. He therefore spent two years traveling through the United States as an unskilled laborer, with no money save what he could earn, and enduring the hardships and privations of his fellow-laborers. He now proposes to give in Scribner's "Magazine" the results of his remarkable experiment. His story ought to throw a new light on an obscure question.

Books Received

For week ending May 21

HENRY ALTEMUS, PHILADELPHIA

MacKenzie, W. Douglas. The Ethics of Gambling.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Carpenter, Frank G. Asia. 60 cts.

BARBEE & SMITH, NASHVILLE

Robinson, Nina Hill. Aunt Dice: The Story of a Faithful Slave. $1.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine. Vol. LIII. (New Series, Vol. XXXI.) Nov., 1896, to April, 1897.

THE ROBERT CLARKE CO., CINCINNATI

Temple, Oliver Perry. The Covenanter, the Cavalier, and the Puritan. $1.50.

COPELAND & DAY, BOSTON

Buckham, James. The Heart of Life. 75 cts.

DAMRELL & UPHAM, BOSTON

Dalton, Edith L. A Slight Romance. 50 cts.

EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK

Library of Biblical and Theological Literature. Edited by George R. Crooks, D.D., and John F. Hurst, D.D. $5.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Baumbach, Rudolf. Die Nonna. Edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. 30 cts.

Hatfield, James Taft. Materials for German Composition. 12 cts.

E. R. HERRICK & CO., NEW YORK

McManus, Blanche. The Voyage of the Mayflower. $1.25.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Ward, Herbert D. The Burglar Who Moved Paradise. $1.25.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO

Handy, William M. Banking Systems of the World. $1.

LEACH, SHEWELL & SANBORN, NEW YORK

Painter, F. V. N., D.D. Introduction to American Literature. $1.25.

Wells, Webster. Essentials of Algebra for Secondary Schools. $1.10.

Eutropi Historia Romana. Edited by V. S. Clark. 30 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Hammond, Mrs. John Hays. A Woman's Part in a Revolution. $1.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Marlowe, Christopher. Doctor Faustus. Edited by Israel Gollancz. (Temple Dramatists.) 45 cts.

Montaigne, Michael, Lord of. Essayes. Translated by John Florio. Vol. II. (Temple Classics.) 50 cts.

Malory, Sir Thomas. Le Morte Darthur. Part III. (Temple Classics.) 50 cts.

Ezekiel (Modern Reader's Bible). Edited by R. G. Moulton. 50 cts.

Douglas, Helen. The Silver Cross. $1.

Hort, Fenton J. A., D.D. The Christian Ecclesia. $1.75.

Balzac, Honoré de. The Lily of the Valley. (Le Lys dans la Vallée.) Translated by James Waring. $1.50

Edgeworth, Maria. The Parent's Assistant. $1.50.

H. M. and M. A. R. T. Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Part I. Christian Monuments of Rome. $2.50.

Carlyle, Thomas. The French Revolution. (Temple Classics.) Vols. I. and II. 50 cts. each.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO

Romanes, George J. Thoughts on Religion. Edited by Charles Gore. 50 cts.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Pellissier, Georges. The Literary Movement in France during the Nineteenth Century. Translated by Anne G. Brinton. $3.50.

Newhall, Charles S. The Vines of Northeastern America. $2.50.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

McClure, Rev. A. D. "Another Comforter." 50 cts.

Torrey, R. A. How to Obtain Fullness of Power. 50 cts.

Meyer, F. B. A Castaway, and Other Addresses. 30 cts.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS, NEW YORK

Politics in 1896. (An Annual.) Edited by Frederick Whelen. $1.

W. J. SHUEY, DAYTON, O.

Berger, Rev. Daniel, D.D. History of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ.

EDGAR S. WERNER, NEW YORK

Myer, Edmund J. Position and Action in Singing. $1.25.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

The Half-Caste. By the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman." $1.

The Religious World

The Presbyterian General Assembly

From a Special Correspondent

The Presbyterian General Assembly which met on May 20 at the grounds of the Winona Assembly and Summer School, Eagle Lake, near Warsaw, Ind., and which adjourned late last week, will be remembered as a Home Missionary Assembly. This characteristic is due to several considerations. Not only did the interest in this specific branch of the denominational work command earnest attention, but the affairs of the Board of Home Missions in New York occupied a large amount of time. The selection of the Moderator, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, was dictated in the main by the same motive, and in electing him the Assembly endeavored to show its appreciation of the noble work which he had done as an agent of the Board and in the employ of the United States Government in furthering the work directly, and in promoting its interests indirectly, as opportunity has been given to him.

The matter of the Presbyterian Building in New York caused more heated debates and a greater amount of extra-Assembly talk than any other subject that came before the body. The project was originally undertaken jointly by the Home and Foreign Boards of Missions because it promised to prove a profitable investment of certain funds which had been left to them by the late Mrs. Stuart, of New York. The lack of complete success that has attended the Boards in their venture was due to the stringency of the times, but it was acknowledged that their showing was good considering all the facts in the case. But, apart from these considerations, the policy of real-estate investments by Boards which are distinctively benevolent and missionary was made subject of attack. For long hours the conflict was waged, the Board of Home Missions being the principal point of attack because it was commonly rumored that originally the Foreign Board had not favored the erection of so costly a building. At times during the debate it seemed as though it were purely visionary to hope for, much less to expect, action that should be practically unanimous. Behind and beneath all the discussion there was a distrust of the Board which found expression in private conversation, but which had no exponent on the floor of the Assembly. To this feeling was attributed the falling off in the receipts of the Board of Home Missions during the past year or years. The problem of the leaders of the Assembly was to allay this feeling and to restore confidence. To this end was the appointment of a committee of eleven in 1896 to investigate the whole subject. The committee was composed of eminent men, representative of various sections and interests. The main question was whether the new building should be sold or retained, and the outcome in favor of the latter course may be regarded in the light of a personal victory for the majority of the committee, which stood ten to one. Many Commissioners said in private talk that they purposed to vote with the majority, while nevertheless convinced that the minority of one had the best of the argument. But the main credit for the final result was due rather to the personal appeal of the chairman of the committee, Dr. John L. Withrow, of Chicago, the Moderator of the Assembly of 1896, than to any other cause.

The Home Board came in for a large degree of attention in another respect also. A committee had been appointed to confer with the Board as to its methods of administration, and as to the possibilities of retrenchment in expense. Heretofore there have been two Secretaries in charge of the details of the work, and one of the recommendations was aimed at this feature. No word was spoken that pointed to personal considerations in the decision of this question, and yet there were those who suggested that such was actually the fact. But the deeper cause lay in the conflict which has existed for a long time between the varying plans of prosecuting the home work in different parts of the country. Each State has its Synod (at least such is the case in general), and certain of the Synods have plans of their own according to which they attend to their own needs before assisting in the general work of the Board throughout the whole country. In general, they neither give to nor take from the common fund. It was felt by many that there was a deadly antagonism between this synodical sustentation plan and the general policy of the Board. The former had the advantage of the chairmanship of the committee of conference, and, after recommending a change in the number of Secretaries, it sought to be continued for another year in order to adjust and harmonize the plans above mentioned. This project was brought to naught by the good sense of the Assembly's leaders, and provision was made for a more representative and general committee. In appointing this body of fifteen, the Moderator followed the democratic course of asking the Synods having such plans to suggest three names from which choice might be made.

The Board was also made subject to attack on account of imputed extravagance in administration, and it was alleged that churches had been frequently planted where the needs of communities were already provided for by other denominations. There can be no doubt that in previous years this has been done, but the system of presbyterial co-operation and the observance of interdenominational comity have reduced the evil to a minimum.

Probably the most uniform feature of the sessions in the consideration of the work of the Boards of the Church has been in the piteous request for more funds and the complaints that the contributions of the past year have fallen off. In one case the Secretary of a Board told the Assembly plainly that his predecessor in office had become broken in health as a result of the strain that had been imposed upon him in being compelled to read numerous piteous appeals for help while being faced by a falling or depleted treasury, and he added that he himself would resign and go back to the pastorate if there were no improvement in the near future. Another Secretary drew a comparison, by no means favorable to the denomination, between the Methodists and Presbyterians, adding that the system of the Roman Church might well serve as a profitable example to the successors of Calvin. In the latter Church, he said, there is no advertising of debts, no frantic appeals for money to extricate its Boards from difficulties, no presentation of "impending crises." The Assembly did its best to put a stop to such extra efforts as those which have been put forth during the past year, by directing the Home Board not to incur indebtedness, but it was done in ignorance of the exigencies of the situation, and without any real understanding of the necessities laid upon the Boards by the slowness with which the contributions of the churches come in.

In somewhat amusing contrast with the appeals of the Boards for more money was the report made upon the publication of a monthly paper under the auspices of the Committee on Systematic Beneficence. It is known as the "Assembly Herald," and is issued ten times each year, at the ridiculously low subscription of ten cents. Each copy contains from sixteen to twenty-four pages, and the circulation is one hundred and twenty thousand. One Presbytery had asked for its discontinuance, and the only reason that could be imagined for the request was that the financial condition of the paper (which is entirely out of debt, has no unpaid bills, and has a credit balance in its bank) was not in accord with the practice of the Church Boards.

The Assembly took a step which some regarded as a movement toward Congregationalism when it ordered an overture sent to the Presbyteries providing, among other things, for a final control of the temporalities of the particular church by the "congregation." As this word is already used in two senses in the constitution, the fear was expressed that its use here without qualification would entail greater confusion than ever.

Some years ago active proposals were made looking to organic union with the so-called Southern Presbyterian Church, but they were rejected by that denomination in such a way as to make it undignified for the Northern Assembly to reopen the question. Nevertheless there were four overtures presented asking that steps be taken looking to that end. The reply adopted upon motion of the Assembly was to reiterate a readiness to take active measures as soon as the Lord in his providence shall open the way. The inference is that proposals of this sort must be inaugurated by the sister Church.

A step in advance was marked by the adoption of the report on Systematic Beneficence. Systematic and proportionate giving has been urged time out of mind, but active steps were never taken to secure it till this year, when it was decided to inaugurate the pledge system. Each church is to be canvassed in order to ascertain what each member will pledge himself to give to each of the Boards. These pledges are to be sent to a central bureau where footings are to be made, and the Boards are to be authorized to make their appropriations upon this as a more solid basis of calculation. It differs from the assessment plan, and yet is a step in that direction. The hope is that by this means the fluctuations to which the present haphazard method is liable may be obviated, and the debts of Boards be made a thing of the past. It means more machinery of collection, but it promises increased receipts.

This Assembly saw the passing, not the consummation, of the project of seminary control. For several years the matter has been a cause of discord and dissension. Three small institutions adopted the methods required, but the replies from all the larger ones, with the possible exception of Princeton, were to the effect that any charter changes which should give the Assembly a footing in the civic courts were either impossible, or inexpedient, or unnecessary. The final action of the Assembly was to accept these answers as "sincere." The proposal of the committee to regard them as "satisfactory" was opposed by those who remained of the party that inaugurated the movement, and the interchange of words was made. The hope that was expressed at the close of the resolutions that these seminaries might hereafter find it possible to accept the Assembly's previous proposals was a harmless addendum thrown in as a sop to the irreconcilables. But the fact remains that Assembly control of the seminaries by and with the aid of the civil power is absolutely dead.

Reverence for the methods of legislation by the Assembly receives many a shock. A case in point is found in the latest appearance of the "boycott" of Union Seminary. The Judicial Committee reported on an appeal and a complaint against certain action of the Synod of New York, and recommended certain action to be taken. The case was read by its caption only, and no intimation was given that this burning question was being voted upon. The vote was taken without debate, and the Church is left to interpret it as it sees fit. Two years ago the Presbytery of New York was "instructed and enjoined" not to "receive under its care with a view to licensure any students who are pursuing or intending to pursue their theological studies in seminaries for whose instructions the General Assembly disavows responsibility." This language was reaffirmed in 1896, but the question arose whether the licensure of such students was thereby enjoined also. The appeal and complaint had reference to this question. The action this year says that the words "instruct" and "enjoin" in the answer of 1896 "are to be regarded as universal in their application," and it is also said that "'the right of the Presbytery to determine the qualifications of candidates for licensure' is a declaration applicable to all Presbyteries alike." It is added that "this Assembly emphasizes the fact that all the Presbyteries of the Church are under one constitution, and that what is lawful in one is lawful in all. And the Presbyteries, in the exercise and discharge of their rights and obligations, are subject to the constitutional powers of the higher judicatories." The intention of the Committee was to settle the question and to say that New York Presbytery was at liberty to *license* Union's students, but at the same time it evidently extended the injunction against their reception "under care" to all the Presbyteries by quoting with approval the words, "Obedience to the Constitution of the Church is obligatory on all the Presbyteries." In brief, the action of the Assembly was to extend the "boycott" to all the Presbyteries, while placing it within the power of any Presbytery to license a man who had studied at Union Seminary provided he be able to pass satisfactory examination. The Committee intended to liberalize the practice of the Church, but there is much doubt whether it succeeded. The practical outcome, if it really succeeded, is to make it impossible for a student at Union Seminary to receive aid from the Presbyterian Board of Education, and to cut off such student from the benefit of any Presbytery's "care," but no obstacle stands in his way to licensure if he be able to endure doctrinal tests and to pass scholastic examination.

Two motives are known for the selection of the grounds of the Winona Assembly and Summer School Association for the place of meeting of the Assembly next year. The appeal openly made by its advocates was that to refuse to return would be to "disapprove" of the Association, and one of the directors, when advocating the selection of Winona in a public speech, asked the Assembly to "indorse" the Association, and thus "lift us out of our troubles." This plea gained some force from the statement that twenty-five per cent. of the income of the Association goes to the benefit of home missions. The second motive was found in the fact that the Assembly has been isolated instead of being lost in a large city or town. The members have come into closer relations, matters have been talked over and discussed as never before, and in general intelligent action has been possible. The leaders of previous years have been absent, and there has been less dictation than has sometimes been the case. But these motives counted for nothing with those who desired to meet in Philadelphia next year. They contended that the Quaker City was the logical place to meet, and they were not slow to state that they believed that in selecting Winona again the Assembly had been prostituted to advertising purposes. ⁂

Annual Meeting of Unitarians

The American Unitarian Association has just held its seventy-second anniversary in Boston. In the absence of the President, John D. Long, the Vice-President, Horace G. Wadlin, took the chair. In his address he said: "Your financial resources have suffered but little, while business in general has been passing through the 'valley of the shadow of death.' This is worthy of note, and the Treasurer's report should be carefully studied. Unitarianism was never so much alive as it is to-day. Sometimes it almost seems as though the whole religious world were tearing itself to pieces over the question of the literal truth of the story of Jonah and the whale. We need concern ourselves but little with that. Men everywhere are seeking for harmony and unity of action, the very principle for which Unitarianism has stood for fifty years. We are still looking toward that higher life, never more hopefully and never more alive." The Treasurer's report showed a balance of $1,920 on hand. The report of the Secretary of the Board of Directors was full of encouragement. He says their first difficulty has been the necessity of not spending money which they did not have. Fourteen new church organizations have been added, and several new houses of worship been built and dedicated during the last year. They have book-rooms and headquarters at San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Within ten miles from the State House in Boston they have now fifty-nine churches. Cordial relations are maintained with the Unitarian churches in Hungary. There is also a Mission in Japan, under the care of the Rev. Clay MacCauley. Mr. MacCauley was present, and read a report on the work there. He said that the Unitarian body was better known in Japan than any other foreign religious body, and the name Unitarian had become incorporated into the Japanese language as meaning reason in religion. An appropriation was made for the extension of the work in Japan The crowded evening meeting at Tremont Temple was presided over by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Robert Collyer. Dr. Collyer took his text from the words of Paul, "The church of the living God." He spoke of the tendency to worldliness in church life, and said that while we had a worldly church it would never be more than a phantom. The church should hold its banners high above the mire of this world, and cling fast to the primal truths. An important new action was the result of a report by Dr. Horton favoring the bringing together of the Young People's Societies of the Unitarian and Universalist denominations. This met with warm approval, and it was voted that a delegate be sent to the National Convention of the Universalist body in Detroit.

A Friends' Yearly Meeting

The orthodox branch of the Religious Society of Friends in New York has just held its 202d Yearly Meeting in this city. In describing the gathering of the people at the Gramercy Park Meeting-House the "Tribune" said: "The characteristic attire of the Quaker of the olden time, the broad-brimmed hat, straight-collared coat, the dove-colored dresses and sugar-scoop bonnets, have become things of the past, but the serene smile and tranquil peace on the face, and the grace of kindliness, are retained among the birthrights of the friendly folk." Devotional followed by business meetings were held every day for a week, except on Sunday, when there were three special services. Reports were given from other Yearly Meetings, many ministers from which were present. The present number of ministers in the New York Yearly Meeting is sixty-nine, and of elders two hundred and thirty-three. Some of the leading thoughts in the addresses were: "That the central truth of Christianity is the power of the atonement, the cross and resurrection of our Saviour Jesus Christ; that all enduring Christian character must be built upon this foundation; that our Lord Jesus Christ has met the needs of humanity on every possible side; that the rescue of immortal souls involved for Him infinite sacrifice, infinite submission; that the Holy Spirit takes of the things of Christ and reveals them to His servants and gives to them the blessed privilege of being co-workers with Him in the work of winning souls." There was an interesting consideration one day of the different aspects in which truth presents itself to different minds, caused by a slight suggestion of unsoundness of doctrine in one of the reports. A social gathering of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was closed with a spirited address by the Rev. Dr. H. T. McEwen, of the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church. The evening sessions of the meetings were devoted to the consideration of the various missionary and philanthropic objects claiming their attention. Addresses were delivered by the veteran Sunday-school worker, Ralph Wells; Theophilus Waldemeier, of Palestine; the Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., of Boston, Joshua L. Bailey, of Philadelphia, and by Mrs. Ballington Booth.

Bishop Andrews's Anniversary

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Bishop Edward G. Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was celebrated in New York on May 24. Eight bishops were ordained at the same time, four of whom have since died. The remaining three celebrated the event in their respective cities—the Rev. Dr. Randolph S. Foster in Boston, and the Rev. Drs. Stephen M. Merrill and Thomas Bowman in Chicago. The service in honor of Bishop Andrews was held in Grace M. E. Church, West One Hundred and Fourth Street. The Methodist Social Union, of which J. A. Punderford is President, extended cordial greetings and congratulations. A silver service was presented to the Bishop by the Rev. Dr. W. V. Kelly, of Brooklyn, on behalf of the Preachers' Meeting; and a sum of money from a number of friends was presented by Mr. Bowles Colgate. A supper was served in the Sunday-school room later at which about four hundred guests participated.

A Notable Pastor and Pastorate

One of the most distinguished, brilliant, and useful pastorates in the history of the American Church is that of the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D.D., of the Second Presbyterian Church of Richmond, Va. For fifty-two years Dr. Hoge has ministered to the church, of which he was the first, and of which he has been the only, pastor. The Louisville "Courier-Journal" of May 23 contained a beautiful and appreciative article on Dr. Hoge, whom the writer calls indisputably the first citizen of Richmond and the most eminent Presbyterian of the South. The tribute is well deserved and accurate. No preacher in the South, and few, if any, in the North, surpass him in pulpit power. He is nearly eighty years of age, and his eye is not dimmed and his natural strength is unabated. During the war he was in perfect sympathy with the Confederacy, and he was the loyal and lifelong friend of General Lee. When the war was ended, he recognized the fact and cordially accepted the result. He is an orator of the old school, but still sways his audiences by the magic of an almost matchless eloquence. As a theologian he is a firm Calvinist, but his Christianity is broader than his theology. When the golden jubilee of his pastorate was celebrated, Roman Catholics and Jews, Baptists and Methodists, vied with one another in testifying their appreciation of his unique ministry. No other pastorate of any minister now living in the United States can be compared with that of Dr. Hoge, except that of Dr. Storrs in Brooklyn; and the Richmond divine has been in that city about one year longer than Dr. Storrs in the City of Churches. When Dr. Hoge passes away, the most eloquent voice in all the South will be hushed. That event, happily, however, seems far in the distance.

The English Congregational Union

Among the May meetings of the religious world in England, that of the Congregational Union of England and Wales has lately been held in London. From the reports in the English papers it seems to have been of great interest. The present Chairman is the Rev. Charles A. Berry, D.D., of Wolverhampton. The Rev. Alfred Rowland, of the Crouch End Church, London, was elected to succeed him. An interesting feature of the meetings was the appearance and address of the Rev. L. D. Bevan, D.D., of Melbourne, Victoria, who responded to the welcome given to the representatives from the Colonies. He spoke of the loyalty of the Victorians to the Mother Country, their loyalty to the great principles of English righteousness, and their loyalty to the old faith. In the course of his remarks he said: "In Australia there are no heresy-hunts. I don't think it would be possible to get up one. In the first place, we have no heretics; and if we had, we have not got the other fellows to hunt them out. I question whether any of us is orthodox enough to be a heresy-hunter." Happy colonies! May America some day attain to their state of universal heterodoxy—or universal tolerance!

The interest of the meetings centered, as usual, in the address from the Chair. Dr. Berry chose for his subject "Congregational Churchmanship: Its Privileges and Obligations." He emphasized those distinctive traditions and principles which are associated with his branch of the Catholic Church, and held that "the Church that is truest to itself has most and best to communicate to others." He repudiated the "one fold heresy," and said that "without finality and uniformity in organization, every Church of Christ should possess the elements of the common faith; should bear witness to the mission of the common Lord; and should loyally work for the common kingdom." To speak of "Congregational Churchmanship" is to assume and assist other possible types of churchmanship. The fundamental belief common to all the Free Churches was the acceptance of the Lord's assurance that "where two or three are gathered together in His name, He is in the midst." Where Christ is, there is a Christian church. The affirmation on which Congregationalism is founded is that personal salvation is essential to churchmanship, not churchmanship to personal salvation. Commenting on Dr. Berry's address, the "Christian World" says "that it is Christian men, become such by conviction and conscious union with their Head, who make the Church, and not the Church which makes men Christian; that the individual, religiously considered, is not complete in himself, but becomes such only by union with the spiritual community; and that the communities so formed are directly related to an unseen Lord, by whose laws they are governed, and in whose constant inspiration they live and grow; these were truths belonging to the very quick and center of Free Church life, which it was good to hear so eloquently expounded and so powerfully driven home." In closing, Dr. Berry made a strong plea for the church prayer-meeting. He urged that business matters be kept subsidiary to the exercises of devotion. They had been neglecting what he called their "power room." There should be more fellowship in prayer, quiet communion with God, and mutual converse and encouragement in spiritual things. In speaking of this portion of his address the "Christian World" says:

> By all means let the church-meeting be made a more interesting and a more profitable function than usually it is. There is room for improvement! Let there be more spontaneous utterance in it if that be called for, though even here it must be remembered that the readiest speakers are not always the best Christians, and that "liberty of prophesying" means too often the unmuzzling of the bores and cranks who infest religious societies. But . . . as the community grows more and more into the mind of Christ, the tendency will be less and less toward the word spoken than to the deed done. . . The Church is already a past-master in the art of expressing its every phase of religious emotion; it is yet a mere tyro in the business of obeying Christ's law and getting it obeyed in the world.

The "Diamond" Jubilee meeting was full of enthusiasm and interest. The venerable Rev. Dr. Guinness Rogers presided. Addresses were given by Dr. Berry on "Some Notable Religious Movements of the Reign;" Dr. Mackennal, on "The Development of the Social Idea in the Reign of Victoria;" Dr. Parker, on "The Great Congregational Pastors of Her Majesty's Reign;" and by Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., on "The Relation of the Free Churches to the Hanoverian Dynasty." Of the Queen he said: "There has been in her manner towards Nonconformists a royal breadth of sentiment and feeling well befitting her dynasty." After the singing of the national anthem the meeting closed by the audience rising, at the Chairman's invitation, to give unanimous assent to a resolution of loyal congratulation being forwarded to her Majesty.

The Color Line

Evidences are multiplying that our colored citizens are meeting the question of the color line in the very best way that it can possibly be met, namely, by studying the conditions in which their people are living, and by seeking to improve themselves socially and physically, as well as morally and spiritually. The Conferences at Tuskegee and Atlanta have been steps in this direction. Another conference of the same kind has lately been held at Straight University in New Orleans. The rate of mortality among the colored people has become so great as to excite general attention, and the fact that there is not sufficient school accommodation and that a large number of children of school age are not enjoying school privileges has also attracted attention. These facts led to the Conference, which considered at successive sessions three questions: first, the causes of the death-rate among the colored people; second, the industrial condition and the progress of the people; and, third, education with special reference to the condition of the public school. These questions were treated in a practical way by specialists. For instance, we notice in the programme such questions as these: "Parties Responsible for the Sanitary Condition: the City, the Landlord, and the Tenant;" "Facilities for Buying Homes through Loan and Homestead Associations;" "Causes of Non-attendance of a Large Proportion of Children of School Age, and Suggestions as to Its Remedy." Our colored citizens are taking hold of practical problems far more swiftly than could have been expected, and they have been fortunate in having among them some leaders of splendid gifts, among whom may be mentioned the late President Price, of Livingstone College, and, pre-eminently, Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee. They are fast winning for themselves the recognition which never could have been won in any other way.

Another Summer School in England

We have received many inquiries concerning the possibility of a summer school this season in connection with Mansfield College, Oxford. No such school has been announced, but one under the care of the Friends is to be held at Scarborough, the famous English watering-place near the cathedral city of York. It will be held from August 4 to 18. The director of the school will be Professor J. Rendel Harris, D.Litt., University Lecturer on Paleography in the University of Cambridge. Professor Harris will deliver lectures on the Life of Christ and on the Sub-Apostolic Age, and will also give general lectures on the New Testament. Old Testament lectures will be given by Mr. G. Buchanan Gray, of Mansfield College, Oxford; another course on the Monumental History of the Old Testament by Professor Rogers, of Drew Theological Seminary in this country; and still other and more popular lectures by Professors R. G. Moulton, George Adam Smith, Dr. R. F. Horton, Mrs. Lewis (the discoverer of the Lewis Syriac Codex), and by others equally well known in England and the United States. Scarborough is one of the most attractive of all the English watering-places. It is not far from Whitby, and is near the center of a country rich in historic interest. A summer school in England has one advantage over any which might be held in this country: it may be attended in the consciousness that the temperature will not make study a burden to the flesh. We are not able to give further information concerning this school, but presume letters addressed to Professor J. Rendel Harris, Cambridge, England, would receive attention.

A Singular Library

Different people place very different estimates on the same thing. The Library Committee of the Woman's Christian Association of Philadelphia has decided that Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's "A Singular Life" shall not be admitted to the library of that institution. We are informed on good authority that the decision is made on the ground of its alleged heretical tendency. An inquirer for the book was recently informed that there was no copy in the library and that "there would be none." Almost simultaneously with this announcement comes the news that the book has been selected by the Library Committee of the Sunday-school of one of the larger suburban evangelical churches and placed on the library shelves with a recommendation as good and wholesome reading. Many who have read this book have felt that the title might well be changed to "A Consecrated Life;" and, so far as we know, no book has been written within the last few years better calculated to inspire the young to consecrated living. The Philadelphia library referred to is not large, but has on its shelves Scott's novels, some of Hardy's, and all of "Pansy's" books, and yet the Committee feel that they have no place for this book which touches the life and problems of to day more deeply than any of the others. If the young hero was an alleged theological heretic, his spirit was the kind that makes the true hero, and his life came much nearer than the average to the life of Him who died that we might live.

Notes

Dr. Cheyne, of Oxford, the well-known student of the Old Testament, will deliver a course of lectures at the Union Theological Seminary in the autumn on "Israel After the Exodus." He is also to lecture in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and perhaps at other points.

According to the report of Secretary Hazen, the total number of Congregational churches that will appear in the forthcoming Year-Book is 5,428. One hundred and seventy-six were added during the year. The church members number 615,220, the net gain being 12,663. The additions on confession during the year were 32,137. The number of Sunday-school members is 687,575. The benevolent contributions were $2,129,456.

A conference for the comparison of views on moral, social, and economic questions was held last summer at the home of the Rev. B. Fay Mills at Fort Edward, N. Y. Another conference will be held this year, June 23-30, for the consideration of the same subjects. Among those interested in the conference we notice, in addition to Mr. Mills, President Gates, of Iowa, Professor Commons, of Syracuse, Professor Parsons, of Boston, Professor Bemis and Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago, and the Hon. Ernest H. Crosby, of New York.

It is said that the Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster, rector of Grace Church, Brooklyn, is likely to be chosen as Bishop Coadjutor of Connecticut. Mr. Brewster is a direct descendant of Elder Brewster, of the Plymouth Colony. He is a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Yale. He has been rector of Grace Church since 1888, and is now President of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Long Island. Bishop Williams is known to favor Mr. Brewster, and the latter, his friends think, would not be unwilling to allow his name to be used for the position.

The Season's Conventions

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS

In 1897, as in former years, the meetings of national and international scope held for purely religious objects will be among the largest gatherings of midsummer. Thus, at San Francisco the Christian Endeavorers will assemble by thousands in the second week of July, while in the following week the Epworth League will hold its third International Conference at Toronto. So far as climatic conditions are concerned, both cities are regarded as desirable convention points in July. Another largely attended convention will be that of the Baptist Young People's Union, at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 15–18.

But even more attractive to many young people will be the quiet of shaded Northfield, in Massachusetts, which has been made famous as the home of Mr. D. L. Moody and the seat of his well-known schools. There will be no great mass-meetings here; the gatherings will rather take the form of a series of conferences and schools for Bible study. The Y. M. C. A., and especially the college students' branch of that organization, will have an important part in these conferences, and the Young Women's Student movement will also be represented. Similar programmes of summer study have been projected for the annual Lake Geneva (Wis.) Conferences.

The first International Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, representing an important movement among the laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., October 13.

No missionary meeting of the next six months will equal in importance that of the American Board at New Haven, October 12–15; the two chief speakers on this occasion will be Dr. Storrs and Dr. Meredith, of Brooklyn. In the following week, at Minneapolis, will occur the annual meeting of the American Missionary Association.

During the year two or three very important meetings in behalf of temperance will be held by religious organizations. The Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Union will meet at Scranton, Pa., August 27. Our readers do not need to be reminded of the excellent results accomplished by this society in the past, largely under the efficient direction of the Rev. Father Doyle, of New York City.

October 23 there will assemble at Toronto the World's Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in which most of the forty countries where the W. C. T. U. is organized will be represented by delegates. This great world's meeting will be followed by a convention of the National W. C. T. U. at Buffalo, at which Lady Henry Somerset and other delegates to the Toronto meeting from beyond the seas will be present.

EDUCATIONAL CONVENTIONS

The great gathering of teachers for the year will be the annual meeting of the National Educational Association at Milwaukee, July 6–9. It would not be surprising if the attendance at this meeting should exceed 20,000, as the railroads have offered special inducements. All departments of public school and higher educational work will be represented in the various programmes of the general, section, and committee meetings announced by Secretary Irwin Shepard, of the Minnesota Normal School at Winona.

Of quite a different character, in one sense, will be the smaller meeting of the American Institute of Instruction at Montreal, immediately after the close of the N. E. A. sessions at Milwaukee. The attendance at this meeting is generally confined to New England and the Eastern States, but eminent speakers are always present, and the broadest themes are discussed. It is expected that the Hon. Henry Barnard, of Connecticut, will address the Montreal meeting.

At the New York University Convocation in Albany, June 23–25, the allied interests of secondary and higher education will receive special attention.

The American Manual Training Association will hold a meeting in New Haven on the first of July, and at the same time and place there will be an extensive exhibit of the work of manual-training schools.

The Music Teachers' National Association will meet in New York City, June 24–28. This body is interested in promoting the introduction of systematic instruction in music in public schools and colleges.

In this forecast of educational gatherings it would not be proper to omit mention of the college commencement season which is just upon us, although it is probably true that the typical college commencement is less an occasion of serious conference on educational problems than it has been in the past.

Among the important commencement dates of 1897 are the following:

June 9, Vassar College, Columbia University, the University of Pennsylvania, and the Catholic University of America; June 10, New York University; June 11, Johns Hopkins University; June 12, United States Military Academy; June 15, Rutgers College; June 16, Brown, Colgate, Princeton, Vanderbilt, and Washington and Lee Universities; and the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute; June 17, Cornell and Northwestern Universities, the University of Virginia, and the Stevens Institute of Technology; June 22, Smith College and Western Reserve University; June 23, Hobart, Lafayette, Mt. Holyoke, Oberlin, and Williams Colleges, and

Washington and Jefferson University; June 24, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Hamilton, Kenyon, Trinity, and William and Mary Colleges; June 29, Union College; June 30, Amherst and Middlebury Colleges, and Harvard, Wesleyan, and Yale Universities; July 1, Bates College and the University of Michigan; August 5, the University of the South.

SCIENTIFIC CONGRESSES

It happens this year that several scientific conventions of more than ordinary interest will be held on American soil. The British Association for the Advancement of Science is to meet in Toronto, August 18. (The Detroit meeting of the American Association will have been concluded a few days before that date.) Eminent British scientists, led by Lord Lister, Lord Kelvin, and Sir John Evans, the President of the Association for the present year, will take an active part in the proceedings at Toronto, and hundreds of Americans will embrace the opportunity to see and hear these men.

The British Medical Association, another learned body of great dignity and influence, has also decided to hold its meeting in Canada this year, rather than in the British Isles; Montreal has been selected as the place, and August 31 as the time. This will permit many of the English delegates to the Toronto meeting to be present at both gatherings.

The American Medical Association has just celebrated, in Philadelphia, its golden jubilee.

The American Bar Association will assemble at Cleveland, August 25–27; the President for the current year is the Hon. James M. Woolworth, of Nebraska.

The Conference of Charities and Correction at Toronto, July 7–14, will be international in representation. Nearly all the States of the Union, Mexico, and the Dominion of Canada will send delegations. The subjects of charity organization, social settlements, juvenile reformation, and child-saving work will receive special attention in the general sessions of the Conference, and sections will be organized for the more detailed discussion of these matters.

Kindred topics will have place on the programme of the American Social Science Association's Saratoga meeting, August 31–September 4; and at the Conference of the National Prison Association at Austin, Texas, October 16–20, the problems pertaining directly to the science of penology will be discussed.

A special interest attaches to the general meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, July 26, because of the fact that the sessions will be held at Greenacre, Me., the home of the late Moses G. Farmer, and will mark the semi-centennial anniversary of his career as an electrical inventor. Other conferences at Greenacre will discuss Evolution, Psychology, Sociology, Education, Music, Comparative Religion.

The joint meeting in London next month of the Library Association of the United Kingdom and the American Library Association will attract a number of American librarians. This meeting will be preceded, however, by a Conference of the American Library Association at Philadelphia, June 21–25, which will doubtless be attended by many whose limited vacations will not admit of the transatlantic journey.

A few American geologists have arranged to attend the sessions of the International Geological Congress at St. Petersburg in August.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

The summer instruction now given in the United States is most varied in character. A dozen or more of the leading universities offer courses for about six weeks of the summer which differ in no essential respect from those offered during the rest of the year; the same professors conduct the work, and the same facilities are afforded the student. In thirty or forty other universities and colleges the work is less pretentious, in some of them being quite elementary. There are perhaps one hundred summer schools not connected with other educational institutions, and as to these no generalization whatever would be safe. Of the special schools the most important are those organized and equipped for teachers. The Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute and the National Summer School at Glens Falls, N. Y., are examples of this class. These have been long established. In very recent years a few institutions here and there have begun to offer superior advantages for advanced work in pedagogy. Colonel Parker's Chicago Normal School, the Teachers' College in New York City, the New York University, the University of Buffalo, and Clark University have made special efforts in this direction. All of these give summer courses for teachers, providing instruction of the very highest order.

Of the summer schools devoted to natural science the one most widely known and most firmly established is the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl, Mass., which is just opening for the tenth annual session. This is said to be the largest summer school of biology in the world (there were about two hundred persons in attendance last year), and next to the Naples Station it takes first rank in the number and importance of the contributions to knowledge which have gone out from it. It is, too, an excellent example of successful intercollegiate co-operation. The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences maintains a similar laboratory, on a smaller scale, at Cold Spring Harbor, and on the Pacific coast the University of California and Leland Stanford University offer like facilities in summer to biological students.

During the month of July the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, at Philadelphia, will provide lecture courses in psychology, mathematics, Latin, and mediæval history.

Passing to the less formal and more popular schemes of summer instruction, we note that Chautauqua this year takes up German and Roman history and institutions, together with current social and industrial problems, while in the department known as "The New Education in the Church" a course of lectures is to be given by President W. L. Hervey on the principles of Sunday-school teaching.

Space is lacking for mention of the scores of lesser "Chautauquas" throughout the country which will reproduce more or less perfectly a great many of the important features of the parent institution.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature has for years conducted Summer Bible Schools. These are not religious conventions, but are actual schools for the teaching of the Bible, both in the original tongues and in the English. The work is in most cases associated with some Chautauqua or other Assembly. A moderate estimate places the number of students who received instruction in these schools in the summer of 1896 at five thousand. It is probable that a still larger number will be enrolled during the coming season. It will be remembered that all the work of the American Institute is under the direction of the Council of Seventy, a body of Biblical instructors from the leading universities and seminaries of the country.

OTHER IMPORTANT GATHERINGS

The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Buffalo, August 23–27, will be an interesting occasion. The maximum of attendance at these reunions was attained several years ago, but there are still many thousands of survivors of the war, notwithstanding the thinning of the veterans' ranks by death. A large number of these survivors will gather at Buffalo, where elaborate preparations are now under way for their entertainment.

The United Confederate Veterans will hold their annual reunion at Nashville, June 22–24, and in connection with this gathering the surviving members of Terry's Texas Rangers and of several other Southern organizations will hold meetings. September 21–23 the veterans of the Mexican War will gather there.

The Tennessee Centennial Exposition will attract to Nashville during the next few months a great many conventions of one kind and another. It will be a favorite meeting-place of fraternal orders. There will also be several labor meetings. The National Association of Labor Commissioners will meet there June 20, and the National Conference of State Boards of Health August 18. In October the American Society of Religious Education and the Liberal Congress of Religions are announced to meet at Nashville, and also the National Congress of Women.

Two gatherings of significance in relation to the industrial and commercial development of the West will be the Trans-Mississippi Congress at Salt Lake City, July 14, and the Farmers' National Congress at St. Paul, August 31–September 6.

Of less serious purpose than most of the conventions announced in this article, but not without its importance as a social institution, is the National Meet of the League of American Wheelmen. This unique assemblage will have Philadelphia as its headquarters from August 4 to 7.

The fourth International Press Congress will meet at the end of this month in Stockholm, in connection with the Scandinavian Exhibition, which will attract other gatherings during the summer, while the twenty-fifth jubilee celebration of King Oscar's reign, in September, will be a national event of hardly less significance to Sweden and Norway than is Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee to her British subjects. Brussels, too, with its exposition, is now a center of artistic and industrial interest. The Bayreuth Festivals will be attended by large numbers of American music-lovers

Correspondence

Excursions in Miniature

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I notice that the Recreation Department of The Outlook hospitably offers its free services in helping those who want to escape the winter's cold or the summer's heat of these regions; and the thought has struck me of throwing out some hints to those who are compelled to stay at home at all seasons, and who do not quite appreciate the many excellent advantages for short, cheap recreation trips in our immediate vicinity. Now, I am between sixty and seventy years of age, and have traveled considerably both in this country and in Europe, but I confess that for real enjoyment I prefer the brief trips which I can manage without interference to my business, early on Sunday mornings or afternoons, or occasionally on weekday afternoons; and I want those who are debarred, from lack of means, or for business or for other reasons, from making tours to the North or South of our country or to Europe, to take courage, and to get in the habit of enjoying the pleasures which are so freely offered at our very doors, at scarcely any cost at all.

In a general way, I would say that foot tours in the very early mornings are those which I appreciate the most. There is at all seasons, when it is not stormy, something indescribably attractive in nature very early in the day. Everything is so fresh and bright; the birds fly about unmolested by wagons or pedestrians, and offer up their sweet morning hymns, and you have plenty of room to move here and there, and to observe features of the city which escape your attention in the busier hours of the day. You can walk, too, in various different directions, and always time your return by consulting your watch, so that if you have an hour to spare for your walk, you go half the time out and half the time back. In lower Brooklyn I have Columbia Heights, Willow Street, Hicks Street, and Henry Street, and from these to South Brooklyn, or to Flatbush, or up Fulton Street, or Willoughby Street, or Myrtle Avenue, or Sands Street; or, if you want to go by trolley-car at an expense of ten cents, you can go to Fort Hamilton, or Bensonhurst, or Bergen Beach, or East New York, or Flushing; or by the Nassau Road to West Brighton or Manhattan or Coney Island, or to Canarsie. All most delightful trips, especially during the warm season, when the cars are open.

Then you have all New York before you, with its varied walks and cable-car lines. What can be compared, in still weather, even in winter, with a walk over the Brooklyn Bridge? To my mind it is the most enjoyable promenade that can be found anywhere, with its clean floor, its open view in all directions, and its comfortable benches for rest when needed.

I often take the boat to Staten Island, and the train by rapid transit north or south, or across the island to Perth Amboy, where there is a flourishing colony of Danes, principally engaged in the terra-cotta business, and having their own pretty Danish church. Or I take the Annex boat to Jersey City, and go on board the trolley-car to Newark or to Bayonne, or to picturesque Hoboken. Each and every trip is cheap and enjoyable. Visits to upper New York, especially to Bronx Park, can readily be made on a Saturday afternoon, and a more enjoyable jaunt cannot be easily found in this country or abroad.

If one has a whole day to spend, the Albany boats carry you to Poughkeepsie and back, or you can get off at beautiful West Point, with its Military Academy, with a stay of four hours, or at Newburg, full of Washingtonian reminiscences, with a stay of two hours. Or you can go, very frequently in summer for one day, to Mauch Chunk in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, where you can, on the famous switchback railway, ride up the mountain, and then twelve miles down the mountain without any locomotive, and see some of the finest natural scenery in the country. Or, if you have two days at your disposal, you have often the chance to go for eight dollars to that greatest of all world-wonders, the Falls of Niagara.

I have no doubt there are many more short, cheap, and enjoyable trips of that kind near New York, but I have only intended to show that one does not need to fear a want of variety. Good health, good spirits, a grateful heart, and a kind disposition towards one's fellow-men, are all that is required to give a flavor to even the most modest undertaking.

I trust these hints may be of interest to those who, like myself, must seek their out-of-door pleasures near home. And I hope that after this, at least in the summer months, I shall not have to plod my way alone (as I often have done) down to Fort Hamilton or Coney Island, meeting ever so many carriages and bicycles, but not one pedestrian. Walking is, after all, the most enjoyable mode of locomotion, health and strength permitting.

C. T. CHRISTENSEN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Not a Free Lodging-House

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The attention of Commander Booth-Tucker has been drawn to a paragraph in the "Evening Post" which gives a quotation from your columns in which occur the words:

"To open, as the Salvation Army has recently done, a free lodging-house, and advertise it far and wide; . . ."

I am desired by the Commander to inform you that the Salvation Army has not opened any free lodging-houses, and has no intention whatever of doing so. The facts are, however, that we have a lodging-house at 118 Avenue D, for which the charges are fifteen cents and ten cents; and we also have a Workingmen's Hotel at 21 Bowery, at which the charges are fifteen cents and ten cents. The opinions expressed by yourselves as to the unwisdom of pauperizing the poor are identical with our own. The Salvation Army Lodging-Houses are run on the same lines as outside lodging-houses, with the exception that strong religious influence is brought to bear upon the men.

T. C. MARSHALL,
Major.

Press Department, National Headquarters,
The Salvation Army, New York City.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Please refer me to available and reliable information about the religious organization "The Christian Alliance." Your own estimate of it would be very acceptable.

C. S. M.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance, as it is now called, grew from an evangelistic work in New York begun in 1881 among the unchurched multitudes by the Rev. A. B. Simpson, who withdrew for that purpose from the pastorate of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church. It now has about three hundred missionaries in eleven different countries outside of Christendom. Such a rapid and wide-branching growth is without a parallel in our times. It is not a sect or denomination, but a fraternal union in which members of any evangelical church are welcome to co-operate. The truths on which it lays emphasis are these: The indwelling Christ, the power of the Holy Spirit, entire sanctification, divine healing, and the personal and premillennial Advent of Christ. Active, as distinct from associate, members subscribe to this declaration: "I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures as originally given, in the vicarious atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the eternal salvation of all who believe in Him, and the everlasting punishment of all who reject Him. I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer, and Coming Lord." Healing by the direct power of God in answer to the prayer of faith is a prominent doctrine, and cases of it are noted in the missionary reports.

Missionary operations in foreign lands have now gone on for eight years under the name of the International Missionary Alliance, recently amalgamated with its sustaining body, the Christian Alliance, to form, as now, a single organization, the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Its missionaries subsist on about half the sum which the older societies regard as necessary (see our report of these on page 1096, April 24). The labor of the home administration of the work is also largely gratuitous. The sums collected for it last year amounted to $140,000. Local auxiliaries have sprung up to aid it in various parts of this and other countries. It does not interfere with existing agencies, but enters into unoccupied fields.

Several institutions have already sprung up to meet the needs of various departments of work, as the Missionary Institute (begun in 1883), the Institute for the Training of Home Workers, the Berachah Home, as a place for "waiting on the Lord for spiritual blessing or physical healing," and the Berachah Orphanage. All these are about to be centered at South Nyack on the Hudson, where the Home is already open. "The Christian Alliance Settlement" owns from sixty to seventy acres on Nyack Heights, where a large building for the Missionary Institute is now going up. With this centralization, however, the State Conventions and summer camp-meetings at Old Orchard and other points will go on as heretofore. The Gospel Tabernacle in New York, the original cradle of the work, with its membership of over seventeen hundred, will stay at or near its present location on Forty-fourth Street, near Eighth Avenue. The Christian Alliance Publishing Company has its depot for the sale of books and tracts at 692 Eighth Avenue. Its weekly journal, the "Christian and Missionary Alliance," is published at 252 West Forty-second Street.

In response to the request for our estimate of the Alliance, our readers hardly need to be told that we do not accept its "declaration" as given above respecting verbal inspiration, faith-healing, etc. Whether its attempt to do missionary work at half the cost which a century of experience has led the older societies to count upon will result in equally effective and permanent work, we have grave doubts. We are less disposed, however, to criticise the defective theology than to commend the strong enthusiasm of this ardent newcomer into the missionary field.

What an extraordinary expression Mr. E. R. Downing uses in The Outlook when he says it is the aim of his institution to "quiz" a boy thoroughly! Does he really mean that? or is the word a misprint? The word quiz originated with an Irish theatrical manager, who posted the walls with the letters q u i z, meaning something to puzzle and excite curiosity. From that grew the various uses of the word: as a verb, to look at with mockery; to peer at; to mock by pretended seriousness or pretended flattery; to peer at through a single eye-glass: as a noun, a quiz, one addicted to jeering, to mocking, to ridiculing another person. There is no other meaning in the English dictionary.

W. P.

You will find in the Century Dictionary the following definitions of the noun "quiz:"

> 4. An oral questioning of a student or class by a teacher, conducted with the object of communicating instruction and preparing for some examination: as, the surgery *quiz;* the practice *quiz.* (Colloq.)—5. A collection of notes made by a student from a professor's lectures, especially when printed for the use of other students. (Colloq.)

Corresponding definitions are given under the verb "quiz." This use of the word is extremely common in schools and colleges.

1. Has Dr. Abbott written a commentary on the Book of Luke? If so, at what price can it be obtained? 2. What books would you recommend to a person wishing to make a thorough study of the Gospel according to Luke?

B. M. L.

1. Yes; The Outlook has advertised to furnish it at $1.50, cloth binding, sheep $2.50, half morocco $3. 2. Meyer's Commentary (Funk & Wagnalls), Maurice's "Gospel of the Kingdom" (Macmillan), Stevens and Burton's "Harmony of the Gospels," A. Maclaren's "Gospel of Luke" (Armstrong). Some Life of Jesus, like Keim's, would be a valuable accompaniment.

Can you recommend a few good books on the theological topics of Conversion, Regeneration, Assurance, and also on Literary Composition?

VERAX.

On Conversion and Regeneration, "The New Birth," by Professor Austin Phelps, is a classic work. On Assurance we have none to recommend. For Literary Composition, see Scott and Denney's "Rhetoric-Composition" (Allyn & Bacon, Boston); "Errors in the Use of English," by W. B. Hodgson (Appleton, New York).

1. What is the explanation of Leviticus x., 1-8, according to the higher criticism? 2. Who is the "poet of unbelief" spoken of by Dr. Watson in Chapter V. ("Sin an Act of Self-will") in the "Mind of the Master"?

A. L. A.

1. By "explanation" you probably refer to the classification of this narrative as historical or legendary. Most representatives of the so-called

higher criticism regard it as legendary. 2. We believe that Dr. Watson refers to Swinburne.

Does Dr. Lyman Abbott intend to convey the idea in his writings that only the good live after death?

M. E. M.

No. But he does intend to convey the idea that no soul will eternally live apart from God in increasing sin and misery. What resources the future may afford for leading the soul to choose life rather than death we do not know.

About People

—Mrs. Mary Drew Peavey, probably the oldest person in Boston, has just celebrated the one hundred and second anniversary of her birth.

—Italian correspondents write that on the recent birthday of Signor Verdi (his eighty-third) he was seen at five o'clock in the morning at the weekly market at Piacenza, with several sheep which he had brought to sell. His purchases at the market included a cow and some vegetables; he spent the entire day there surrounded by farmers and tradesmen. In the evening the great composer invited the whole assembly to the neighboring inn and gave them a fine dinner.

—Mr. Justin Sackett, who recently died in Springfield, Mass., at the age of eighty-three years, was a noted landscape gardener, and laid out Forest Park in Springfield. According to the New York "Tribune," he had a most remarkably true eye, always making sufficient "offset" or allowance to avoid stiffness in his work. With it all he exercised his shrewd Yankee wit and inventiveness, as this story shows: One day he was driving with a friend, who asked him out of curiosity how he would plan a road to the top of a certain hill that they passed. "Well," said Mr. Sackett, with a twinkle in his eye, "I should turn in some cows a while, and watch how they got up."

—Mr. Thomas N. Rooker, who enjoys the unique distinction of having been connected with the New York "Tribune" ever since its first issue, lately retired from active participation in its management. As a boy Mr. Rooker attended school at Lyons, N. Y., but not for many years. His great fondness for horses led him to neglect school whenever he could get a horse to ride. His family having tried other punishments in vain, the boy was finally placed as a driver on the Erie Canal. He worked all summer, not receiving any pay. The village printing-office at Lyons had always exercised a fascination over him, and when the family removed to Albany the youth became a roller-boy in the office of the "Daily Advertiser." In his spare moments he learned to set type. When about nineteen years old, he was asked by his employers to accept the foremanship. After working in this position in Albany and Troy he came to New York City, and was a compositor in various offices. On April 9, 1841, he was one of those who began to lay and set the type for the first number of the New York "Tribune," which was dated April 10. Three years later Horace Greeley made him foreman. He owns one share of the original stock issued in 1849, and is now the only man connected with the paper who worked on its first issue.

—The New York "Times" learns from the Paris "Temps" that Mr. Rodman Wanamaker is henceforth a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, "to the great satisfaction of the Chambers of Commerce of Paris, of Lyons, of Roubaix, etc., which know how much is precious a such friendship of beyond sea."

Our Parisian contemporary seems to be quite fond of young Mr. Wanamaker. It says that "he resides eight months by year in a sumptuous apartment which makes face to that of another famous American, Avenue of the Elysian Fields, apartment which he prefers to all the habitations of the new world or of the old. Married to a charming French, he is the son of John Wanamaker, ex-Minister of Commerce of the United States, who has founded in Philadelphia, on the model of the great shops of the Louvre (he is besides the friend of M. Chauchard), an immense house of novelties which employs 6,000 persons—all simply. Associated to his father, to his brothers, and to his sister, Miss Elizabeth (an exquisite young girl), in the house of Philadelphia, Rodman Wanamaker has made of Paris the center of his purchases, and opened also to French commerce an outlet which figures by a ten of millions each year. The honor he has received is a recompense little banal which imposes itself for an act as little banal. The appreciation ends with the statement that "sportsman in his lost moments, but sportsman far from ordinary. Rodman Wanamaker is gone, last year, from Paris to London in mail-coach; yes, in mail-coach, without excepting the channel passage, since his ten horses and his mail have been unharnessed at Calais, embarked with all his companions of route, and reharnessed at Dover as at the starting of a simple relay." If this wasn't to deserve the red ribbon, what could be?

May Necrology

May 3.—Albert G. Porter. Born 1824. Ex-Governor of Indiana and ex-Minister to Italy.

May 4.—Rear-Admiral Richard W. Meade. Born 1837. One of the best-known officers of the Navy. See page 147.

May 4.—Princess Sophie of Bavaria. Born 1847. Sister of the Empress of Austria and of the ex-Queen of Naples. In 1868 married to Prince Ferdinand of Orleans, Duc d'Alençon. See page 152.

May 6.—Henri Eugène Philippe Louis d'Orléans, Duc d'Aumale. Born 1822. Son of King Louis Philippe. A distinguished soldier and philanthropist. See page 190.

May 15.—Richard Coke. Born 1829. United States Senator from Texas, 1876–1895.

May 19.—General Horatio King. Born 1811. Postmaster-General during part of the Buchanan Administration.

May 20.—Joseph H. Earle. Born 1847. United States Senator from South Carolina.

May 30.—Julius Hammond Ward. Born 1837. Literary editor of the Boston "Herald."

For the Little People

Dandelion

By Alix Thorn

The violets spring in meadow-grass,
Deep down their blue eyes gleam;
The cowslip haunts the marshy glade,
Or lingers by the stream.

The daisy nods in sun-kissed fields,
Beneath a June-time sky;
The buttercups the roadside love,
Where busy crowds pass by.

But dandelions, dear dandelions,
They wander everywhere,
And bright their sunny heads will shine,
Be weather dark or fair.

They surely are the children's friend,
They dot the country grass;
They peep from dingy city nooks
To smile at all who pass.

Yet dandelions, alas! grow old,
Their tresses turn to gray,
And careless lips and idle breeze
Will waft them all away.

The Geranium's Popgun

By Mary Mann Miller

You would not suppose, to look at the innocent wild pink geranium, that it could need such a thing as a popgun; but I shall show you that it makes good use of it. You may begin to guess what that use is when I tell you that the geranium is cousin to the wood-sorrel I told you about not long ago. Look at the pictures of the two, and see how much alike they are. The flowers, though different in size, have the same number of parts, and the two fruits are much the same shape. (The part that holds the seeds is the fruit, you know, even if it is not good to eat.) But though they look so much like each other, they work quite differently, as you shall see.

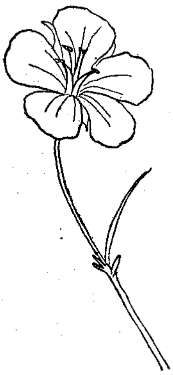


Fig. 1.

The first time I noticed the geranium's popgun was quite late one summer. I found the curious-looking thing you see at *a*, Fig. 2, on a plant which I knew was a geranium. Looking at it closely, I found that those odd things like little cocoanut dippers on curved handles were really empty brown shells. Then I knew there must have been a seed in each, which had probably been thrown out when the shell snapped up in that funny way; and I promised myself that I would keep close watch of the sly geranium, and catch it at its tricks.

But all the geraniums had long before stopped blooming for that summer, and I had to wait patiently till another. When I went to the country the next June, I noticed at once the pretty blossoms of the geranium. Each one had a little bunch of stamens and pistil in the center, and when the stamens and the pink petals dropped off, as they did very soon, the pistil began to grow and grow till it was like *b* at Fig. 2. The five seeds at the bottom swelled and swelled till they were bigger than the head of a pin. Each seed, I saw, was in a shell, and all the shells had tails which stuck straight up in the air and grew fast to a stalk in the center.

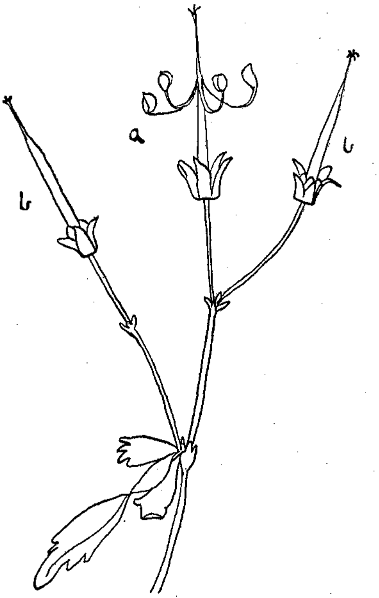


Fig. 2.

The whole thing was green at first, but it soon began to turn brown, and I found that then was the time to keep close watch of it. When they were brown all over, and getting very dry, I noticed, one bright, sunshiny day, that the little shells holding the seeds had bent away from the central part, so that they stood out at right angles from it, while the tails still clung closely along their whole length to the stalk in the middle.

Very gently I touched one of the shells, and it suddenly snapped up in a curve, while I felt a sharp blow on my face. That sly geranium was firing its popgun at me! Every one I touched shot off its seed in the same way—sometimes into my face and sometimes away across the road, where I could hear it drop on the leaves.

This was too much fun to keep to myself, so I picked a few just ready to go off and carried them up to surprise the people on the piazza. They were surprised, you may be sure, when they touched them off and felt the shot rattling about their eyes and ears, and heard them falling on the floor in every direction.

This pretty popgun does not work as well in wet weather as it does in dry. Indeed, I found it quite lazy then. I could not start it at all, and sometimes I found the seeds gone when the little shells had just bent away from the stems without curving up at all. I hope you will be sure to find the geranium when you are in the country this June, and see if you can make it do all the things it did for me.

Two Dogs on a Journey

Perhaps she would not like it to be called one of the little people, for she must have been fourteen or fifteen years old. She was just as lovable as a baby, in spite of her age—a real girly girl. Two long pigtails, tied with brown ribbon, hung down her back, stout shoes were on her feet, and a straw sailor hat was held on her head by an elastic. You see, she was not a young lady at all; just a dear, lovable girl. It was at the railroad station I saw her. She had a beautiful dog, a water-spaniel, who walked confidently ahead of her, evidently believing that the leash that connected them was a bond of affection, and the express tag on his collar an ornament. He could not have looked at his little mistress. If he had, he would not have wagged his tail so happily, plainly saying, "We are going away together." The little lady reached the car step and then hesitated. The brakeman pointed down the platform, and the little girl went on so sorrowfully toward the baggage-car. In a few minutes she came into the passenger-car and pressed her face tight against the window-pane. Then we knew that she was very anxious about the beautiful dog in the baggage-car. The conductor, a tall, gray-haired man, came into the car and talked in a low tone to the little girl. After he went out, she evidently felt better; the dog had a friend in the baggage-car. All through the journey the conductor came into the car as we left each station to assure the little girl that the dog was quite contented.

A few days later the passengers on a ferryboat were startled by a smothered bark and whine. Where did it come from? No dog was in sight. It broke out again—this time longer and louder. Just outside of the door was a basket, which suddenly began wriggling and rocking in the most curious manner. The covers were tied down tight; the dog was in the basket. He barked and whined and turned about in the basket till it rocked like a boat on the sea. Two little girls had him in charge. They kicked the basket, poked their parasols through the cover, shook the basket by the handle, and ordered the dog to keep still, in a voice that would have startled a policeman; the dog was so used to the tones that he paid not the slightest attention to them. Those little girls were not lovable, in spite of stylish clothes.

Some Friends

Some little people who read The Outlook are using their eyes, as two letters recently received prove. The woods will always be delightful to the little people who have learned to walk in them. There are mosses and flowers; and stones, which differ as greatly as the birds or the flowers; you will find, if you examine stones carefully, that they have as many colors as the birds. The mosses, if you study them, you will find as beautiful as the flowers. The woods will always be stupid to those who do not know how to use their eyes. This little friend lives in a beautiful town in Massachusetts. He has had to watch for his bird friends in busy streets. You see birds are his friends, for he can call them by name. If you had to speak of every boy just as "boy," he, of course, would not be a friend. We know our friends' names.

Dear Outlook: I read in The Outlook last week a story by a boy in New York about some sparrows, and thought I would write about the birds I see around my house.

I am eleven years old, and live about six miles from Boston, on the edge of the city of Malden, Mass.

I have seen robins, thrushes, orioles, scarlet tanagers, bluebirds, cuckoos, humming-birds, indigo buntings, chickadees, redstarts, yellowhammers, yellowbirds, crows, catbirds, song-sparrows, woodpeckers of two varieties, the yellow-bellied and the red-headed, all within a few feet of our house, and most of them from the house windows.

The woodpecker climbs the trees very quickly and oddly, tapping the bark for insects, and when he hears them he makes his head go so that it looks like three heads as he bores a hole.

The scarlet tanager is a very handsome bird, with bright scarlet plumage and jet-black wings and tail; he goes near houses, resting on trees near the street, as if he liked people.

There are a great many crows and jays near our house, and they make quite a noise with their harsh caw! caw! At this time of the year we hear the sweet songs of the singing birds.

There are many hills and trees around, and the most important trees are the oak, walnut, cherry, and birch.

Yours very truly, W. I. K.

A Garden

I'm going to make a garden,
I'm going to make it very quick.
I'm going to make it all myself,
I'm going to plant it very thick.
I'm going to plant it *all* with berries,
And great big pears and plums and cherries!

—*Babyland.*

The Home Club

Little 'Fraid Cat

By Sara E. Wiltse

The first time I ever saw the boy who was nicknamed 'Fraid Cat by all the boys, I thought his silence, his alternate blushing and paling when I tried to get acquainted with him, were caused by bashfulness; but when I gently asked the boys to give me his real name, and not to tease him with their nonsense, 'Fraid Cat gave me such an appealing look of trust that I suspected that the boys had really divined something hidden in his nature.

The unhappy boy was afraid of other boys, and at first his fear of me stood between us and any acquaintance. He did not play with other children, nor did he try to get or keep near any teacher in the building, but behaved much like those creatures of the animal kingdom which roll themselves into a little hard ball that looks exactly like a seed-pod, if you try to look at them or find how they behave, evading you until you declare you will study something less deceptive; and as you remove your magnifying-glass the seed-pod opens, a score of little legs are unfolded for flight, and the thing is under a stone or a chip before you can readjust your glass. But I determined to make the acquaintance of little 'Fraid Cat if he hid from me for twenty years; so I made friends with his mother, who said she had had six children, but this one was the "beatimus," to use her own word. He moped in a corner; when at home he did not play even with his own brothers, often putting his fingers in his ears and hiding his face when the others were romping and noisy. He did not seem to mind being called 'Fraid Cat as much as I at first thought, and I soon learned that to this distinction of wearing an ignominious title he owed immunity from trials of skill which other boys courted, but which filled him with terror.

I finally hit upon the plan of taking his donjon by strategy. I purchased a sensitive-plant, and procured one of those caterpillars that roll up into a hairy ball if touched, and, ignoring for the millionth time the boy's evasion of me, I assumed that he, like any other boy, would like to see these things perform. Chance favored me wonderfully, for, as I approached the school grounds, I met 'Fraid Cat running, blinded with fright, first one way and then another, to escape a small rabble of boys who were personating all the animals of the newly arrived menagerie, pretending they would devour poor little 'Fraid Cat, who ran into my arms as if all fear of me were at last merged into trust. I managed to carry him, for, although slight and attenuated, his trembling and contortions of fear made him a much heavier burden than a springing, joyous child of ten would have been. I also managed to preserve the caterpillar alive, and the pot of sensitive-plant unharmed, while I held the boy in such a firm grasp that his nerves were somewhat quieted before I opened my hand to show him the smaller 'fraid cat, as I called the little furry ball that did not improve its liberty by unrolling for many minutes. 'Fraid Cat shrank closer into my arm as he looked in my hand, and I told him that the more the caterpillar grew, the less afraid it would become, and that if he liked to take care of it until it became a moth with wings it would cling to his finger with no signs of the fear it now showed. I told 'Fraid Cat about the savages who are afraid of the things we use every day; and he grew talkative for him, confessing that he was afraid of everything, and it was no use to try not to be afraid. But, I said, you will grow away from your fears just as surely as you grow out of your clothes; for you are a boy, and a boy is something better than a caterpillar or a plant like this; and then I showed him the sensitive-plant which closed its leaves and even drooped its stems when I cast the shadow of my hand on it. 'Fraid Cat caught his breath and sobbed, "I'm afraid of shadders, too!"

I asked him to tell me what else he was afraid of besides caterpillars and "shadders," and to my amazement he answered:

"I'm afraid of the other boys. I'm afraid of the dark, for it's full of awful things, and I'm afraid of the day for fear the sun will tumble down. Oh, I tell you I'm afraid of everything!"

"Will you try to write them all down for me," I asked, "so I can see if I am afraid of any of them, and if I can help you to laugh at some of them?" I told him if he was a brave boy by the time the caterpillar was a moth that would be all I could ask; and he left me, carrying the caterpillar with him, having entirely forgotten his fear of it. Next day he handed me a written confession which I give without change of diction or spelling:

Dere techer Iam afrade of a gorilla alion a tigur a bull a unicorn andcrazy dog a lepard an iceberg ajaguar. a crokodile or allygater a skunk a whale. the devil. a crazy man and a crazy woman. hornets fires, an antelope a dragon a ghost a cyclone. or earthquake a grave. a buffalo. a runaway car. a wild boar. a snake. a walrus a wasp. a robber. a wolf. the thunder. a bad man. a mouse. a chipmuck a grizzly bear. a black bear. a wild cat. a wild ele phunt. a mules heels. a pantur. a shark. bullets. Corbats fists. a wild indian withhis clubs. war an ape a policeman after murder. night mare. death. the flying fox. badger. puma kangaroo lynx gnu. chimpanzee hyena hog centipedes gambler and a few others. I am afrade of the sun because it gives sun stroke and of clouds because of cloud bursts. the moon I think may break and fly in all directions causing floods. If the sun should not rise we should be in darkness all the time when it is cold I am afrade my fingers may drop off.

your true friend

P. S. *I aint afrade of catty pillers any more.*

I will not append the real name to this confession, which is lifted out of the ridiculous by its tragic pathos. The number of animals he feared was probably augmented by the temporary presence of the menagerie in town. Imagine for one moment, if you can, the state of mind in which this child dwelt, who feared the sun by day and the darkness and moon alike by night. It seemed to me rather useless to reason about his fears in the order he had named while his health was so impaired and his condition so morbid. So I thanked him for his composition, which I said was so good that I would like to have him illustrate it for me. I proposed a little blank book which should remain in my possession, he to draw such pictures as I wanted at odd hours out of school. To be asked to do anything with an expectation of his daring to undertake it was stimulating to him, and I found him in some haste to begin his book. On the first page he was directed to copy his first-named fear, and underneath that to make a picture of the animal named. I stood at his elbow while he undertook this impossible task, but he drew something which was neither man nor gorilla, nor even missing link, and apologetically explained that the gorilla he feared was more terrible than he could picture. He could not help smiling at the grotesque figure he had drawn, however, and, without following him through the first pages of his book, it is enough to say that he no longer feared the animals thus incarnated.

Day by day his fears were decreased; his comrades began to respect him for his contributions to their knowledge of entomology, for he kept notes on his caterpillar, and read a creditable composition entitled "From Larva to Pupa," it seeming wise to encourage a little ostentation of knowledge on his part.

It took time and patience, some help from a physician, and a double portion of country week to establish this boy in healthy relations to his environment; but who shall count the effort too great for the accomplishment? for in place of the pallid, shrinking 'Fraid Cat of the school, we have a normally healthy, curious, fun-loving boy, ready for his tasks and forgetful of his nerves.

Voice-Culture

Women, it can be said with truth, have by their activities in public life had forced upon them a new test, and one which the wise woman, irrespective of her age, to-day will endeavor to meet with intelligence and with ease. Recently there was a gathering of women of probably more than average intelligence. A number of women and one man spoke. The comments made after that meeting were instructive from many points of view. They may be summed up in ejaculatory sentences something like the following: "What a relief it was to hear a man!" One woman ambiguously expressed herself in this way: "What an awful mistake it was to ask a man to speak at that meeting!" The group to whom she spoke evidently did not understand her, and she explained herself by saying: "Why, his voice proved conclusively that women should not speak in public." This was an exaggerated statement, doubtless; but it is true that women should prepare themselves for public speaking if they are to appear before an audience. It is ridiculous, every one will admit, for a woman to prepare a paper to be read in public, and then to speak in such a tone that she cannot be heard. The development in voice-culture to-day is scientific. It is no longer a mere case of elocutionary effects. The best teachers avoid this.

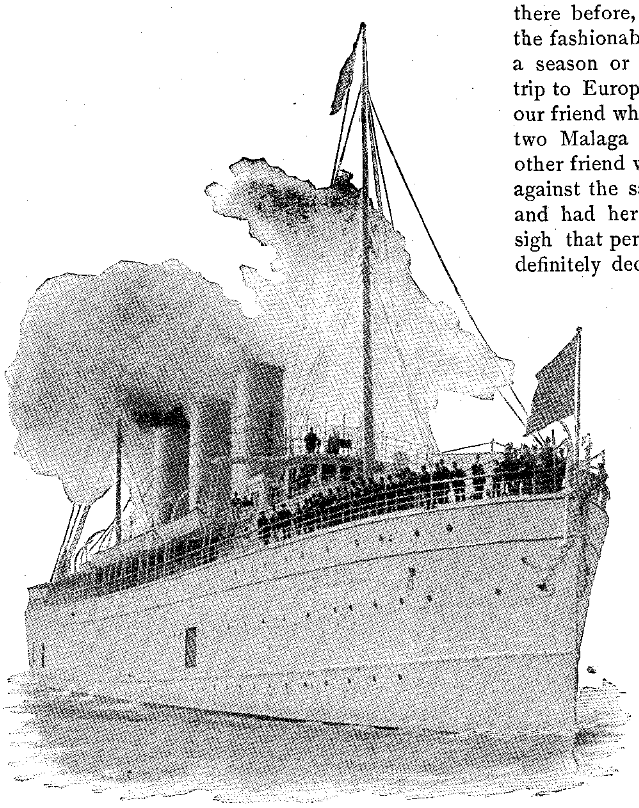
Voice-culture has become voice-development—the building of the voice. And more than one man acknowledges his debt to the teacher who taught him how to use his vocal chords. It is not only a question of eliminating nasal tones; it is a question of holding the body, of gestures; in short, of harmony. The intellectual development of this country is rapid, and with that intellectual development have come new standards. The coming generation of women will drive from the field the present generation of workers because of their assurance that one must not only know what to say, but how to say it. The value of the trumpet of Gabriel lies in the fact that it will be heard, not in the fact that Gabriel blows the trumpet. The use of the voice will yet become one of the tests applied by educational authorities to every teacher. No woman will be permitted to enter the class-room until she has acquired a good vocal tone. There are women so deficient in reasoning, however, as to feel that a clear voice with carrying power denotes unwomanliness, and that the merit of their speaking lies largely in the fact that they do not use an audible tone. To speak clearly and audibly does not mean to use an unnaturally loud tone. It is a question of vocal development, and every intelligent woman will lay quite as much stress on acquiring a clear, distinct enunciation as she will on acquiring English. Mothers of daughters cannot begin too early in training their children, and one method which the educated mother may begin in the nursery is to require the little ones, as soon as they learn how to read, to read aloud. Later on the encouragement of dramatic representation will offer larger fields of training; but clear enunciation can be taught when a child is taught to read.

Employment of Children

The Attorney-General of New York State has written an opinion on the employment of children. He states that the employment of children under fourteen years of age is prohibited in manufacturing and mercantile establishments only; that there is nothing in the present Mercantile Law which precludes the employment of a child under that age in any other establishment than manufacturing or mercantile. They can be employed as office-boys, errand-boys, nurse-girls, housemaids, and errand-girls. The law does not protect them from employment in such capacities.

A Summer Voyage on American Waters

By Henry Hoyt Moore

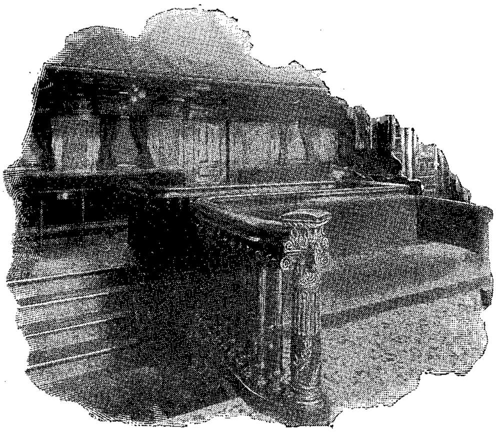


WHERE shall we go this summer? What shall we do? With the recurrence of the vacation season comes this inevitable and ofttimes perplexing problem. Shall we take a trip to Europe? spend a month at Bar Harbor or Newport? visit the White Mountains? take a quiet outing in some secluded spot unknown to the world? Shall we try the old familiar place again, with all its drawbacks? or shall we seek fresh fields and pastures new, with all their possibilities of refreshment or of dissatisfaction? When we think of the vacation at the quiet place, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, we remember the rainy days and the monotony of idle hours, the paucity of human interest, and the sometimes openly expressed regret on the part of the fair members of the party that there is "nobody to dress for." When we consider the mountain project, we say, "Yes, the mountains are beautiful, but then—they are hard to climb, and we want to rest this time; and besides, we've been there before, and want something new." Even the fashionable seaside resort palls upon us after a season or two. And when we think of the trip to Europe, we remember the experience of our friend who went over last year and "ate just two Malaga grapes in seven days," and of our other friend who on the return voyage was flung against the saloon door by an unexpected lurch and had her face cut open; and we say with a sigh that perhaps we'd better think again before definitely deciding on the sea voyage. If only we could have an ocean trip without the *mal de mer*, without those sea odors which are unappetizing, without the dangers from storms and derelicts and the whims of Father Neptune, and with bracing air and bright sunshine and a little relief now and then from the monotony of a landless horizon—that would be the kind of a sea voyage, we say to ourselves, that we could look forward to with unalloyed delight.

Now, it is a curious but well-known fact that the thing which we are looking for is often near at hand, but not seen because we are straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of it in the far distance. The familiar domestic experience of the boy looking for his cap while it is on the back of his head, and of the grandfather ransacking the house for the spectacles which are all the while resting comfortably on his benevolent brow, is sometimes repeated by the middle-aged members of the family who greet these exhibitions of forgetfulness with unrestrained and superior laughter. The head of the vacation-seeking family, who is trying to focus his eyes upon the antipodes in his search for pleasure, and who thinks he is predicating the impossible in his demands for the ideal voyage, might, if he were to cast his eyes around nearer home, find what he is looking for, in the realization of the seemingly impossible.

One can take in our own country a trip "on summer seas" which realizes the conditions that would make the ocean voyage ideal. A beautiful clean white steel steamship, built exclusively for passenger travel and carrying no freight; sailing over seas whose tideless, landlocked waters are yet so extensive as to require several days' travel by the swiftest modern vessels to traverse them from end to end; air so bracing and invigorating that as one breathes it day after day good digestion must perforce "wait on appetite, and health on both," in view of the delicious, wholesome viands provided; bright skies and marvelously clear atmosphere, the upper world seeming to reflect the conditions of the lower, the clearness of the sky matching the translucency of the deep cold waters; now far out of sight of land, again passing thriving towns and busy cities, wooded heights, picturesque islands, and historic bays; a never-ending procession of passing lake craft of strange aspect; the novel sight of "locking" great ships through a canal more important commercially than that of Suez; picturesque humanity in the shape of half-breeds, French-Canadians, "lakers," lumbermen, grangers, Western capitalists and promoters;—these are some of the attractions of a voyage on our great inland seas under the flag of the Northern Steamship Company.

Is not the picture almost alluring enough to induce one to take a trip to Central Africa or to South America to enjoy such an experience (if it could be had there) on Lake Tanganyika or Titicaca? Indeed, if some explorer were to propose to us a tour on one of the great African lakes, how would our imaginations fire at the thought! how much money would we gladly spend on our outfit and our traveling expenses! what sacrifices of time and business would we be willing to make! And yet here are our American lakes, greater than any in Africa, and almost as unknown to the average vacation traveler, right at our doors, to be seen easily, cheaply, and with all the comforts and satisfactions of the best hotel, and a variety and interest that could not be rivaled even by a hotel on wheels.



A brief account of a trip of this sort may help to enlighten those who are interested, and to interest those who are not yet enlightened as to the possibilities of a voyage on our inland seas.

The round trip from Buffalo, New York, to Duluth, Minnesota, by way of the Great Lakes, enables one to see all the most important and most picturesque of this remarkable chain of lakes. Lakes Erie, Huron, and Superior are traversed in their entire length; and at the Strait of Mackinac one sees the waters of Lake Michigan, at whose southern extremity is situated the Western metropolis, Chicago. The trip consumes about three days each way, if taken without "stopping over," and gives one about two thousand miles of travel aboard ship. It is only within a year or two that this trip has been possible, no vessels of the grade of those of the Northern Steamship Company having previously been known on the lakes.

Their steamers, the "North Land" and the "North West," are complete departures from the conventional type of lake craft—in itself original and peculiar. The lakes are the home of remarkable vessels, from the "whaleback"—which, when loaded, looks like Captain Nemo's "Nautilus," as described in Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea"—to the "sand-sucker" of the Detroit River. To the inventive genius of Western shipbuilders, therefore, it was entirely fitting to leave the construction of a vessel which should be built for the comfort and convenience of her passengers rather than for the transportation of freight, which is the *raison d'être* of the average salt-water steamship. The results of this aim are seen in the unusually large and well-lighted staterooms, finished in mahogany and decorated in white and gold, and provided with running water and with electric lights and electric call-bells. Other staterooms are still more sumptuous and roomy, having brass bedsteads, cheval mirrors, and private bath-rooms and lavatories, with handsome rugs for floor-covering; some of these "parlor staterooms" are beautifully finished in paneled white mahogany. But on these vessels one does not expect to spend much of his time in his stateroom—there is too much of interest going on elsewhere; and it is the elegance of the saloons and the spaciousness of the decks that attracts one's attention, after the preliminary glance at his stateroom that curiosity permits every one to take. These richly yet tastefully decorated apartments are a revelation to the traveler who entertains the mistaken notion that the West is everywhere "crude" and "raw" and without standards of taste. Quiet and harmonious in their treatment, the carving and gilding and coloring show that genuine artistic feeling which can use costly materials without giving the appearance of display for display's sake. None of the "ocean greyhounds" can show anything approaching in refined elegance the interior fittings of these steamers. The same thing may be said of the large and beautiful dining-room to which the appetizing air of the lakes compels the traveler to make frequent and satisfying visits. Meals are *à la carte*, and all the delicacies of metropolitan life are at the diner's command, and, in addition, some rarebits unfamiliar to the Easterner, including that special delicacy known in its perfection only on the lakes—planked whitefish.

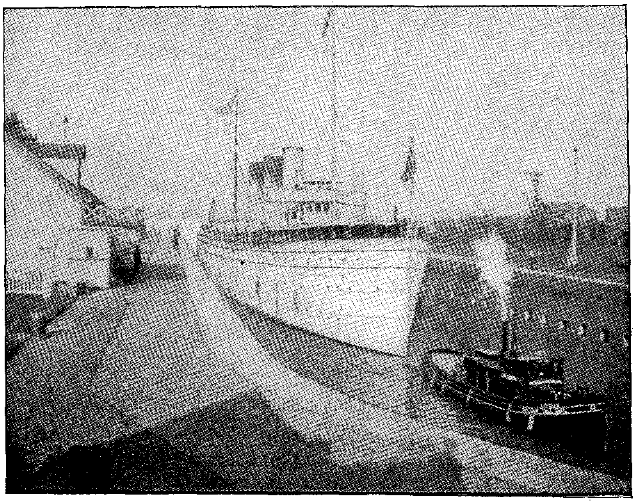
The "North West" and the "North Land" have special equipments for lake travel, including apparatus for increasing and diminishing the vessel's draught, 100,000 candle-power search-lights, a larger number of individual electric lamps than are to be found on any ocean steamer, a complete refrigerating plant which manufactures 1,000 pounds of ice per day, and 7,000 horse-power independent engines which drive the good ship, with the aid of twin screws, through the inland seas at the rate of 22 miles an hour. They are, in a word, crack boats throughout, and need fear no comparison with ocean liners.

The Eastern terminus of the Northern Steamship Company is at Buffalo, that vigorous young giant among lake cities, whose growth has been in direct ratio with the decline of its shaggy namesake of the plains. A few miles from Niagara Falls, Buffalo forms a convenient starting-point for those who have visited that great natural wonder, and the voyage on the lakes from Buffalo makes an agreeable break in the monotony of railroad travel for those who are crossing the continent. As one stands on the roomy deck of the steamer at Buffalo and watches the crowded pier below, hears the good-bys and sees the signals of parting friends, he really feels as if he were going "far away to roam," and experiences that sensation of the vagueness and vastness of the unknown world before him without which a voyage would lose its finest inspiration to the imagination. Great unwieldy shapes that go creeping by as the vessel slowly makes its way out of Buffalo waters are the grain elevators that bring fortune to the place; these are soon passed, and the twinkling lights of Buffalo (for it is night when we leave) begin to fade. We sit gazing over the waters of the open lake awhile, inhaling the fresh air and listening dreamily to the music that floats from below, and eventually follow its suggestion and lie down to pleasant dreams in our comfortable room.

The city of Cleveland greets us bright and early next morning with her thousand belching factory chimneys that tell of busy workers who have risen earlier still; on a hilltop near the city we see the outlines of the famous Garfield Monument; and if we care to stroll ashore we may perhaps get a glimpse of that "street of millionaires," Euclid Avenue; or the tourist may possibly prefer to watch the agile newsboys at the landing pier throw the morning papers with sure aim to the passengers on the lofty hurricane deck of the steamer.

The daylight sail across Lake Erie is full of interest and satisfaction to the patriotic American; he passes Put-in-Bay and the scene whence emanated Commodore Perry's famous dispatch: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." To others the crisp air and the passing lake craft, games of shuffleboard and of quoits, may cause old-time reminiscences to pass lightly by, especially when the Detroit River, with its picturesque islands and its graceful yachts, comes into view. Detroit itself, the chief city of Michigan, with its extensive water frontage and its beautiful island park, furnishes many an opportunity for the camera-carrier to take good spoil away. So do the St. Clair Flats, through the single street of which river city the steamer passes for miles—"Little Venice" it is sometimes called, with its gay club-houses and villas built on piles for the modern "lake-dwellers" of Michigan.

After a day which seems but an hour on account of the variety of incident, the steamer enters Lake Huron, and the next morning we find ourselves in the Straits of Mackinac, where converges the commerce of all the great lakes—the lines from Chicago and Milwaukee as well as from Superior and the lower lakes. Picturesque craft abound—great steel freighters, whalebacks, nondescript lumber boats with deck loads, and slow-moving "tows." Soon we reach the far-famed island of Mackinac, with its old fort and its old traditions of Indian, voyageur, and fur-trader, its "devil's kitchen" and "arched rock"—a good place for one to "stop over" and explore if he is not in a hurry, or is not too much interested in the varied attractions of the trip. Perhaps, however, this would better be left for the return. For we are now anxious to see the noted St. Mary's River, with its tortuous passages and narrow channels, through which it is a never-ceasing source of delight to watch the skillful lake pilots maneuver the great ship, with the



In the Lock at Sault Ste. Marie

aid of steam steering-gear, twin screws, and much backing and twisting and keeping her "s-t-e-a-d-y, sir, steady."

St. Mary's Falls, or "Soo Saint Mary," or simply the "Soo," as the busy lakemen call the place, forms one of the most interesting features of the trip on the lakes. Lake Superior is on a higher level than the other lakes, and its outlet, the St. Mary's River, here makes a sharp descent in a splendid series of rapids. Great locks have been constructed here to avoid these rapids; they are capable of accommodating at one time two or three of the largest lake vessels, and are provided with all the automatic equipments of the latest engineering science. These locks are nearly always in use, night and day, for, incredible as it may seem, the statistics show that the "St. Mary's Falls Canal" has a traffic of five times as many vessels and twice as much tonnage in the eight months in which the lakes are open to navigation as the famous Suez Canal has during the entire year. Nearly all the passengers debark at this point, and while some watch the novel spectacle of great steamers noiselessly rising to the higher level of the queen of inland waters, others stroll around the "Soo," and still others take a most exciting trip, in canoes manned by picturesque half-breed boatmen, through the swirling waters of the rapids.

At last we are on the crystal waters of Lake Superior—the greatest body of fresh water in the world. It sounds commonplace—but then it is such water! and to realize at last that there is so much of it! Limpid and springlike in its coldness, even if one stayed below he could tell, by turning on the faucet in his stateroom, that this is another element from that of the lower lakes. One might, indeed, on these lakes almost expect to find the old story of the Nantucket captain reversed—that wise old fellow who had only to taste the earth that clung to the sounding-lead to tell his exact whereabouts—and to hear of the mate bringing his superior a cup of water with the words, "Please to taste, sir, and give us our bearings!" The air here takes on a delicious coolness that harmonizes with the water, and warm wraps are needed by the city denizen who has but lately escaped from torrid heats. The atmosphere is marvelously clear, and we can see for a score of miles the trail of smoke that follows our three great funnels. The Pictured Rocks are there to leeward, and to the south are the famous Calumet and Hecla mines, the chief of the great copper mines of the world.

And now, at the end of a day's steady steaming over these beautiful waters and in this opaline atmosphere, we are at the end of the voyage, at the picturesque city of Duluth, which has gone "from jest to earnest" in its realization of Proctor Knott's hifalutin characterization of it, twenty years ago, as the "zenith city of the unsalted seas." The voyager, having come thus far, can hardly escape the temptation to see the twin cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul; he may find pleasant entertainment at the "swell" Western resort, Hotel Lafayette, Minnetonka Beach, a few minutes' ride from St. Paul or Minneapolis, or at many other resorts in Minnesota or Michigan, before he begins his return voyage, which he will find equally interesting, if not as novel, as the outward trip; for there is on this tour always something which one "missed seeing," which may be seen on the way back.

This voyage on inland seas may be heartily recommended as occupying sufficient time to make it thoroughly restful, and yet having sufficient variety of incident and scenery to avoid the monotony which is the drawback to an ocean trip; as conferring the boon of invigorating air without the bane of chronic seasickness; as introducing the traveler to new scenes while at the same time providing him with familiar luxuries; and as giving him a realizing idea both of the majesty of our great lakes and the magnitude of their commerce.

Personal testimony is most satisfying; one example of it will be of decided interest: President McKinley, in writing to a friend, says, "Last summer I took a trip from Cleveland to Duluth on the North West, and never did I have a more enjoyable vacation. The scenery is superb, and the vessel a veritable floating palace." If the reader is interested in seeing further printed testimony from those who know the delights of this trip, let him send to the Northern Steamship Company, Buffalo, N. Y., for a brightly written and attractively illustrated booklet entitled "A Summer Cruise," with particulars as to cost of tours, time of sailing, etc.